

BLACK GHETTOS
the American
nightmare

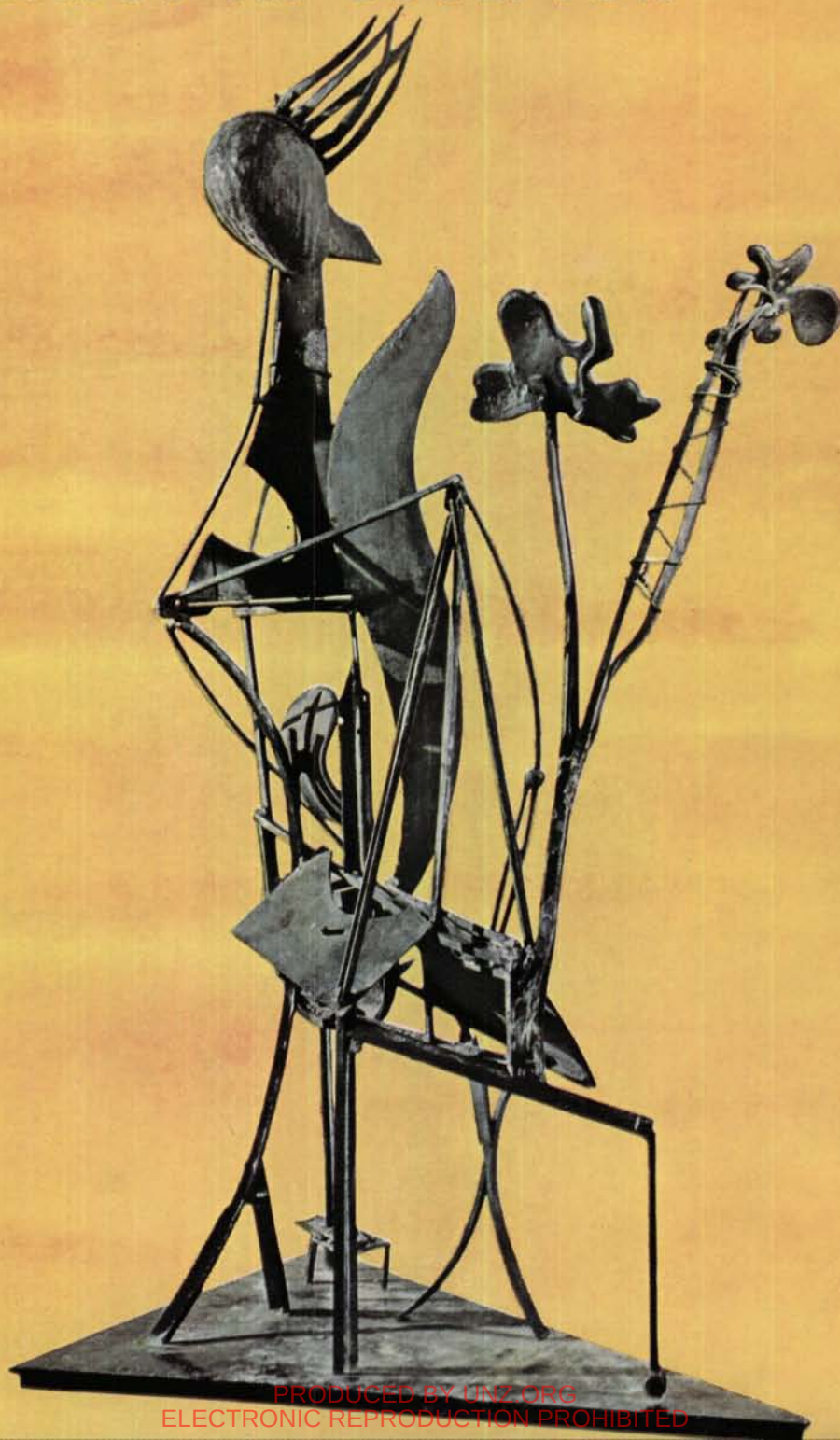
Stokely Carmichael,
Robert Coles
and others

THE
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October 1967, 75 cents

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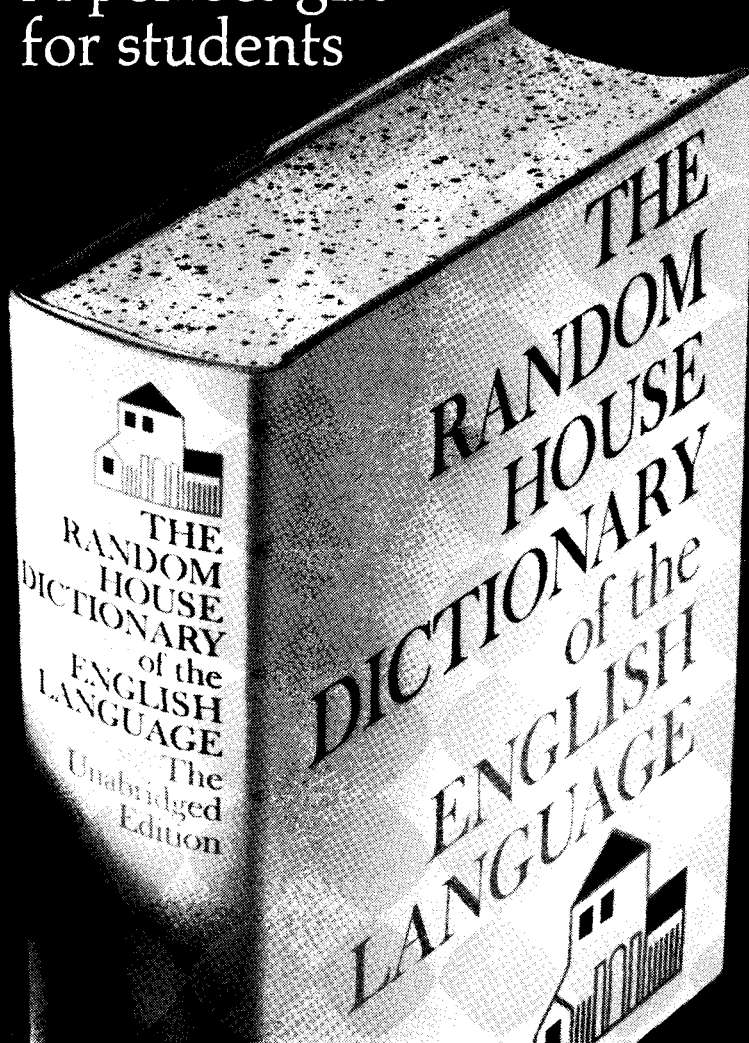
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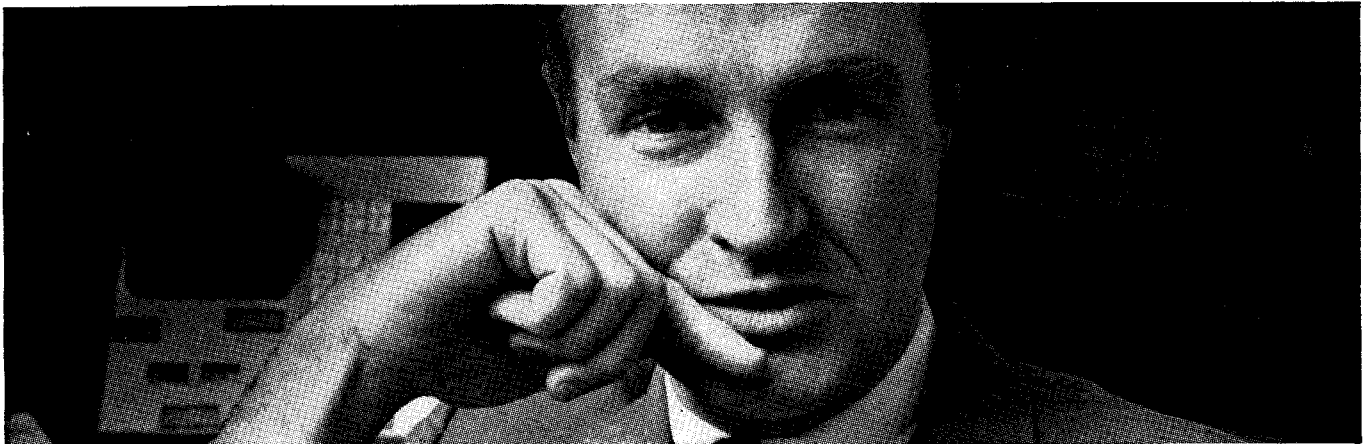
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“I’m a stock broker. One reason listed stocks generally are so popular is their profit record.”



**“Less than 1% of
U.S. corporations, they make
70% of the profits.”**

**Just how many stocks are listed on the
New York Stock Exchange?**

“Something over 1,200 common stocks. That represents less than 1% of the corporations in the country, so you can see the listed companies are a rather elite group.”

**And those few make about 70% of the
profits?**

“That’s right. Generally, they’re the big companies, the leaders. You use their products and services practically every hour of the day, and their names are household words.”

Is a company’s profit the main consideration when the Exchange lists it?

“That’s extremely important, of course. At the time of its original listing, a company has to demonstrate to the Exchange that it has been able to earn at least \$1,200,000 a year after taxes, normally for three years. And that means under competitive conditions.”

For just three years?

“That’s just a guideline. Every company is considered on its own merits. The Exchange wants to be satisfied that the company is a going concern, that it has a good position in its industry and prospects for maintaining that position. A good many economic factors are taken into account when a company is first listed.”

To an investor, isn’t a company’s profit the whole story?

“No. Another big factor is that there is usually more information available about listed stocks, because the Exchange expects prompt disclosure of important facts. You can also follow price changes in the newspapers. Smart investors see another advantage in the

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fact that about 12,000,000 people own listed stocks. That means you can usually find a buyer or seller for listed stock when you need one quickly and easily, and at a price close to the last sale on the floor. It’s a matter of supply and demand—and no investor should disregard this important factor.”

When a company gets listed, does it automatically stay listed?

“There’s nothing automatic about it. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing, too.”

Does all this mean listed stocks are right for any investor?

“Not necessarily. The best advice is to discuss your situation with a member firm broker—the amount you can invest after regular expenses and emergencies; and your goal of growth, dividends, or the safety of principal that bonds might offer.

“Ask the broker for facts and his own opinion, then exercise your judgment. Whatever you buy, securities or anything else, carries a certain risk. But I think every investor who wants to share in the growth of the country should remember the advantages that listed stocks can offer.”

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Stronger than Steel, Lighter than Aluminum:

A report from General Dynamics

That elephant is standing on a plank made of boron-epoxy composite.

So far, this new structural material has been used only for aircraft and space vehicle parts on a research basis, but it will be going into commercial use in the near future. And it could lead to radical change in aircraft and vehicles of all types as we know them now.

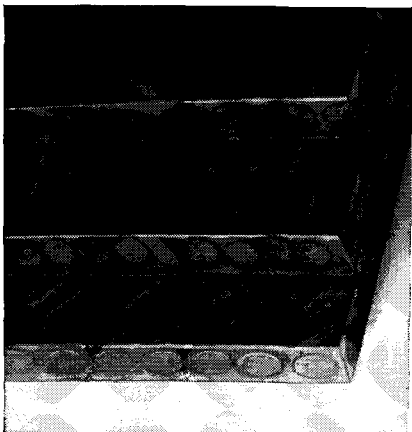
Take two identical aircraft, one built of conventional aluminum, the other with the same parts of boron composite. The boron airplane theoretically could carry twice the payload for the same distance, or go twice as far on the same amount of fuel.

An auto with body and frame of boron composite could be as big and comfortable as a Cadillac yet lighter than a Volkswagen. The combination of lightness and size would mean the car could be driven by a battery-powered aluminum engine and protected against impact with polyurethane foam bumpers.

For boron composites are a new kind of material. This form, with boron filaments embedded in epoxy plastic, is as strong and stiff as high-strength aircraft-quality steel, but 75 percent lighter. It is three times as strong as aluminum but more than 25 percent lighter.

What is boron?

Boron is a semi-metallic element—the fifth element in the atomic table. Widely



Each layer of the boron-epoxy filament tape is oriented at a different angle. This enables the laminated composite to withstand stress from any direction.

available, it is usually found in combination with other minerals. Best known uses until now—and called for in limited amounts—have been the familiar household boric acid, or the borax used in glassmaking. In some chemical combinations it is almost as hard as diamond (but with even greater heat resistance), and is used to cut and shape such extremely hard materials as carborundum.

But boron was rarely, until recently, seriously considered as a structural material. The demands of space vehicles and high-performance military aircraft called for a deeper look. New kinds of materials, with hitherto-unrequired standards of strength, light weight, and heat resistance, have become crucially important.

For the past few years, General Dynamics has been working with boron composites—filaments of boron in “matrices” of plastics or metals—largely under contract to the United States Air Force. Sections of boron-epoxy have already been successfully tested in supersonic flight.

Brittle—and tough:

In many of the most common ways of shaping metals (casting, for one) boron is extremely brittle. But just as glass, brittle in many ways, has high strength in filament or fiber form, so has boron filament—extraordinarily high usable strength. And boron is also uniquely stiff—six times stiffer than glass.

These boron filaments mixed with, say, an epoxy plastic or molten aluminum, result in a composite which possesses the best qualities of both materials. The form closest to commercial use is the boron fiber in an epoxy matrix, although aluminum and even titanium matrices are being tested for more exotic uses.

For some military aircraft and space vehicles, these remarkable new materials offer an invaluable combination of great strength, stiffness, light weight and heat resistance.

But right now, boron is still expensive. Steel averages out at 6 cents a pound; glass fiber, at 60 cents a pound. And aluminum, which once cost \$6,000 a pound, now ranges from 22 to 75 cents a pound, depending on the grade.

The boron-epoxy composite not long ago was priced at about \$1,000 per pound. However, over the last few months, its cost has been reduced by more than two-thirds. As more applications are worked out and more demand arises, its price is already dropping still further to more economic levels, just as aluminum did.

It will be a while, however, before boron composite becomes competitive, on a pound for pound basis, with more conventional materials. But other factors might compensate.

In construction, buildings with structural members and other major parts made of boron composite could be built much taller—and in a wider variety of architectural shapes than is now practical.

Single span bridges twice as long as the longest now existing should be possible. Boron vehicles generally—cars, trucks, or planes—could go farther on less fuel. New commuter trains built of boron to aerodynamic principle could carry passengers to their jobs swiftly and comfortably.

The boron filament is made by drawing an extraordinarily fine wire of tungsten, heated to a bright-red temperature, through a chamber into which boron trichloride and hydrogen gases have been pumped.

Thin as a human hair:

In the vicinity of the hot tungsten wire, chemical reaction yields pure boron and hydrochloric acid. The particles of pure boron are deposited on the moving wire and the hydrochloric acid is removed from the chamber.

The final boron filament is four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, about as thin as a human hair. It is 95 percent pure boron and 5 percent wire core.

To build anything out of these filaments, they are first made into a composite in the form of a tape. About 212 boron filaments to the linear inch are coated with and embedded in epoxy on a glass-cloth backing to make a continuous tape in any desirable width. The tape is then rolled up on a spool for easy handling.

To build something out of the composite tape, a basic “sculpture,” which

might be a simple form for a flat panel or have more complex curves than the human body, serves as a mold.

Layer after layer of the tape is laid down on the form in much the same manner that any adhesive tape might be applied. Each layer is placed at a different angle (for instance, zero degrees, 45 degrees, 135 degrees) to enable the laminate to withstand stress from various directions. Composite products may be made in varying numbers of layers depending on the combination of weight, strength, and directional stress they must meet.

Any size or shape:

Boron-epoxy panels have been hand-laid experimentally in from three to 50 or more layers. Fully automated machines are being built that will lay-up

boron composite sections in almost any size and shape that can be dreamed up.

When sufficient layers of tape have been placed, the entire form or part is "cured" in an autoclave—essentially a large pressure cooker.

The weight-saving will vary depending on how directional the load requirement is. The least reduction in weight compared to the same application in aluminum would be 45 percent. The reduction can be as much as 75 percent.

A three-layer piece would be only 1/60 of an inch thick. A 32-layer piece would be only 1/6 of an inch thick. But this 1/6 of an inch could be equal in strength to commercial building steel five times thicker, or aircraft-grade aluminum, three times thicker.

To meet some special conditions of space flight, General Dynamics is ex-

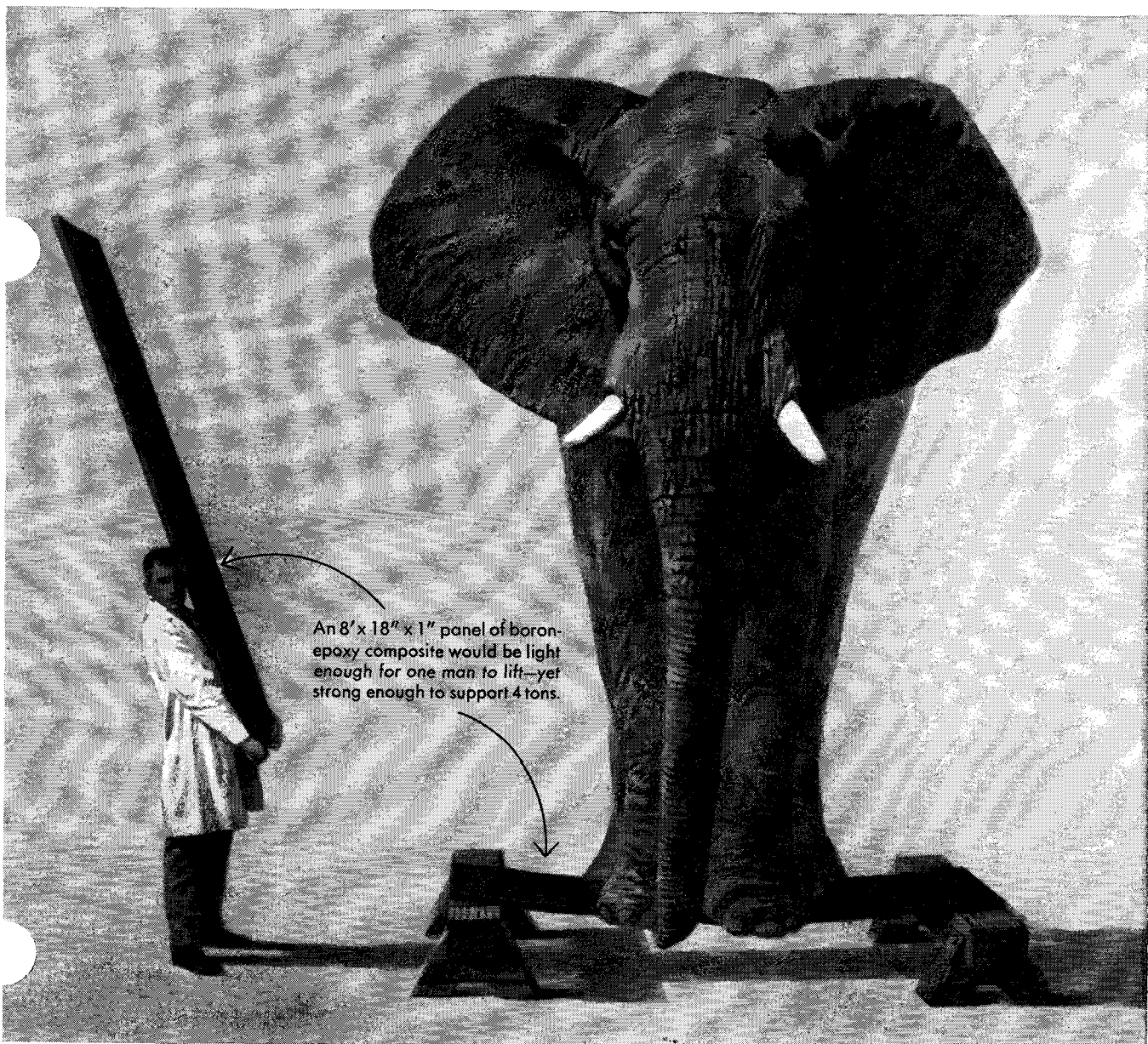
perimenting with variations far more exotic than the relatively simple boron-epoxy. These include boron-silicon-carbide filaments embedded in a whole range of metals such as nickel, copper, titanium, and aluminum.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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reports

Washington



If there ever was a moment for Lyndon B. Johnson to break out of his self-constructed Washington cocoon and go to the nation in his old role of consensus-builder, wrapped in the mystic authority of the presidency, it was that nightmarish midsummer Monday when Detroit was in flames, Negro rioting was spreading in chain reaction across the country, and a kind of civil war threatened. Seldom had the American people, even that 50 percent whom the polls showed as not approving of President Johnson's performance, so yearned for firm, reassuring, calming words from their leader. Instead, the President stalled all day, and at midnight, suddenly slipped onto television screens. With his audience restricted at that hour, he delivered a defensive and legalistic apologia for sending troops to Detroit, reiterating again and again that Governor George Romney had been unable to restore order with his National Guard and had appealed

to the President for federal troops.

The performance earned the President low marks for conduct under fire, but that will probably all be forgotten long before the 1968 election. What makes Johnson's stunningly inept performance that Monday night worth close examination today are the confidential reasons given by presidential intimates in an effort to explain his ineptitude.

While Detroit burned . . .

The collective mind of the White House staff simply could not be fixed on the subject of riots. It was wholly absorbed in the business of the President's tax message, which then pervaded every corner of the Administration. When should it be sent to Capitol Hill? How much of a tax increase should be requested? Should the surtax on corporate income be greater than the surtax on personal income? Should it be dressed up as a war tax, keyed to a call for additional troops in Vietnam? Just at the point when the bloody summer rioting built to the most fearsome internal crisis since Fort Sumter, these questions of fiscal detail preoccupied the White House.

A multibillion-dollar tax increase, of course, is a matter of considerable importance deserving no little presidential attention. Despite this massive attention, however, the political touch was unsure. Democratic congressmen rumbled afterward that calling for a "10 percent surcharge" — that is, a 10 percent increase in the amount of tax paid, not a 10 percent increase in rates — made the public think the tax hike larger than it actually was. Nor, according to these complaints, had Johnson sufficiently prepared the country for higher taxes. Still, the worst fumble

committed by the President back in July was failing to set aside for the moment all thoughts of the tax bill once urban rioting reached its climax.

The casual newspaper reader and television viewer, surfeited with years of admiring descriptions of Lyndon Johnson as the superpolitician of his day, may be surprised at this obvious distortion of political values. In truth, however, Johnson never has been skilled as a *national* politician and even less so as a *Texas* politician. Johnson is and always was a Washington politician, as peculiar to this city as a Senate filibuster. For all his celebrated longings to linger, homespun, on the banks of the Pedernales, Lyndon Johnson is really a product of Washington, where thirty years of hard experience in a special world of intrigue, ambition, and power have taught him how to live in political splendor. But the Majority Leader who knew every subtle pressure point in the Senate, and when and how to control it as no other man could, was still a neophyte in the strange world beyond the Potomac, so out of touch that he did not know who controlled what delegation at the 1960 Democratic National Convention. Similarly, the President, who has penetrated the inner recesses and solved the baffling secrets of the federal bureaucracy as no President before him has, is often inferior to Franklin D. Roosevelt, to John F. Kennedy, and even to Dwight D. Eisenhower in perceiving the trends and currents of national politics.

The Moyers gap

It is no small failing. Almost surely it would have denied him the White House had it not been for fate. Now it may overshadow his awesome

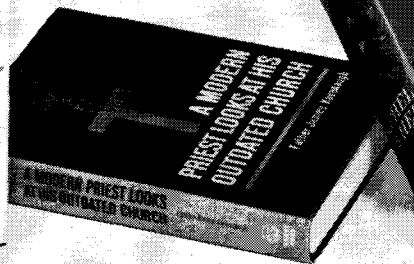
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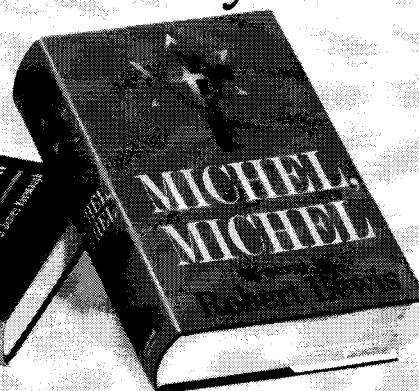
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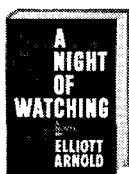
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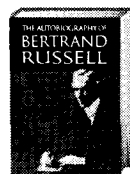
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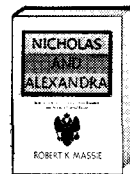
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Washington

technical competence in the office. For as adversity has deepened, Johnson has become even more a Washington politician as contrasted to a national politician. He has ended all efforts to ingratiate himself with the communications media, which met him mainly with scorn and invidious comparisons with the Kennedy “style.” The tragedy of the Vietnamese War has ruthlessly confined Johnson to his bureaucratic base, the harshness of the anti-Vietnam critics further inhibiting his timid attempts to make it as a truly national politician. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the President has even been urged along in that direction since the departure last year of Bill D. Moyers from the White House to become publisher of *Newsday* on Long Island.

Moyers was policy adviser, public relations counselor, speech writer, protégé, confidant, whipping boy, faithful friend — and in his last days in the White House, one of the President's few links with the strange world beyond the Potomac. Had Moyers been around, for example, it is inconceivable that that dreadful statement would ever have been read by the President on nationwide television.

But Moyers' unique role has not been filled, not because Moyers is irreplaceable but because Johnson has not wanted to replace him. Toward Moyers, Johnson has demonstrated his characteristic lack of generosity for those who have left his service, and the more conservative Texans on the White House staff, who never cared much for Moyers anyway, can be counted on to make the appropriate clucking noises when they talk about their departed colleague. It is gospel at the White House that Moyers, not the President, is somehow responsible for the evil times and reduced popularity ratings that have befallen Mr. Johnson. Contacts with the Kennedys and other inhabitants of the non-Johnson world that Moyers carefully cultivated, if not altogether avoided by present LBJ aides, are certainly not encouraged.

George Christian, who as the newest press secretary wears one of Moyers' several hats, is a highly competent professional, in some ways preferred to Moyers by the regulars

of the White House press corps. But he would never dream of planting a story with the press about inside developments at the White House or of articulating his own ideology which has more in common with the two conservative Texas governors he served before coming to Washington (Price Daniel and John Connally) than with the Great Society. Quite probably, Christian would be reluctant to tell his chief that something more than legalisms was desperately needed to be said in that time of national disaster last summer. Christian, in short, is a good technician on a White House staff that, with a couple of exceptions, is essentially a staff of technicians. Those exceptions, in broader touch with the world of national politics, have neither the desire nor the proximity to the President to play the risky Moyers game.

Two technicians

The nature of Johnson's present staff can be understood by examining its two most important and dramatically dissimilar members. One is W. Marvin Watson, Jr., a right-wing Texas Democrat who may well be the most conservative presidential assistant since the days of Calvin Coolidge but who as the President's appointments secretary keeps his ideology under lock and key. Watson has not broadened his scope a millimeter beyond the mechanical functions of appointments secretary since leaving labor-baiting Lone Star Steel Company of Daingerfield, Texas, in early 1965 to enter the White House staff.

The other key staffer, Joseph A. Califano, Jr., is a bright-eyed, quick-thinking young man from Brooklyn and the Harvard Law School who travels in an infinitely broader world than Marvin Watson. Like Moyers, he maintains amiable contacts with the dark and sinister forces on the outer edges of Lyndon Johnson's world: journalists, academicians, even the Kennedys. But unlike Moyers (many of whose duties he inherited), Califano does not try to bring those outside forces to bear on White House policy. For Califano too is a technician — a supertechnician, to be sure, out of the Robert S. McNamara training camp — who concerns himself with a bewildering assortment of government affairs but consciously limits his activity to the techniques of solving problems.

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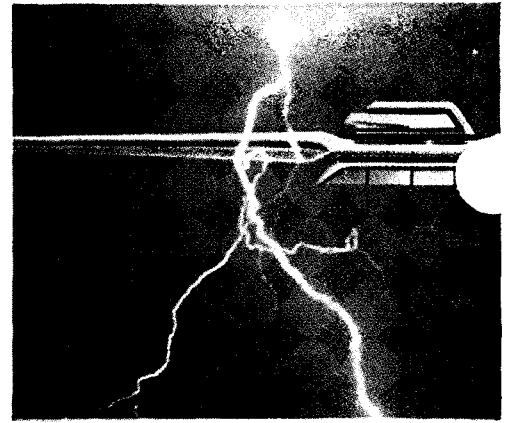
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Washington

The fact that the President's personal staff is dominated by technicians and not politicians like Eisenhower's Sherman Adams or Kennedy's Kenneth O'Donnell is both a cause and a result of Johnson's own inward-looking preoccupation with the Washington scene. Simultaneously, he has hardened his resistance to delegating responsibility, requiring his personal assent on the small decisions — matters usually delegated to subordinates by past Presidents (when one former Cabinet member was told by Johnson, "You haven't been bothering me lately," he wasn't sure whether he was being praised or criticized).

The President, who may not have read a book from cover to cover since boyhood, is in fact a voracious bedtime reader. Every night he stretches out in bed with his "night reading," a fat loose-leaf notebook crammed with the never-ending flow of government paper: minutes of meetings, agency reports, proposals for action, and a constant stream of memoranda from Califano and other White House aides — but mostly Califano.

Johnson has taken to piling a daily work load on his thirty-six-year-old aide that would numb the mind and body of older men. In the process, Califano has become the President's indispensable eyes and ears within the federal establishment. On orders from the Oval office, he keeps a steady stream of factual memoranda moving from his desk to the President's, reports of all his official conversations during the day's work from Cabinet members to low-level bureaucrats to newspapermen. "Joe is the President's reporter," says a Johnson intimate. "He knows more about this government than anyone except the President himself."

Memos and minutiae

The President's memo-mania embraces the entire White House staff, guaranteeing him instant access to hidden events. When Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz had a small spat with Attorney General Ramsey Clark over the railroad strike that threatened last summer, for example, the President read all about it in memo form, though it's doubtful the principal actors ever learned that

Johnson was aware of their disagreement.

Moreover, officials attending routine daytime meetings at the White House are often amazed to see the door swing open and the President walk in and take a seat. And Johnson, a notorious nonlistener over the years, may sit quietly for forty-five minutes of bureaucratic jargon (though this is quite likely to be followed by a forty-five-minute Johnsonian soliloquy while the bureaucrats sit quietly and listen).

With Johnson so involving himself in the day-by-day happenings of government, it is natural that his desk sometimes becomes a bottleneck, particularly in the case of high-level appointments. But this seems to be the exception rather than the rule. We have here a Johnsonian tour de force. No other modern President has immersed himself so thoroughly in the minutiae of the government. Rare is the personal feud between some assistant secretary and some deputy agency chief that escapes the President's attention. No problem in funding or organization is unknown to him. When Johnson gave White House reporters a blackboard lesson on budgetary problems from memory, it was no gimmick but a genuine demonstration of mastery over the details of governmental financing.

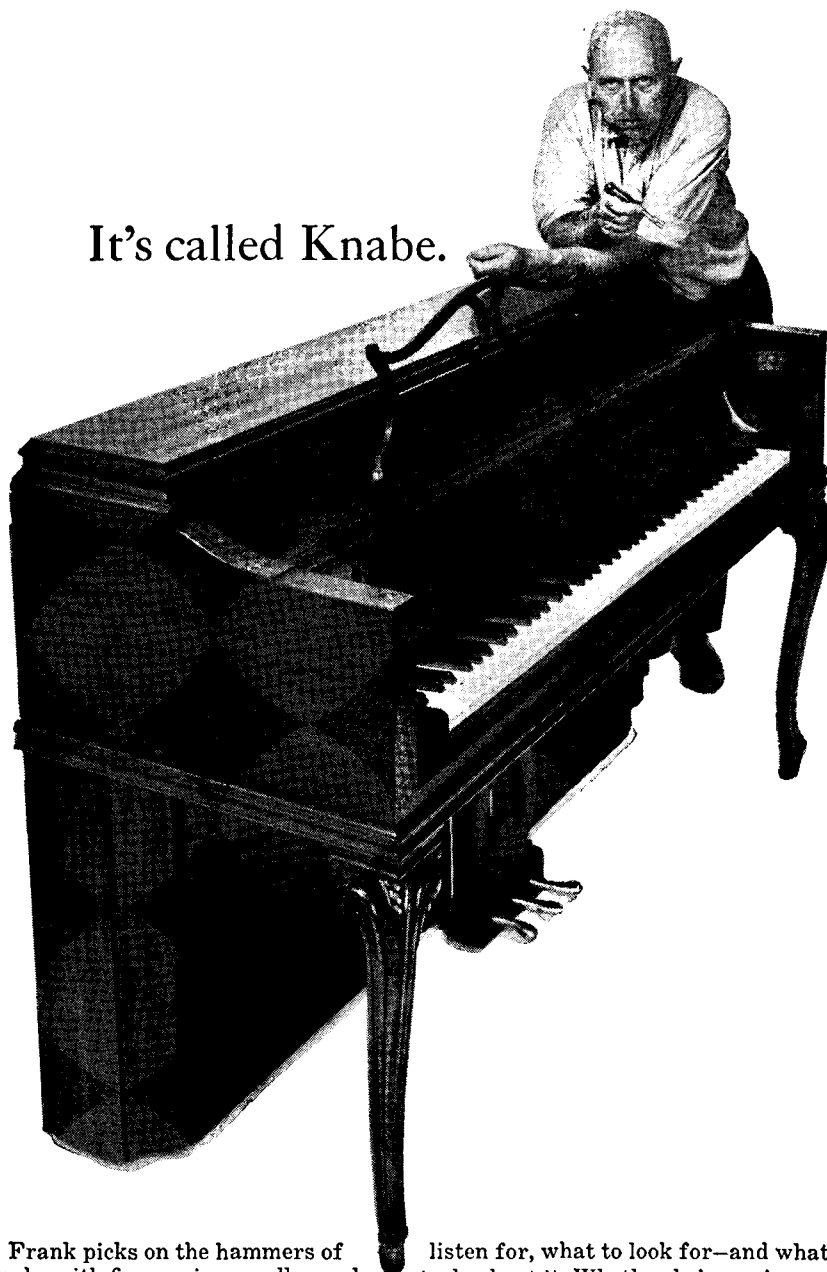
Thus, just as Johnson mastered the intricacies of the Senate, he has come to know in intimate detail the vastly more complex mosaic of the federal government itself. But the analogy is far from exact. Whereas Johnson used his encyclopedic knowledge of the Senate to dominate it, he has not been able to dominate the federal bureaucracy much more than Franklin Roosevelt or John Kennedy could. On the contrary, the paradox is that the more Johnson isolates himself as a Washington politician the more he seems to become the prisoner of the bureaucracy. Alienated from the press, the academy, and even his own party, Johnson has turned more and more to the career civil servant as his natural ally.

"Loyalty"

Certainly, there never before has been a day in Washington when so many high-level posts in the government are filled by the careerists, and this is a vivid manifestation of his deepening isolation. As Vietnam

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Washington

has seemed to become less and less soluble and as the Negro revolution reaches toward a climax, the surge of confidence and sense of security that enveloped Johnson after his landslide election in 1964 have faded, and his old suspicion of enemies lurking behind every corner has returned. As early as the spring of 1965, when Johnson delayed for weeks signing the official commission of a man already selected for high office, he explained the delay on grounds that the appointee had once worked for a former liberal Democratic foe of Johnson. "How can I trust the friend of my enemies?" he asked mournfully. He eventually signed the commission, but today such an appointment would quite likely not be made at all. In his isolation, Lyndon Johnson has made a fetish of loyalty.

In its most ludicrous form, this means that middle-echelon career bureaucrats—all new officials who reach the "super-grade" of GS-16—are summoned to the White House, and knees trembling and hearts pounding, required to listen Marvin Watson tell them about the meaning of "loyalty" and how the President expects "loyalty" from all federal employees. The ritual has been going on now for more than two years, and it is leaving behind scores of civil servants who are both mystified and resentful at having their loyalty questioned. The loyalty fetish is worst in the deadly serious business of transfusing an unquestionably tired Administration with new blood from the outside world. But the loyalty test demanded by the President these days for every new prospective appointment is nearly impossible to meet. A finding that the businessman or professor under consideration never was *anti*-Johnson is not enough; it must be shown positively that he has been *pro*-Johnson, difficult indeed for someone new to politics and government.

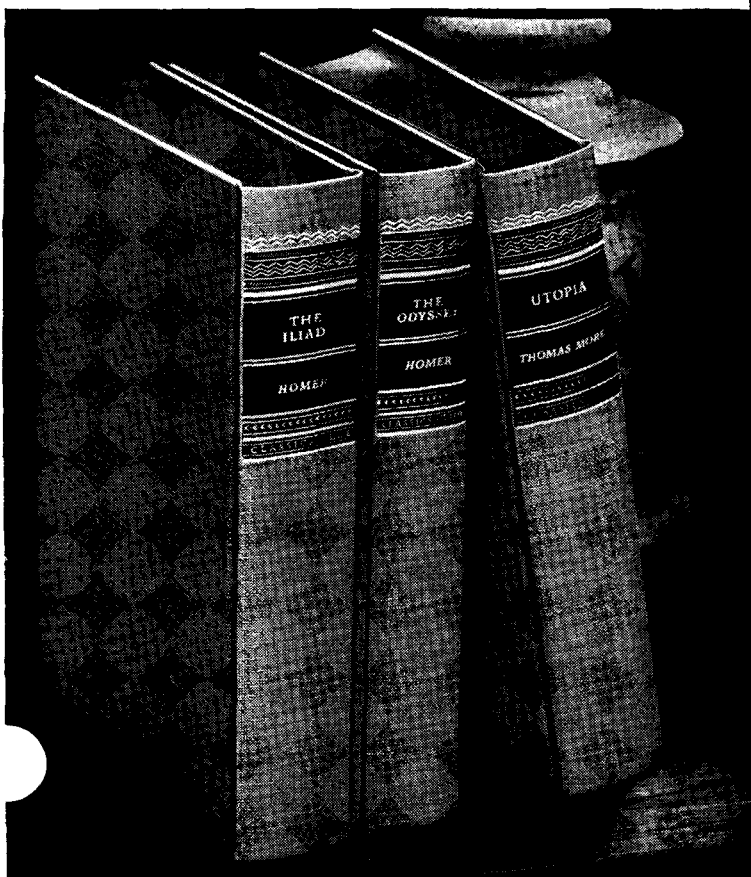
"Security"

Moreover, Watson's fear of inadvertently approving someone with a black mark in his past has led to absurdly long delays. This fear stems from the tragic scandal of Walter Jenkins, who was brought down by overwork and fatigue dur-

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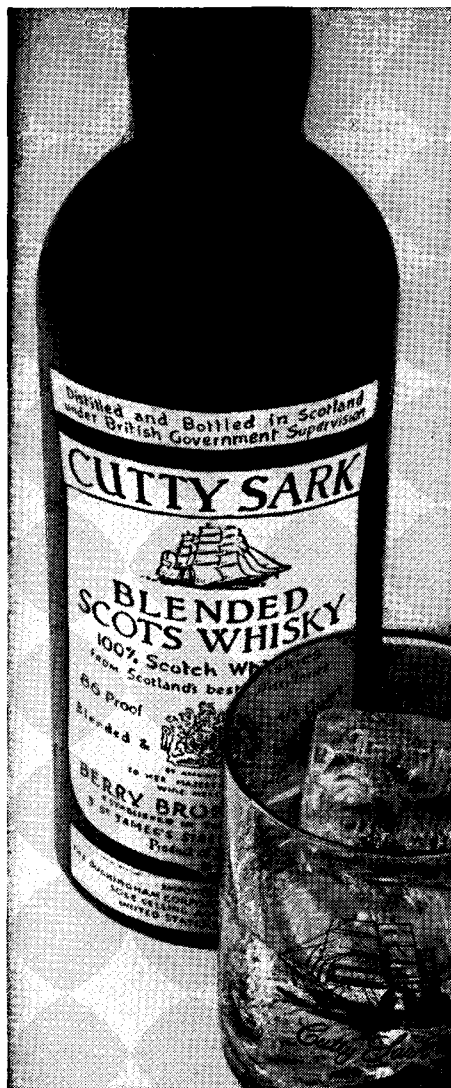
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Washington

ing the 1964 presidential campaign. Right after the fall of the faithful Jenkins, Johnson ordered full "special investigations" of 1200 top government officials, including the whole White House staff, and gave Watson personal authority over all future appointments to assure that any possible security blot would be discovered.

When Professor Richard B. Morris of Columbia University was selected as a member of the American Revolution Bi-Centennial Commission, Watson put the FBI on a full-scale field check. When the FBI reported to Watson that Morris had written a book about the Hiss case (in fact, *Fair Trial: Fourteen Who Stood Accused from Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss*, a book on trial juries), and that one statement in that book might possibly be interpreted as suggesting subversive tendencies on the professor's part, Watson slipped the Morris file into a dusty drawer. There it remained for weeks. At last, without ever talking to the President, Watson vetoed the appointment. It wasn't until another member of the White House staff learned of the long and inexplicable delay that a second investigation, this one by the White House itself, was ordered. It revealed that the FBI report had misquoted from Morris' book. The professor wasn't a subversive after all. Johnson thereupon immediately appointed Morris to the obscure commission.

But all too often the result of this unreasoning fear of a security taint in the background of a prospective employee, coupled with the unreasoning demand for proof of total loyalty, is that the Johnson Administration follows the course of least resistance in filling a high-level vacancy.

Passing the test

A post may remain unfilled for weeks or months, and eventually go by default to the career bureaucrat on the next rung down the ladder. An example of how this works was the long hand-wringing over the appointment of the first American Ambassador to Communist Hungary, where the level of the U.S. representation is being raised from Legation to Embassy. With the Kadar regime ever so cautiously

liberalizing both its domestic and foreign policies, an imaginative free-wheeling ambassador was indicated, and a massive search for a hard-charging business executive was launched.

There were numerous candidates, but none quite suited Johnson; that is, none quite passed his loyalty test. The Foreign Service lobby was plugging hard for the appointment of Martin Hillenbrand, an exceptionally able Foreign Service officer who had performed well as second-in-command in Bonn, but as a careerist, not the ideal man to employ the freedom of maneuver and improvisation needed in Budapest.

After six months of stalling and inability to find a tried-and-true LBJ businessman, the President finally named Hillenbrand. This syndrome is repeated time and again, aggravated by the fact that John Macy, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, doubles as presidential assistant for recruiting high-level personnel. Although he is supposed to be searching at all times for new blood, Macy happens to be a zealous advocate of career promotion for professional bureaucrats. On top of this, Macy's hunger for talent has been inhibited by White House insistence on loyalty and security.

The effects of all this are pervasive. A President whose contacts and experience are already restricted to Washington now finds himself heading an Administration which day by day is staffed in its middle and upper echelons by careerists — honorable men, to be sure, but men Potomac-oriented and lacking in national grasp. Thus does the Administration and the President become inexorably more inward-looking.

Military primacy

In the case of the war in Vietnam, the impact of this myopia is both acutely serious and poignantly ironic. From his days as young congressman investigating the Navy Department's conduct of World War II, Lyndon Johnson has always been suspicious of the professional officer corps, often exhibiting outright hostility. Over the last year, Johnson's resistance has wilted. More and more cut off from outside critical advice, he has become increasingly dependent upon the military bureaucracy. When one civilian offi-

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cial this past summer attempted to argue against any further arms buildup, Johnson cut him off tersely. That, he said, was "a matter of tactics," and tactics are for the military to determine.

The number of American troops in Southeast Asia, of course, has a great deal more to do with politics, national and international, than with military tactics. That the President either fails or refuses to understand this now is testimony to his old and growing weakness as a national politician, a weakness that could prove fatal in 1968.

—Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

India's Holy Men



Once every twelve years the sun, the moon, and Jupiter meet in the zodiacal sign of Aquarius the Water Bearer. Hindus believe that this celestial event enhances the power of the Ganges to wash away sins, and so millions of peasants and thousands of holy men meet for a huge ritual bath. The convocation, called the *Kumbha Mela* ("Festival of Aquarius"), moves between four holy cities; in February, 1966, it took place in Allahabad, where the Ganges flows into the Jumna.

I traveled to Allahabad, despite discouraging warnings from several Indian friends. A professor at the university there, who housed me, forbade the members of his family to attend. These people felt that the size of the crowd made the *Mela* dangerous — if you managed to avoid disease, there was still a good chance of being crushed in a riot.

The Indian press reported that 12 million Hindus had attended the festival at some time during the month, but gave the event little

further coverage; perhaps the journalists too were worried about their health.

Celestial bath

I arrived with hundreds of peasants on the congested third-class train, and rode into the city on an *ikka*, an open horse-drawn vehicle built for three or four people but usually carrying eight or ten. The wide avenues were packed with peasants and holy men trekking to the water. Vehicular traffic was at a standstill. People had been coming and going all month. Along the road peddlers were selling grain for the travelers' bread: high pyramids of beige and white pellets, displayed on scarlet, purple, and orange tissue paper. A sign, the first among the stalls, announced "Bhang Store," and a crowd was pressing up to the counter to buy hemp pipe tobacco, hemp cigarettes, and hemp green fudge candy, all for less than a penny.

Near the river the street opened into a vast camping ground. Here *saddhus* (holy men) had set up booths, from which they sold sacred dyes (mainly saffron, a fragrant mustard-gold, but also crimson, orange, white, and ash-blue) and tiny multi-colored velvet purses. Almost at the water's edge, squatting barbers were relieving squatting clients of all their hair.

Among the travelers' camps certain *saddhus* had set up display tents. When I looked into one, a chubby middle-aged woman with the familiar good humor of a Sunday school teacher (later she said she taught physics before putting on the saffron robe) promptly ushered me in. She introduced me to her guru, an enormously fat man in a starched saffron robe, who sat at the back of the tent beside a painting of baby-faced iridescent pink and blue gods. He handed me his printed calling card: he was Srimat Swami Shree Advaitanandaji, head of a *saddhu* organization (a chain of orphanages and schools) called the Bharat Sevashram Sangsha.

Saddhu guru

Advaitanandaji spoke perfect English. He showed me a thick book, *Solace*, of letters to his "spiritual daughter," Sadanandamayee — and nodded paternally at my hostess, who blushed. He outlined his religious principles, which resembled those of lay bourgeois Hindus: he believed

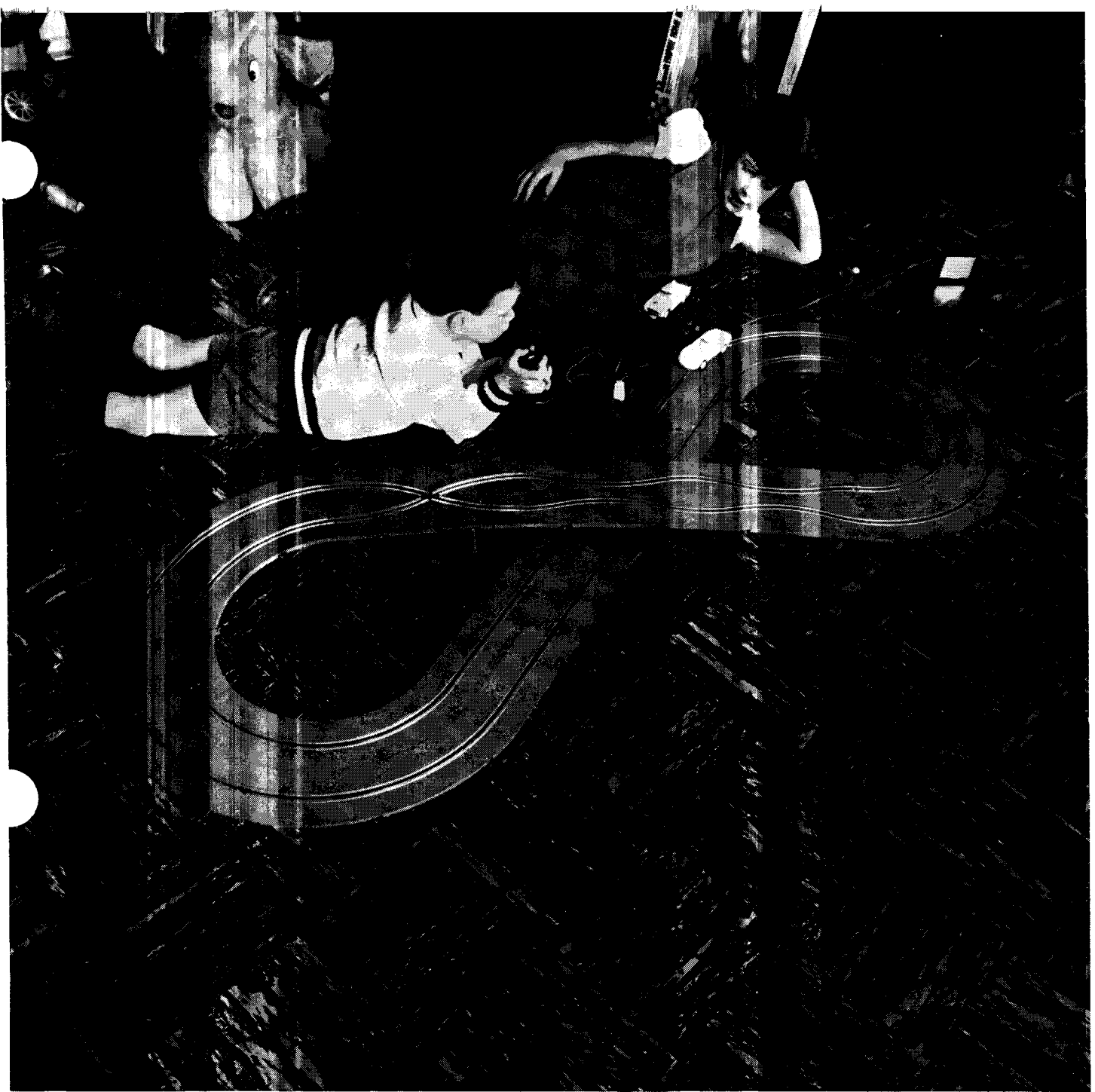
that eating meat enflamed the passions, that war with Pakistan was unfortunate but necessary, that an Indian child's first obligation was to study hard and get a degree, that faith in God and celibacy were necessary for ethical behavior.

All the while the guru spoke, slowly and with heavy eyelids, more smiling, thick-set women in saffron appeared and disappeared on various housekeeping errands. Finally he excused himself for lunch. I was taken to Advaitanandaji's chamber, a side tent with a saffron-dyed mosquito net. There I was given lunch, an immense quantity of white rice and vegetables, with gummy fried-dough candy for dessert, while Advaitanandaji dined on the same elsewhere. Before I left, the women sold me a copy of *Solace*, and instructed me to look up certain yogis who were "very popular with Westerners."

On the way down to the beach, a handsome gray-haired yogi camped along the road invited me to share his tea and greasy cookies. He was dressed in old, worn saffron robes. He said he was a Brahman, but went on to make fun of the "fat, rich sort of Brahmins." Like the woman I had just met, he too was an "adult dropout." Twenty-five years ago he quit his job as clerk in a government office and went off to the Himalayas, where he roamed around with a guru "here, there, everywhere." After that he moved to Benares, where he had been living for the past few years. Ever since that day when he gave up all his dependents, he said, he had been "completely happy and free." He told me about an important Bombay politician who had done the same thing — simply disappeared one day, put on saffron, and went off to say his beads along the Ganges.

Pleasure and ritual

The shore was mobbed with peasants. Clusters of men, women, and children moved about together, dressed in the colors and styles of their native places. The pilgrims were cooking their midday meal, praying in small shrines near the water, or wandering in search of a spot to camp. Along the waterfront hundreds were taking the ceremonial dip: they bathed clothed, soaping and rinsing through wet cloth, then exchanged wet garments for dry ones with an agile maneuver, and quickly



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India's Holy Men

yielded their places to others. Many drank from the river. Had they been less solemn and businesslike, the scene might have begun to resemble a popular American beach on the Fourth of July.

Here and there, however, a child, unconscious of the difference between a pleasure swim and a ritual bath, played between the water and sand. An older boy chased some water buffalo exuberantly, smacking them with a stick. Two young women stepped into the water and removed their shirts; their bodies were lovely but they were unselfconscious, and the men nearby did not stare.

I crossed one of the many foot-bridges to the far shore of the Jumna, where *saddhus* — nearly naked, in flowers and jewelry — blanketed the beach. I had expected them to be repulsive, pallid from indoor prayer and malnourished from their avoidance of meat, fish, and eggs; instead, I found them strikingly handsome. Many were broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped; their skin was tanned and oiled; they stood and moved gracefully, like the Hindu gods in fresco cave paintings and temple sculpture.

One bare-chested young man, bald except for the long lock at the back of his head which identified him as a Brahman recluse, leaned on a rail, looking into the water, perfectly still: statuesque, classic beauty. Even many old men were just as handsome, their healthy, lean bodies adorned with lush white hair and beards.

A group of *saddhus* in their teens or twenties were running through the sand, slapping at an elephant. One with bright orange curls cavorting some distance from the others suddenly ran over and leapt deftly onto the elephant. They wore loincloths and garlands of yellow, orange, and white flowers. Some had white powder all over their bodies and orange stripes on their foreheads. They had matted their hair into buns with dung.

When I looked at them with curiosity, they at once became ardently friendly. They hugged me and led me forward with their arms around me. They lifted me onto their elephant, explaining in Hindi that this was one of the beasts that had brought them to the *Mela* from

their home in Hardwar, and jumped on all around me. Together we crossed the long beach, the young holy men laughing euphorically all the time.

"Tyagi" odyssey

They were *tyagis* ("wanderers"), they explained, not *nagas* ("naked ones"), or *sannyassis* ("beggars"), or *yogis* ("deep breathers"). They lived in a band of "many many *tyagis*," they said, with their *maharaj* ("leader"). We were going now to their camp on a far sandbar, where several *tyagi* troupes had gathered.

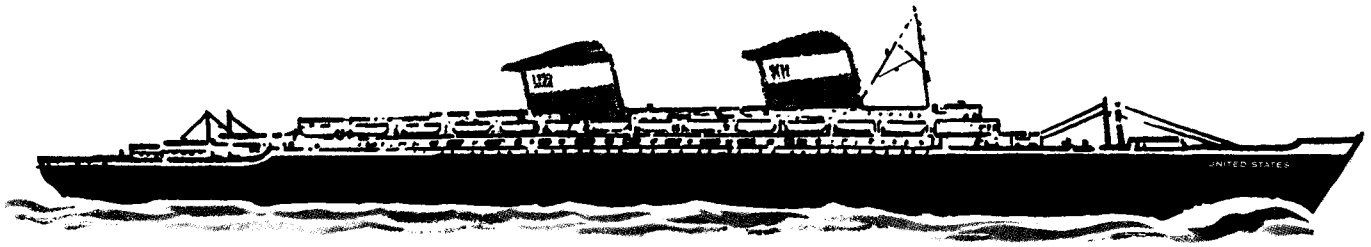
The elephant walked for nearly an hour through a never-never land of tens of thousands of men just like these — mostly young, lean, tanned, wearing loincloths and jewelry. The *tyagis* were working on various tasks, some cooking their lunch, some applying the blue dust and orange paint or fixing their hair into dull, strawlike buns, some just conversing or strolling around. Everyone looked relaxed.

We stopped, finally, at some motley striped circus tents, the focal point of the open-air camp. Inside one, thirty or forty women in ordinary saris were squatting around a fire to make the *tyagi* leaders' bread. Asked who they were, my companions smilingly shrugged them off, saying that the women of the countryside cooked and cleaned for them voluntarily. "Different women come and work, then go." Inside another tent, two splendidly costumed and bejeweled little girls were singing and dancing in honor of the god Siva. A *tyagi* audience stood around casually, listening, talking, moving in and out. Under another spangled canvas roof a few dozen holy men sat in a closely packed circle on an ornamental rug, leisurely passing marijuana pipes between them.

My hosts hastened to the tent of their *maharaj*, eager to show me to him and him to me. As we ducked under colored hangings to enter, other holy men motioned that I should take off my shoes, but the *tyagis* accompanying me waved them off with a chuckle at their orthodoxy and propelled me forward.

The *maharaj* was sitting on a rug in an alcove of the tent, surrounded by other *tyagis*. Though the late afternoon sun haloed him and obscured his face, I could see he was white-haired, large, and powerfully built, as weatherbeaten and tough

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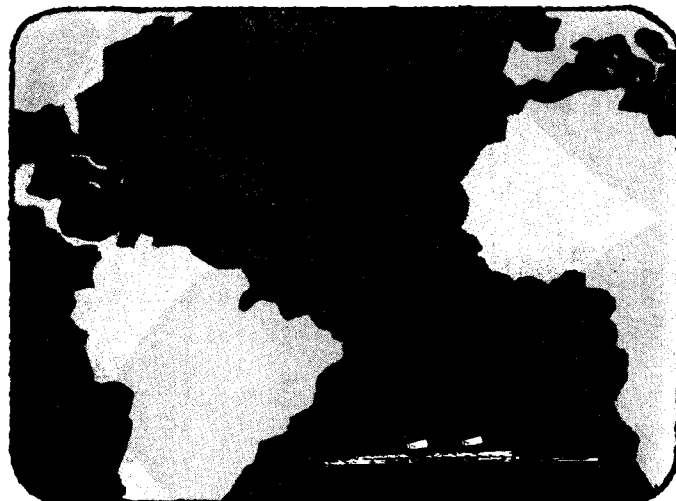
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India's Holy Men

as a camel driver. At his feet sat a beautiful woman in a silk sari.

He had just been conversing with the men around him, yet he seemed pleased by my visit. He asked me the usual questions — when I came to India, where I'd been, what my business was, what I liked about the country — and could not get over my answering him in Hindi. He loaded me with guavas and milk-sweets, and told my hosts to take me to meet "some other *maharajs*."

We made the rounds of the different leaders. Each gave me hearty greetings, a word of wisdom ("Man needs peace," said one), and gifts of fruit and sweets. All assumed I had come to the Ganges to wash away my sins, like themselves, and were happily impressed by the distance I had traveled.

Joining up

The young *tyagis* said that many of them had joined the troupe when they were twelve or thirteen. One was given to the band by his widowed, impoverished mother. Another ran away from school one day on a whim. A tiny boy, fantastically dressed in bright yellow and purple, squirmed fearfully behind an older man when I noticed him, then peeked out with a defiant answering stare. His protector laughed at his shyness and explained that his parents had abandoned him to the *saddhus* who sat by the temple in their village, who had in turn delivered him to this group.

I asked the *tyagis* what they thought of their lives, and they responded with the enthusiasm of Little Leaguers. They declared they were very happy. All were sure they would be, and wanted to be, *tyagis* for the rest of their lives. Asked how they spend their time, they replied, "Only worship," but they said it with such ebullience that one guessed that "worship" included traveling, festivals, music and dance, marijuana, and village women. Instead of despising them as social parasites, the villagers throughout India love them, and gladly give them food, thing, shelter, and entertainment.

The young man with orange hair said he had been all over India by elephant, and would like to go to America and see the *tyagis* there. I told him regretfully that there

were none. But he brushed off this information with the perfect assurance that he knew better, that there must be.

Baba appears

The *tyagis* referred me to Deorahawa Baba (*baba* meaning "father," an appellation given only to venerable, solitary holy men), reputed to be 150 years old.

After two hours of walking back past all the *tyagis*, I came finally to the last outpost of habitation along the beach: Deorahawa Baba's tiny hut, on stilts. About 100 people were bunched in a knot under his balcony waiting to see him, in the meantime exchanging stories. One man knew an eighty-year-old man who said Deorahawa Baba was old and bearded when he himself was a child. Another man said Deorahawa Baba received an enor-



mous amount of mail addressed simply "Deorahawa Baba, India," which he never answered. Another said Deorahawa Baba could fly, that he had once won a bet by beating some tourists across the country.

The sun had just set; this group had been waiting for the holy man since lunchtime. Someone said Deorahawa Baba had been just nearby in the Ganges all that time, treading water.

The sun's last rays turned the river to a delicate, iridescent pink; then it went silver in the moonlight. The sand felt cool and silken underfoot. Naked holy men were taking their dips in the evening water; one drew the symbol ॐ (*Om*) in the sand. The stars came out. Deorahawa Baba's crowd waited, perfectly patient. A man stepped to the center of attention, and like a camp counselor, started leading everyone in a comforting monotony of religious chants: *Om, jai Ram, siddhi Ram, jai jai Ram* ("Lord, hail Ram, straight Ram, hail hail Ram")

over and over endlessly, until a few more hours had slipped away.

Suddenly the holy man appeared on his balcony, bare-chested, skinny, gnarled, and leaned down toward us. The people were overjoyed — they called him, blessed him, shouted questions, begged his blessing, implored him to throw them some of his sacred food. The wizened *baba* surveyed the crowd, and then, with a playful, mocking expression on his lips and in his eyes, threw an orange, a guava, and several pieces of candy quickly into my hands, the one silent, surprised American. Then he vanished. The faithful were vociferously disappointed. The next and last anyone saw of him was a streak across the sand, as the spry old man, diaper-clad, dashed out of his hut and away from his admirers.

On the slim chance that he would make another appearance that night, the crowd did not disperse. Only when Deorahawa Baba's lieutenant, a stout man in a city suit who said he was a plainclothes policeman, shouted at them that they must leave did they go, reluctantly.

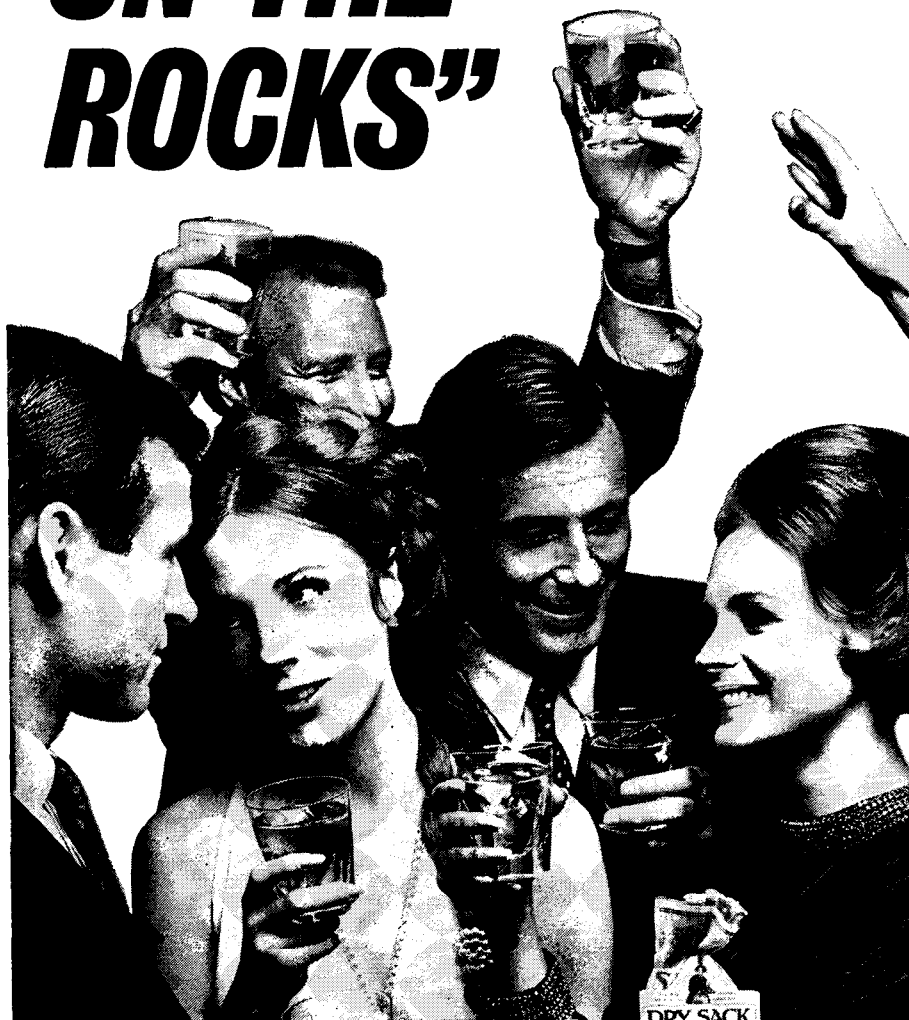
American tyagis

Since Indian culture has come into style in the *avant-garde* of America and Western Europe, a small, steady stream of young artists and poets, drug-users, adventurers, and dropouts are making Hermann Hesse's "Journey to the East." They like the scene in India, by which they mean more than just the cheap, legal, and abundant hemp products.

The hip "world-travelers," as they are often called, generally come to India with few possessions and little money (some unabashedly beg and steal); they ride on wooden-seated long-distance buses or overcrowded third-class trains; they eat rice and hot chili peppers and (contrary to Peace Corps admonitions) drink the water at dingy roadside tea stalls; they wear cheap Indian clothes and jewelry; they sleep wherever they can, on the ground outdoors or the floors of railroad stations; they make pilgrimages to the Himalayas and holy cities — in short, they behave exactly like Indian holy men.

One twenty-one-year-old hipster from New York, red ribbons wound through his shoulder-length hair, went around the subcontinent giving away LSD. When a clever ten-year-old orphan tried to pick his pocket, he adopted the boy, and the two

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India's Holy Men

continued on their travels together.

Hipsters can sit for hours around campfire with the *saddhus*, singing prayers to Ram or Ganesh and smoking *ganja*. With low-caste servants or poor Brahman musicians they joke all night, drinking milky tea and chewing betel.

West meets East

Such behavior endears the "world-travelers" to the Indian masses. Orthodox Hindus place a high value on detachment from family, job, and possessions, and consider the solitary, itinerant life a noble one. "Dropping out," whether from school or adult responsibilities, is not only universally approved, but actually prescribed (to all good Hindus) by ancient scripture.

The young migrants are also the first accessible Westerners most peasants have ever known — the first who do not make an issue of their food, clothing, and comfort, who are not obsessed with money and desperately fearful of getting cheated, who are not highly conscious (having been briefed by upper-class Indians) of their "place." Even those Indians who bear a highly developed grudge against the West (for example, Communists), who resent past British imperialism and suspect future American designs, cannot dislike the world-travelers, who are so plainly without racist, colonialist, or even nationalist sentiments.

When an unkempt LSD-user from Berkeley — his wife, child, and teaching position abandoned "for no reason" a year before — wandered into an *ashram* (a communal settlement and work camp for Gandhi-followers), the Indians there practically deified him. They fed and clothed him willingly, and begged him to stay and meditate alongside them. The reception seemed appropriate to the California boy; he stayed a few months and then moved on.

The peasantry does the hipsters the favor of not thinking them bums, and the hipsters reciprocate by not thinking the peasants miserable. Instead of dwelling upon the poor diet, bad sanitation, poverty, and disease of the Indian masses, the bohemians dig the style of peasant life. They appreciate their flam-

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India's Holy Men

boyantly colored clothes, the flowers, incense, and gaudy spangles that adorn their homes and temples, and their explosively spicy food. They admire their lack of concern for time, money, and the Protestant work ethic. They see a resemblance between the teasing play of the peasants, the hedonism of the holy men, and their own refined self-indulgence.

Hip meets Hindu

When hippy meets peasant shopping for turned-up-toe slippers in a dirty bazaar, and the two smile warmly at each other, hippy feels that the peasant's smile touches upon the last point of his own irony, his own cool.

With an aesthetic rather than moral outlook, hipsters delight in the chaos of a poor village street: the mixed odors of flowers, incense, super fires, and dung; the cacophony of blaring radios, car horns, animals, and human voices; the continual struggle for space between bullock cart, bicycle-rickshaw, horse-carriage, motor scooter, and car. Such confusion might disconcert a Western bourgeois, but to a hipster it is a model "happening." The latest "media-mix" experiments back home are only imitations of the sensory overload of the actual Indian environment.

The impact of this cultural sympathy can be felt in the United States. Some leaders of the psychedelic movement tried (unsuccessfully) to adopt a Benares *saddhu*, Avatar Meher Baba, as their special guru. Hippies who had gotten high only on Western hemisphere marijuana have been introduced to Indian *ganja*, *bhanga*, *charas*, and hashish. Little magazines such as San Francisco's *City Lights Journal* have published work in English by the young Calcutta poets. Holy men's journals have also appeared in English, like Parahansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi* and lama Lobsang Rampa's *The Third Eye*.

Yoga and Indian dance lessons are advertised abundantly in hippy newspapers, and little shops on both East and West coasts sell Indian incense, hookahs, Buddhist prayer wheels, Hindu beads, and statues and posters of the gods. On Third



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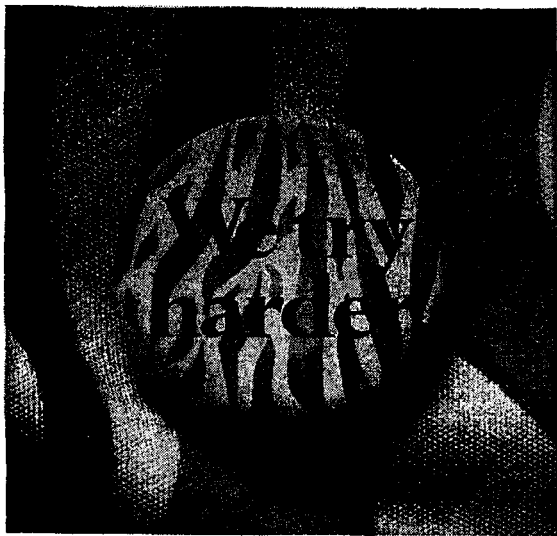
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Avenue in New York's Lower East side, an Indian *baba* operates from a storefront, and a coterie of neighborhood youth meets to pray and sing with him.

On the other side of the world, Indians of low caste and social class, a cultural "out group" despite their number, have met in the "out of it" world-travelers the first Westerners they like. And the grubbiest, most directionless dropout, an embarrassment to his family and an untouchable in his own country, finds his niche in India: a holy man.

— Faye Levine



Gary, Indiana

On May 2, 1967, the bid of the Democratic mayor of Gary, Indiana, for renomination was rejected by a majority of that city's Democratic voters. In place of the progressive white incumbent, A. Martin Katz, Gary's Democrats nominated a thirty-three-year-old Negro attorney and one-term councilman-at-large, Richard Gordon Hatcher. Gary thus became one of the first cities in the United States to vote nomination of a Negro as a major party candidate for mayor. The story of that campaign is instructive.

None of the published straw polls, newspaper columnists, or radio commentators in Indiana's second largest city (population, 175,000) had predicted Hatcher's victory. Against the affluence of a Goliath Democratic machine, its built-in campaign workers on city and county payrolls, its hundreds of paid part-time workers and years of hard-nosed experience in clubhouse and ward politics, all this black "Little David" had going for him was a *mélange* of untested volunteers encompassing all strata of Negro life, from raggedy unknown winos to immaculate well-known physicians. But there was also something about the state of the civil rights movement which unseated Katz, in his own view.

"Charisma of blackness"

As a Negro who worked in the campaign of the white who lost — Katz — I too think there was a "something," and I have conceptualized it as the "charisma of blackness." For while none of the "experts" believed he could weld a victory out of the Steel City elec-

torate, the ethnic devotion of Negro voters gave him 90 percent of his 20,222 votes and the winning margin of 2310 votes over Mayor Katz.

Hatcher's surprising primary victory could have been attributed simply to Gary's Negro population majority — an estimated 96,250 in 1967, or 55 percent of the city's 175,000 residents. But that explanation does not suffice, since Gary's white *registered* voters outnumbered Negro registered voters, 49,130 to 43,261. (Only four major cities of America's 130 cities with 100,000 or more population have a Negro majority: Gary, Washington, D. C., Richmond, Virginia, and Newark, New Jersey.

Probably the biggest factor in Hatcher's victory was the larger turnout of Negro voters than white voters, which constituted a reversal of form. To the despair of politicians, two dismal facts about Negro voters have been predictable in most elections: the first is that Negroes tend not to register in proportionate numbers to white voters, and the second is that when they do register, Negroes do not vote in a high proportion to their registrations.

But they did on May 2 in Gary, and further eroded the accuracy of political probabilities. This time apathy, for some mysterious reason, kept the white voters at home. While only 58 percent of Gary's white registered voters voted that day, 67 percent of Gary's Negro voters turned out.

Is it a foregone conclusion, then, that Negroes can be counted upon to vote for a Negro? Two recent experiences say no. In Chicago's mayoralty election on April 14, Negro voters cast a total of 216,166 votes. Of those votes, 13,753, or an embarrassingly small 6 percent, were

given to popular Negro comedian Dick Gregory, a write-in candidate. (While Chicago has never enjoyed an unsullied reputation for honesty in its elections, and while write-in votes there have a high casualty rate, Gregory's pitifully small share of the Negro vote still precludes the possibility of a straight racial identification vote.) In Philadelphia's Democratic primary for mayor in May, Negro real estate dealer Lenerte Roberts ran a pathetic third, with only 5593 votes out of a total of 203,724. Of the latter number, 50,931 votes were cast by Negroes, leaving Roberts with 10 percent of the Negro vote.

If anything, Negro voters have demonstrated an ironically typical American capacity to reject "one of their own" for the mainstream nomination of a "non-brother." When a "non-brother" is an outstanding liberal and is regarded as a true friend of Negroes and can showcase a civil rights record on Negro appointments and equal rights laws, Negro voters reward him with reelection, even in the face of a strong challenge from an attractive Negro candidate.

Gary's Mayor Katz could boast all three assets in his appeal to Negroes. Under his three-year administration, Negroes were appointed for the first time in Gary as building inspectors, plumbing inspectors, electrical inspectors, and health department sanitarians. Of eight new Battalion Fire Chiefs, three were Negroes chosen by Katz. For the first time in Gary's history, the membership of every city commission and board was integrated.

The following key jobs in the city administration were all held by Katz-appointed Negroes: City Corporation Counsel, Deputy Con-

troller, Superintendent of Sanitation, Assistant Director of General Services, Supervisor of Caseworkers in the Gary Youth Commission, Assistant City Attorney (a woman), and two Assistant Fire Chiefs. In Gary's fifty-seven years prior to Mayor Katz's election, a total of thirty-two Negroes had been appointed to the fire department. In the three years of his administration, Katz doubled this total by appointing thirty-two Negro firemen.

Negroes' true friend?

These appointments were paralleled in the city's lawbooks with the passage of a fair-housing ordinance and the establishment of the Gary Human Relations Commission. Finally, Katz was accepted as "a true friend of Negroes." Most of Gary's Negroes believed he was a man sincerely committed to civil rights. (During the campaign I rarely heard Negroes who supported Hatcher accuse Mayor Katz of not being a firm supporter of equal rights. Rather, they would say that withal, he was guilty of "not having done enough," or of practicing "job tokenism" in City Hall.)

While few big-city mayors can equal Katz's record of Negro appointments, the political cynics retorted, "He had no choice." It would have taken, they maintained, an enormously insensitive and politically callous politician to ignore or antagonize Gary's Negro citizenry. But others mayors, such as Chicago's Richard Daley and Cleveland's Ralph S. Locher, have managed to do so. During Katz's three years as mayor, Gary experienced none of the cataclysms of racial violence which have exploded in so many major cities during that same period.

Mayor Katz's method of "keeping the peace" (a phrase he proudly used repeatedly during his campaign) was to hurry Negro progress under his administration. To all too many Gary whites, Katz's timetable for "all deliberate speed" toward equality meant a one-way ticket to wholesale interracial marriages. By some, Katz was labeled a "nigger-loving Jew." (Campaign literature from an unidentified source using this phrase was circulated at one point in the campaign.) To the majority of whites,

he was simply a "white traitor" who was either unable or unwilling to preserve the white culture and its attendant "values."

Steel City

In most respects, Gary had become a sociological microcosm of all the cross strains of economic progress, social stalemate, and racial ills besetting most American cities. If there is such a thing as an "industrial revolution ethic," Gary is its air-polluted symbol. Gary is known as "Steel City," and the name "Gary" is synonymous with steel. United States Steel, Gary's largest employer, has 16,000 workers. Outside the city limits, Bethlehem Steel has opened a factory, and nearby East Chicago has Inland Steel and oil refractory plants. Gary itself has become one of the ten most air-polluted cities in America. (On a clear day in Gary, you can see your hand in front of your face.) But with air and water pollution have also come jobs and a comparatively low unemployment rate, even for Negroes.

In 1960, Gary's median family income was \$6004 — \$200 over the

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Gary, Indiana

national average. Its 54 percent home ownership of all housing units was just slightly under the national average of 57 percent. Its 10.0 median completed school years nearly equals the national average of 10.6 years. The vast economic and educational gaps that separate Negroes and whites in most cities do not exist in Gary. The Negro median family income in 1960 was \$4720; Negro home ownership was 45 percent; and the median school years completed, 9.1. Gary wasn't the promised land for Negroes, but it was also not the ghetto of despair which Hatcher continually painted during his campaign.

One of Gary's proudest characteristics invariably touted by its citizens is its multinational background. If there really is an ethnic melting pot in America, Gary is a prototype. A representative cross section of nationalities live in Gary — Poles, Irish, Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Jews, Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans — and they are all constantly jockeying for political

power, if not political supremacy.

My personal involvement with this fascinating metropolis came during a six-week stay in the course of the campaign. A small group of close Negro friends had asked me to consider going there to work in Mayor Katz's campaign. After making a thorough investigation of the comparative backgrounds of the leading candidates, I agreed to go. Besides, the opportunity afforded me the advantage of an inside seat to study the changing dimensions of Negro political power and the extent to which such power is organized, effective, and influential.

I was impressed by the number and quality of Mayor Katz's significant appointments for Negroes. Still, measured against the Negro percentage of the population, the number of top jobs held by Negroes did not in fact reflect Gary's rapid social change.

Of the twenty-six department heads in city government, two were Negroes. Of Gary's four state representatives, none was a Negro. In the nine-man City Council, there were three Negroes, including Hatcher, who was one of the three

councilmen-at-large. Of the 2000 City Hall controlled jobs, 28 percent were held by Negroes, according to an Indiana Civil Rights Commission report, a statistic on which Hatcher hammered away as an example of Katz's "tokenism."

Race politics

In America's civil rights movement, primary emphasis has not been placed on Negroes' acquiring political potency. The reasons are obvious. Had Negroes organized their movements primarily to win greater political power, they would have antagonized the very sources from which they have received sympathetic assistance. The acquisition of political power by one group, by definition, requires a diminution of another group's political power. Few white politicians, no matter how favorably predisposed to equal rights, are willing to extend that concern to the support of efforts resulting in their own displacement. Finally, few Negroes (there are obvious exceptions) have ever understood the raw dimensions of political power, its back-room machinations, its amoral quid pro quos, its manipulative possibilities for both personal and social gain, and its role as a fundamental lever for moving society forward.

In Gary, a Negro attorney did. His enemies maintained that Hatcher understood these things only too well. Arriving in Gary from his hometown of Michigan City, Indiana, seven years ago, Hatcher quietly proceeded to build for the future in what had been a sleepy Negro community. He moved from one Negro political camp to another, shrewdly playing off political enemies against one another. He organized a social club of Negro professionals which was eventually to become a major power base in his campaign against Mayor Katz.

Within five years of his arrival in Gary, Hatcher had become the city's first Negro city councilman-at-large, rolling up one of the biggest votes of any candidate. It wasn't until he announced his candidacy for mayor that Gary's old-time Negro politicians realized they were being usurped. But their denunciations of Hatcher as a political Johnny-come-lately made little impact on the Negro voters. As far as they were concerned, he was properly credentialed because of a new



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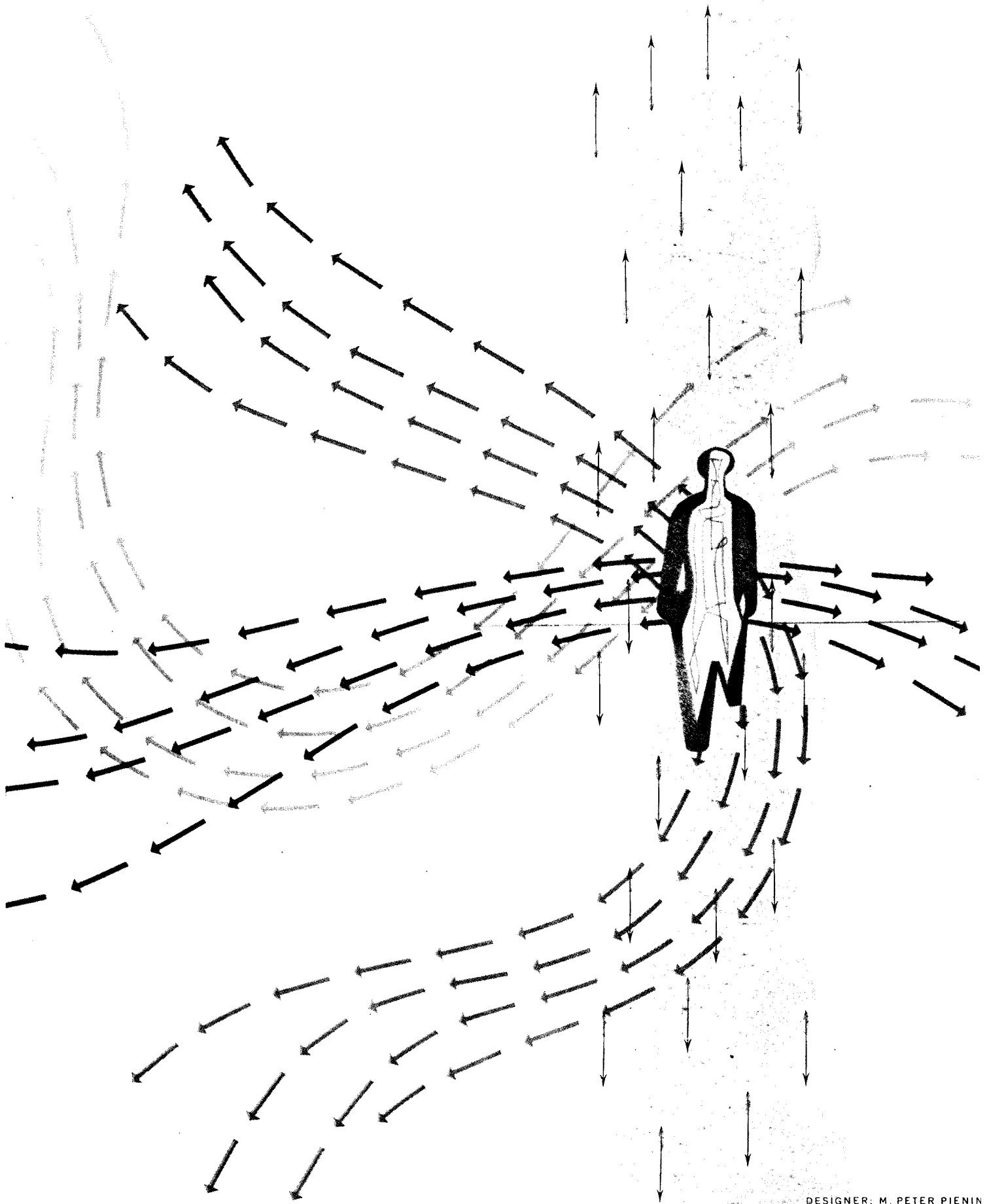
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How Should We Think About Transportation Progress?

by **ALAN S. BOYD**

Secretary of Transportation

Transportation exists in the United States in a special environment unlike any other in our society. We have evolved a special technique, combining public and private transport investment. One not only complements the other; in some cases, one makes the other possible.

This blending of private and public money has helped the United States produce a national transportation system superior to that of any other country. But a minor drawback of this uniquely American approach is that it tends to obscure the real costs of movement.

Perhaps no freight rate or passenger fare today reflects the actual costs of transportation. Local, state and federal governments—that is, the taxpayer—always bear some part of the burden:

... Almost all of the cars and trucks are privately owned, but the highways and streets are publicly maintained.

... All barges and towboats are private property, but the canals and rivers are kept navigable by the Corps of Engineers.

... All U.S. airlines are competing private enterprises, but major airports are publicly maintained, and the air routes are assigned by a federal agency.

... America's ocean-going vessels are privately owned, except for some military supply ships, but the great harbors and port facilities are a public investment; and the United States Coast Guard maintains maritime law and safety.

... Most railroad rights-of-way originated in federal land grants or other forms of public support at state or local levels.

The dominant pattern is clear. Our nation has agreed, on public policy grounds, to provide the basic route support for each of the emerging transportation technologies. The lump-sum investments required for highways and harbors and canals and jet airports are not only beyond the usual means of private companies; considering other expenditure priorities, they are also at times beyond the means of the U.S. Government.

The total transportation investment in America—by private firms and individuals and by all government jurisdictions

combined—is some \$425 billion. If passenger fares and freight rates and car ownership had to reflect this full cost, there would be significantly less personal travel and freight movement.

Three major elements shape the American transportation environment:

1) *The importance we attach to freedom of movement—personal mobility.* This is a political right as well as a social value, and it supports the reality of a mass market over a vast territory, free of the Old World barriers to travel and commerce.

2) *Our system of private ownership and competitive free enterprise.* This very profound and pervasive approach in our society reinforces our dominant moral and ethical concepts. Though somewhat blurred in the operations of the carriers themselves, it is powerfully displayed by the great users, the shippers, as well as transport equipment manufacturers.

3) *The intervening authority of government—any level of government.* The classic partnership that exists between public and private investment may be viewed as a form of subsidy. But the power to give or withhold a franchise or license, and the power to set operating rules and standards, is a far more fundamental role. Here government is an instrument for the protection of the community's total interests.

The interaction of these forces, in the dimension of time, has produced a complex landscape of transportation institutions. The recent establishment of the Department of Transportation represents a decision to give greater unity and coherence to the Government's role.

We need to give more serious thought to the meaning of transportation in our society. It has become increasingly apparent that in a society such as ours transportation is one of the great choice mechanisms. Like the ballot box and the marketplace, it expresses popular desires. It helps shape our communities and institutions.

No family, for instance, moves to a suburban home as a destructive act. Yet the

effect of a million such decisions may be the relative decline of downtown business districts, congestion on urban highways, relocation of firms, disintegration of central city school systems, air pollution and innumerable other side effects.

Our nation knows a lot about the engineering and economic and efficiency aspects of transportation. Such knowledge has produced the greatest system of airlines, rail lines, pipelines, highways and waterways in the world.

But we do not have a very good understanding of the social effects of transportation. Most refinements in transport technology have long-lasting consequences which, for our future happiness and perhaps even survival, we had best learn to anticipate. We have hardly begun to sound the depths of the human implications of our transport decisions.

As usual, the hardest part of the problem is how to think about the problem. Popular expectations may be unreasonable, but expert knowledge has its limitations as well. We will have to be cautious in our acceptance of definitive solutions, confidently presented.

What kind of a community do we want, and what kind are we willing to settle for? We must set our own standards in this matter, dealing with transportation as a servant rather than a master.

If we are not able to anticipate all of the ultimate results of our transport investment decisions, that should not be used as an excuse for not making any decisions at all. Important incremental investments are being made daily—even hourly—in private and public sectors. Our mutual responsibility is to insure that in both sectors the social consequences are given adequate consideration.

If we can do this—if we can use the public interest as our consistent measure, though navigating in uncharted waters—our nation may be assured of true progress in transportation.



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Gary, Indiana

militancy he had helped spawn in local civil rights activity. But not a single elected Negro official in Gary publicly endorsed Hatcher: he just wasn't a member of the establishment. Not one of the city's four Negro newspapers supported Hatcher; three openly backed Katz. Katz had all of the Negro generals, but Hatcher had the Negro troops, and the troops always have more votes than the generals.

A black majority

Gary's Negro majority evolved suddenly. In 1960, Negroes were only 39 percent of the population. In seven quick years, they became a majority of 55 percent through the migration of Negroes to Gary and the emigration of whites to the suburbs. (For the first time in its history, Gary showed a population decrease — 175,000, down from 178,000 seven years ago.)

It was Gary's new Negro majority which convinced Hatcher he could coalesce the Negro community behind him, label any other Negro who entered the race as an Uncle Tom for splitting the Negro vote, and then run successfully for mayor as the only major Negro candidate. He also counted on other major white candidates opposing Katz to split the white vote, if previous Gary elections were any guide. Subsequent developments proved him accurate.

As far back as September, 1966, Hatcher had decided to run for mayor, and was restrainedly identifying himself with black power sentiment. In an interview in the September 16, 1966, issue of the Black Muslim newspaper *Muhammad Speaks*, Hatcher declared he had not made up his mind to run for mayor, but according to the article, "modestly agrees that he would have an excellent chance of winning."

The article on Hatcher, an in-depth interview, was headlined: "Struggle for Black Power in Gary." The story began as follows:

"There is a growing sense of disaster in the Gary community, ignited by the white power structure's flagrant disregard for the largely-impooverished black population," said Gary Councilman-at-large, Richard G. Hatcher, the man considered most likely to become the

first Negro mayor of a large Northern city. 'The patience of the black community is wearing very thin,' Atty. Hatcher continued."

As it became increasingly evident that Hatcher had his eye on the mayor's job, a rusty Democratic machine which had been malfunctioning as a result of several intra-party battles in the last couple of elections tried to reunify itself. For a while, some of the political leaders, aware that Katz was caught between white backlash and black power, seriously considered dumping him and rallying behind a new organization-backed candidate.

Further complicating Katz's bid for renomination was the candidacy of a prominent white businessman, Bernard Konrady, a political conservative. (He was also a longtime political enemy of Katz's, who had narrowly defeated Konrady's brother for mayor in 1963.) Konrady quickly established himself as the "white hope" for Gary. By catering to backlash sentiment, Konrady developed his strongest appeal in the most rabidly anti-Negro sections of Gary. Actually, Gary had already been well fertilized by the backlash

in the 1964 presidential primary, when Alabama's George Wallace polled more votes than Lyndon Johnson.

With the twin strains of Konrady's white backlash overtures and Hatcher's black power nuances now polarizing the Gary electorate, Katz was caught in the ideological middle. In the Negro community, he stood on his civil rights record, and in the white community, he reminded them he had "kept the peace." There were seven other Democratic mayoralty candidates, including two Negroes. Together, these seven were not expected to poll more than 2000 votes, and they didn't.

Because Katz was counting heavily on the organization's ability to turn out the vote for him, he did not formally launch his campaign until late March. Hatcher's campaign had been in high gear since he filed his candidacy on February 27 — the date chosen, according to Hatcher, because it was the anniversary of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving the Negro the right to vote.

Katz campaigned between twelve and fourteen hours a day all over the



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Gary, Indiana

city. The Democratic organization scheduled as many as thirty meetings a day for him, bouncing him from a Polish-American Home to the Greek Orthodox Church to the Latin-American Club to a Negro nightclub in a slum, all within one hour. His performance in each of them was the same: a speech imploring the crowd to "Keep Katz." In the Negro community, he struck responsive chords when he ended his speeches: "I've kept the peace. And as a famous political figure whom I respect says, now you keep the faith, baby! Keep Katz!"

"One of us"

Hatcher confined his campaigning almost exclusively to the Negro neighborhoods, making last-minute token appearances at meetings in the white community. Strapped for campaign funds, Hatcher bypassed newspaper advertising and relied on a heavy radio advertising campaign during the last two weeks. What Hatcher lacked in campaign funds, however, was more than compensated for by the enthusiasm and the commitment of his volunteers to their dream. Whereas Katz's supporters had to go into Negro homes and "sell" the mayor all over again by reminding the voters of his civil rights record, Hatcher's workers used a very simple approach: "Don't you think it's time for 'one of us' to run this city?" That was a hard argument to counter, even among Katz supporters. His workers were increasingly confronted with polite silences, a wan smile, or just a courteous "we haven't made up our minds yet." Whatever limited success Katz workers had in presenting the case for a "good civil rights mayor" was offset by the Hatcher tactic of "Yes, but it's all been tokenism."

On Primary Day, May 2, true to political campaign tradition, the Katz, Hatcher, and Konrady camps all claimed victory. Thirty minutes after the polls closed at 7 P.M., reports from several Negro precincts revealed that Katz was in trouble in his renomination bid. In two Negro precincts where Katz had expected to garner a minimum of 30 percent because both precinct committeemen were closely allied with the Democratic organization, the

mayor received a humiliating 14 percent. By 9:30 the rout was complete. The final figures:

Hatcher — 20,272

Katz — 17,910

Konrady — 13,133

The story can be summed up in the racial voting patterns. Hatcher racked up 75 percent of the Negro vote, Katz 24 percent, and Konrady one percent. Among the white voters, Konrady received 46 percent, Katz 45 percent, and Hatcher 7 percent. (The other candidates, 2 percent.) While Hatcher was amassing a huge majority of the Negro vote, Katz and Konrady were splitting the white vote almost in half.

The Negro voters turned out a man who many of them admitted had done more for Negroes than any other mayor in Gary's history. An equally significant political development was the complete collapse of the Democratic organization in Gary's three Negro districts.

Politically, Gary is divided into six districts. Three are predominantly Negro. Within each district there are precincts headed by an elected precinct committeeman and vice-committeeman. The precinct organization musters the necessary electoral muscle on Primary Day to produce victory. Nevertheless, precinct committeemen who were also on the city payroll or held high positions in the Democratic organization were unable to deliver their precincts for the mayor.

None of the three Negro district captains in the Negro third, fourth, and fifth districts was able to deliver his own precinct for the mayor and the Democratic organization.

Peace or polarization?

The charisma of blackness was unquestionably a compelling influence in the Democratic nomination of Richard Gordon Hatcher for mayor of Gary. His nomination, and — if Gary maintains its traditional Democratic posture — his election in November, open up four possibilities for this city and other major cities: 1) a recognition of the new distribution of political power and a slow agonizing movement gingerly feeling its way toward interracial progress and understanding, 2) a hardening of hostile white attitudes and a bipolarization of resentments and suspicions between the white backlash and black power, 3) an undifferentiated social no-man's land

in the city's race relations in which both groups periodically essay an open confrontation and test each other's political power, 4) a continuation of the exodus of white to the suburbs, driven there by fear of being swallowed up by the black concentration in the cities.

But what happens if Gary does not maintain its traditional Democratic posture in the November election for mayor? What is the political significance for both major parties on the national level if Negro Democrat Hatcher is defeated by white Republican Joseph B. Radigan?

These two questions can be simultaneously answered by examining the possibilities of a Hatcher victory. Statistically, they are overwhelming in his favor. Politically, they are a mere fifty-fifty. The reason is Hatcher himself. In the excitement of his primary victory, he held out no olive branch to the defeated Democratic organization, opened no new causeways of communication to the disturbed white community, and extended no hand of friendship to his political enemies in the Negro community.

As a result, there has been an organized upsurge of voter registrations in white neighborhoods and secret meetings weekly between white Democratic and Republican precinct officials. The Democratic organization has withheld money from Hatcher, provoking him and his supporters to take big fund-raising ads in the *New York Times* and other out-of-town newspapers. Many Gary Republicans are convinced that a significant percentage of Hatcher votes were the result of illegal registrations and election-day irregularities. An investigation has been launched, and stiffer registration procedures are being instituted to prevent recurrences in the fall.

Republicans are not bestirring themselves to cater to white backlash sentiment. They are simply letting nature take its political course.

In a toe-to-toe vote, with all the Negroes voting for Hatcher and all the whites voting for Radigan, Hatcher would easily be defeated, because of the white registration plurality. Hatcher must convince part of Gary's white electorate that his election as mayor means he will represent them too and that "black power" can also mean "shared power."

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Restaurants

Ordering in an Italian restaurant in Italy is not like ordering in an Italian restaurant back home. Not one restaurant serves spaghetti and meatballs. But there is a little stand off the Via Panzanni in Florence that serves real American frozen pizza. Of course, it's not the normal two hour, six course Italian dinner, but you won't



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Every Sunday, merchants from all over Italy come to spread a blanket of their goods at the Flea Market. Rent a shiny new car from Hertz and try finding the place. Once there, with a lot of good old Italian negotiating and bargaining you might end up with an original Donatello, or Bandinelli. But

don't get too angry at all the smiling Italian people you stop on the countryside road. They honestly don't know what "How do I get to the Flea Market?" means.

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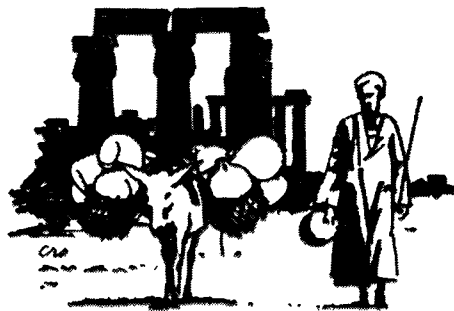
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distribution of political power in Gary between whites and Negroes. This new ethnic balance of power, already testing itself in other communities, could alone shape the future of America's ten largest cities. By 1980, all of them could conceivably have Negro majorities and together comprise more than half of all Negroes in America.

How the urban Big Ten cities deal with this new social development will do much to determine the ultimate quality and fate of American civilization. — *Chuck Stone*

Middle East: After the Arab Defeat



There have been not one but many moments of truth in the Middle East since June 5. Their cumulative effect has destroyed old assumptions and made the awakening to new realities a slow process. None of those involved — Israelis, Arabs, Russians, and the West — were prepared to face their drastically altered positions after the June 11 cease-fire.

For the Israelis it was a shock to find themselves almost overnight occupying territories inhabited by a million Arabs. The old anxiety about security gave way soon to a new anxiety about coping with this unexpected ingathering.

For the Arabs there was the trauma of discovering that all the new weapons were useless without a mastery of modern technology. The humiliation of defeat was compounded by the realization that the East, which they represented, could not match its wild rhetoric with effective action.

The U.S.S.R., which had played the Arab card with such skill and confidence, found itself identified with one of the great military losses of all time. And it could not muster enough political support to bail out

its Arab partners at the United Nations.

For the West, especially the United States, there was the shock of realizing that it had slight influence in Israel; and that wider Western interests made little difference to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem in settling a festering local score with the Arabs.

Everyone felt let down: the Arabs by Moscow's failure to rescue them; the Israelis by Washington's futile attempt to delay confrontation; the Soviets by Nasser's brinkmanship; and the West by both Israel and the Arab moderates.

One of the resulting questions is about the value or wisdom of United Nations interpositions in areas of acute tension. For twenty years the UN has helped to delay political solutions to Middle East issues. The Arab refugees have been kept alive thanks to UNRWA. It has been 70 percent supported by the United States as a means of postponing political settlement of the refugees' claims.

UN Truce Supervision officers have risked their lives to patrol the 1949 Armistice lines, and have kept the episodic flare-ups in demilitarized zones from exploding. After the Suez blowup the UN Emergency Force moved in to patrol the Sinai and Gaza demarcation lines, operating only on Egypt's side when Israel rejected their services. A Conciliation Commission for Palestine has met intermittently since 1949, preserving the form but avoiding the substance of conciliation. None of its three members, representing Turkey, France, and the United States, has wanted to risk initiating a genuine settlement within the UN framework.

Dialogue of the deaf

All of these agencies have helped to kill the Middle East yeast since 1949. In theory Israel opposed them, and in fact usually ignored them. For long periods it boycotted various Mixed Armistice Commissions set up to mediate frontier disputes. Israel has consistently sought direct peace talks with the Arabs. But in Arab capitals the UN has looked like a refuge and a shield. It was the one place where their side of the Palestine case could be publicly aired in the West, and the one protection against risky encounters. They needed interposi-

tion. Israel believed that it did not. It could look after itself.

All the endless Palestine debates at the UN have to be considered in this light. The hyperventilation of grievances and charges on both sides has occasionally revealed a glimmer of the real issues, which few professional reporters accomplish. Allowing for Arab hyperbole and the Israelis' forensic skill, the essential cleavage between the Arab East and the West, as Israel represents it, comes through.

It is a dialogue of the deaf and is, unhappily, the only dialogue yet possible between the two sides. Within their separate worlds, however, there are new and important dialogues going on. Israel's great debate now is about how to treat its conquests; whether to make short-range demonstration of its overwhelming power and efficiency, or to work toward long-range acceptance in the region. In a curious way its victory over the West Bank of Jordan and Gaza gives it a second chance with the Arabs. It can make a fresh start on the refugee question. The Palestinians are truly helpless. They can no longer fight back except in the most incidental ways. Israel's approach to them is crucial, not only for them, but for its own future in the Arab East.

At best Israel can offer them a buffer state with local autonomy in the West Bank and give Gaza refugees a chance to go there. In this way part of the original scheme outlined in the UN partition plan would evolve. An autonomous Palestine would have access to the Mediterranean and to East Jordan. It would restore the dignity and status of one of the sturdier elements in the Arab world. But Israel's price for such a state would be recognition and economic cooperation.

Jerusalem the prize

The price would not be quite so hard for Palestinians to accept if they had any hope of regaining some status in Jerusalem. Here the Israelis, having annexed all of Jerusalem, would have great difficulty in compromising. In the euphoria of victory in June the Israelis ignored all international claims to the city. They forgot that it is the capital of an entire region, a city-state in the historic sense. The Israeli determination to control this entity for their exclusive administration and

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Middle East

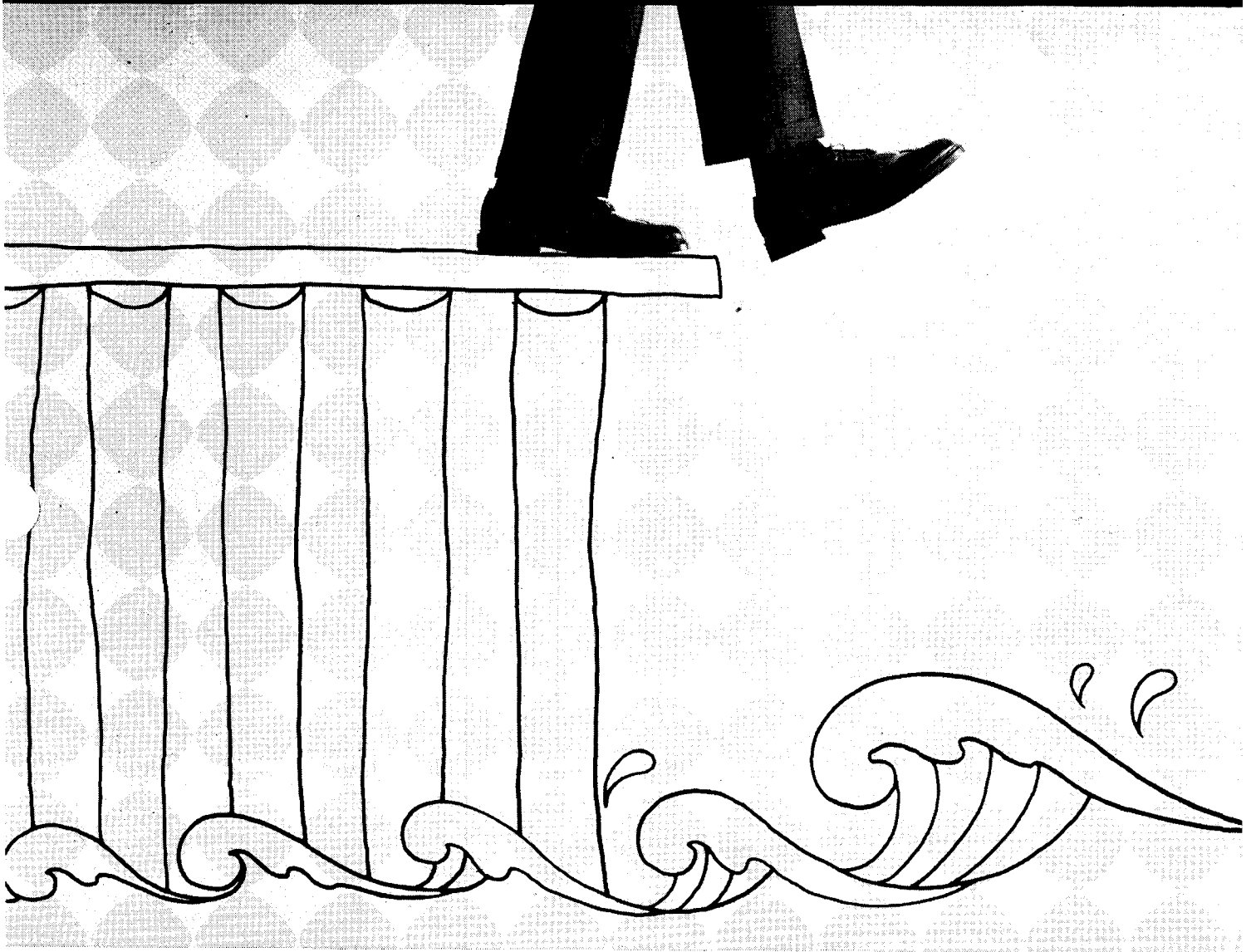
benefit defies world opinion. In extenuation Israelis point quite rightly to the world's indifference when Jordan refused, after its own conquest in 1948, to internationalize the city, and to their own exclusion from the Old City since then. On a tit-for-tat scale they have the power today to assume exclusive control. But in spite of a willingness to protect Muslim and Christian shrines, they isolate themselves. The 99-0 UN resolution on Jerusalem at the General Assembly in July reflects this fact. So does the fact that thirty-four countries still refuse to recognize Jerusalem as Israel's capital and keep their embassies in Tel Aviv (twenty-two acknowledge Jerusalem as the capital).

Can the deep emotions evoked by Jerusalem be waved aside? Why did millions of tourists flock to this beautiful but inconvenient old city through the years when it was cut off from Israeli traffic? The Israelis have yet to find an answer for Jerusalem which will reconcile their own special attachment with that of the outside world. They may find a way through the offices of the general ecumenical movement emanating from the Christian world. But they must also reckon with Islam and its historic claims if they want peace in Jerusalem. Here in the most poignant way the East-West dichotomy has to be faced.

Israel's most fundamental internal debate is concerned with demography. To fulfill the Zionist ideal it must gather in the Jews of the Diaspora and hold them. Here something has gone wrong. In spite of calls for immigration, especially from the West, and in spite of restrictions on emigration, Israel in 1966 had a net loss of immigration. Many of those leaving went to Canada and the United States. Unemployment was one reason. By the spring of 1967 there were 100,000 unemployed in Israel, 10 percent of the work force. The reverse exodus included many young people, who have become part of the Israeli brain drain to the West, where technically educated youth have brighter future than in Israel. Prime Minister Eshkol has stressed the need for a new start on immigration to reach a goal of five million Israelis by the year 2000. He has

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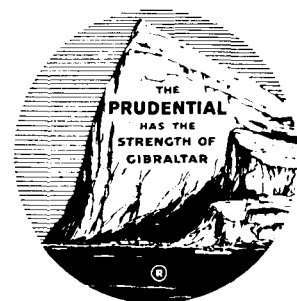
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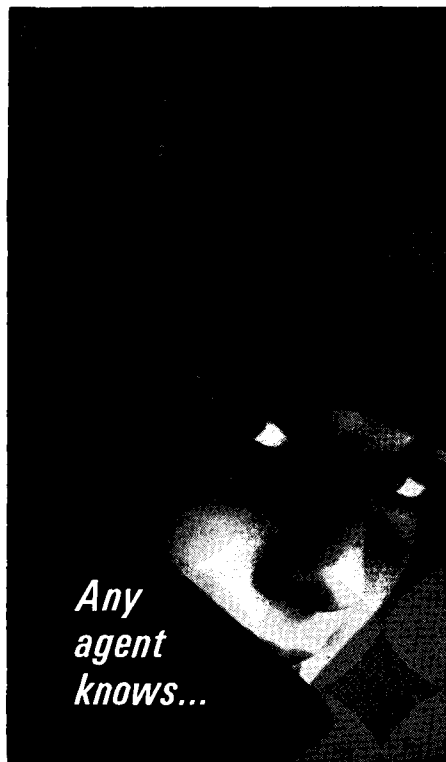
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Middle East

also urged an increase in the Jewish birthrate, which runs much lower than that of the Arabs in Israel.

Arabs in Israel

An Interministerial Committee has reported that at the present rate of increases and without large-scale Jewish immigration Israel will become a binational state within three generations. The average Muslim woman there has 8.2 children; the Arab Christian, 7.2; and the Jewish woman, 3.1. Hence the official appeals.

The six-day war of 1967 only increased this problem. Occupied Jerusalem alone has 80,000 Arabs. There are 458,000 in Gaza, which Israel aims to hold, and at least a half million in the West Bank. Anticipating at the least a long occupation while the Arabs sort out their political defeat, Israel must decide this year whether to try to integrate these people or to wall them off. In 1957 after the Suez affair Israel withdrew from Gaza rather than cope with the Arab population. Today the problem is even more pressing.

There are two other political aspects to the population dilemma for Israel. Its hope of getting immigrants from the Jewish population in the U.S.S.R. must now be deferred. And its appeal for immigrants from the West opens it once more to the Arab charge of Western colonialist expansion.

To liberalize and Arabize

Post-war debate in Arab capitals has been strangely muted. In Cairo President Nasser retired into silence for six weeks after the Arab defeat. King Hussein made a gallant try at explaining the Arab case at the General Assembly. (And within the Arab world the revolutionaries and the traditionalists have been struggling to present a united front.) It will take time to compose a policy which must reconcile economic and political realities and preserve Arab dignity. In this process it seems likely that the Arab nationalists, the socialists, will gain more financial support from the Arabian Gulf states in return for less meddling in the latter's internal management. There seems to be a sort of inter-Arab cease-fire developing, typified by the

Egyptian withdrawals from Yemen.

This immediate reprieve for the traditionalists or kings may give them time to evolve more rapidly. But they will at the same time be under immense pressure from their younger constituents to liberalize their regimes and Arabize their immense oil industry. Two rising forces are at work in these countries. One is led by the exiled Palestinians who have found work and status in the oil countries. These are mostly sons of refugees, but they identify with their Palestinian families. Thus the recent Arab defeat has awakened old resentments in an entirely new generation. They are joined in their general protest by the new generation of local youth, educated now in increasing numbers, and embarrassed by the vestiges of tribal society in newly rich countries.

The combined internal pressures of the new generation and the external demands of nationalism in Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus are forcing the pace in Riyadh, Kuwait, and Tripoli. Added to these demands are the new ones for reprisals against the friends of Israel. Arab labor unions are spearheading these demands.

The result is likely to be a stepped-up rate of relinquishments, increased profit-sharing, and labor harassment to reduce the advantage of Western oil operators in Arab-producing states. Other reprisals are the denial of bases to Britain and the United States in Libya, dictated by political necessity for that moderate government.

Egypt itself seems less in need of proving its nationalist purity. American firms developing two important oil fields in partnership with the government have been asked to continue. And while diplomatic relations have been broken, fourteen American officers have been admitted to look after American properties and interests under the protection of the Spanish Embassy in Cairo. One American college remains open, minus its American staff.

With a stronger sense of realism than most Arab governments, the Egyptian regime is facing its situation with considerable stoicism. An austerity budget cuts public expenditures drastically and raises taxes on income and sales. The government has even appealed for gold wedding rings to be contributed to the lean

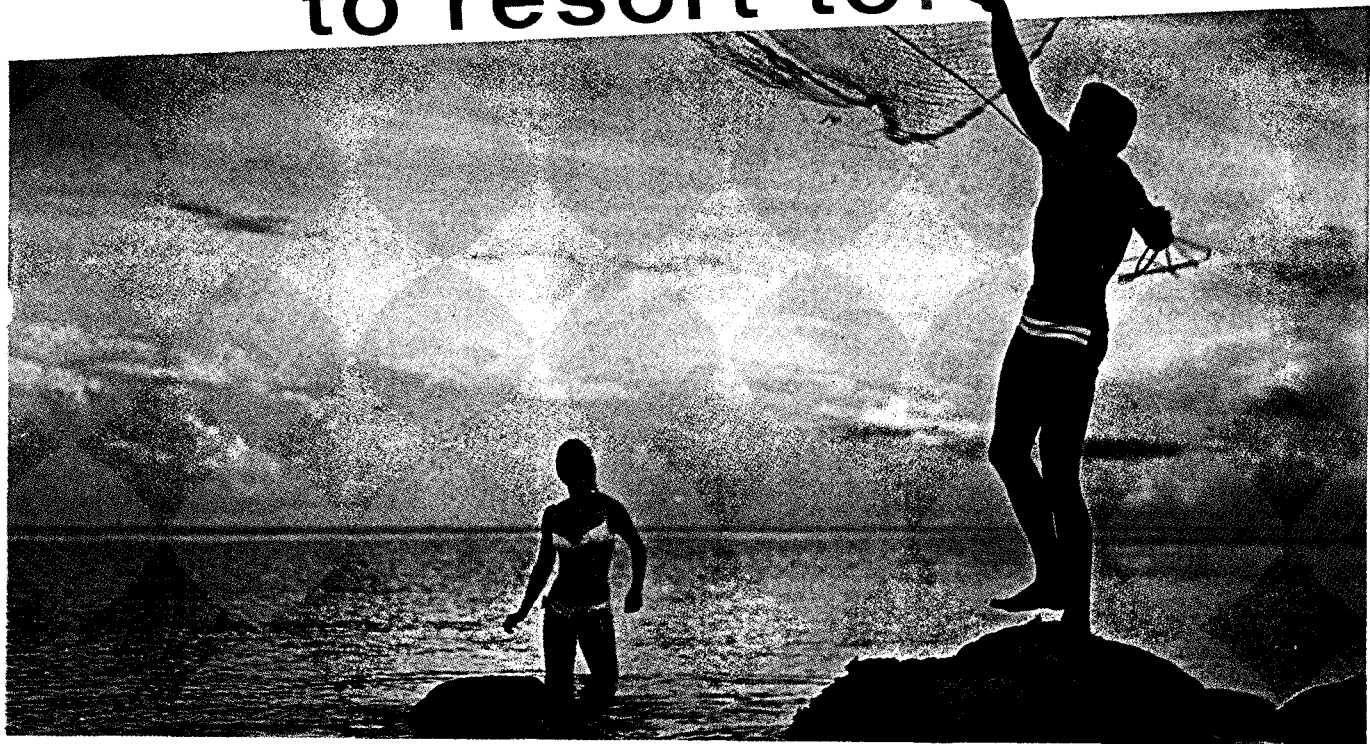
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Middle East

treasury. Egypt's long-term debts amount to \$1 billion. It is losing \$575,000 a day while the Suez Canal is closed, and \$70 million a year from tourism. To add to its woes the cotton crop is badly infested this year, and insecticides must be imported. Egypt also needs \$120 million worth of imported grains a year to feed its people. One move to alleviate this shortage has been quietly announced. The old socialist restrictions on landholdings have been lifted for owners willing to grow food. Socialist doctrine is yielding to necessity in this case, with unpredictable results.

Nasser subdued

President Nasser's subdued speech on the fifteenth anniversary of the revolution in July still stressed its objectives. He is convinced that the "imperialists"—that is, the West and Israel—want to destroy the revolution, and he challenged the Egyptians to defy them by carrying on. Citing impartially the spirit of Dunkirk and that of the Viet Cong, he asserted that Egyptians have always been a struggling people. He pictured their immediate task as that of protecting the revolution and consolidating it. Hence the drive for harder work, more taxes, more efficiency. Significantly, perhaps, he suggested that younger leaders should be drafted to carry on this drive. "Our generation has provided leaders for the transition period," he said. "What is necessary now is that other generations step forward."

In Jordan King Hussein can look ahead less expectantly. The loss of the West Bank reduces Jordan's cultivable land by one fourth and industrial establishments by one half. Industries like oil refining and a cement plant are too large for the East Bank Market and so are uneconomic. Lost are some \$26 million a year from Jerusalem tourists, \$5 million from agricultural exports from the West Bank, and some \$28 million in remittances from emigré Palestinians. Subsidies from Britain and the United States have helped greatly to keep Jordan going and put it within sight of self-sufficiency. But these do not appear now to be forthcoming.

Jordan has made the most of the

infusion of Palestinian talent since 1948. The refugee population was welcomed to citizenship and has been moving into the economy. For example, the population of UNRWA camps at Jericho had dropped from 80,000 to 60,000 in recent years. Income per capita had risen 7.5 percent in the last ten years, and about 90 percent of Jordan's children were in school.

Jordan's share of the Jordan River system, most of it drawn from the Yarmuk tributary, has been used to extend irrigation in the Jordan valley. Under construction when the June war occurred was a dam at Mukheiba on the Yarmuk to make possible an extension of this irrigation system and provide power for Syria, a co-riparian along the Yarmuk. Today Israel holds the site of this dam as well as the Syrian region around Baniyas, one of the important headwaters of the Jordan. Israelis are therefore in physical control of Syrian and Jordan river development.

Politically as well as economically, Jordan can scarcely survive without the West Bank. The East Bank is at the mercy of neighboring Iraq and Syria. It is a question whether Israel would be happy to see Jordan completely absorbed by these much more nationalist states, but barring rescue by Washington, this may be East Jordan's fate.

Moscow's mistake

The U.S.S.R. strategy in the Middle East has been to reduce and eliminate Western power and influence. Arming the Syrians and Egyptians and helping the Yemen Republicans were part of the plan to undermine the conservative and more pro-Western states. Eventually, according to this plan, the revolutionaries would inherit in Saudi Arabia and the Gulf, and the Western hold on Arab oil would disappear. Russians would control the Arab crossroads and the movements and cost of Arab oil in Europe.

Not included in this design was any such rash brinkmanship as President Nasser's in regard to Israel. Moscow underrated the strength of local imperatives, as it overrated Egyptian technical competence in arms. Moscow also overrated its own influence with the Arabs. When it tried last summer to win Arab consent to a nonbeligerent position toward Israel in

The vast voice of Russia itself.

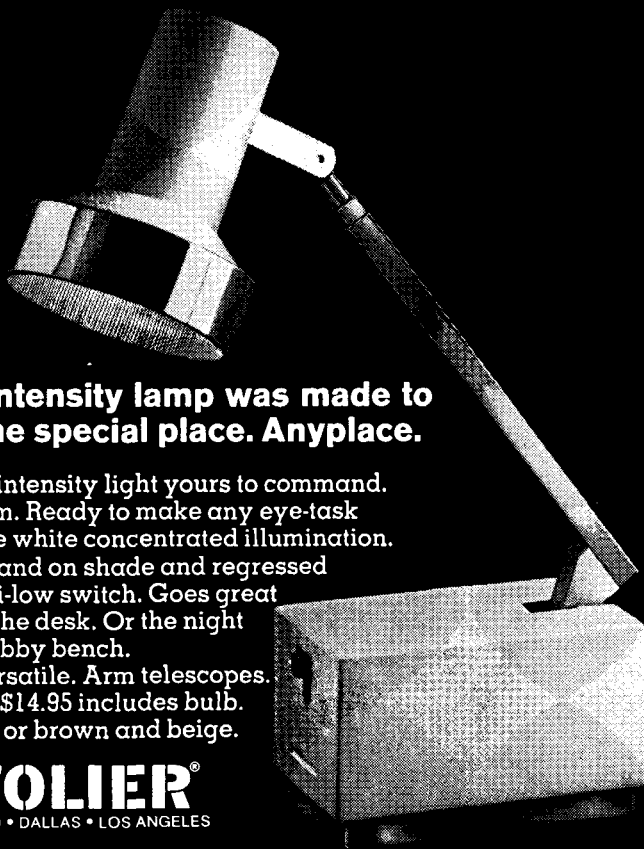


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Middle East

exchange for Israeli withdrawals, Egypt and Jordan would have gone along. But Algeria and Syria blocked this exercise in pragmatism.

In the weeks ahead the struggle among the Arabs to find a way of facing the cold realities of their position will be crucial for them and for their Communist and nonaligned champions. President Nasser has already implicitly turned down the Algerian-style guerrilla solution to the struggle against Israel and, in principle, has accepted the idea of a political compromise solution.

The U.S.S.R. continues to try. It has hinted at delays in its promised \$150 million for a Euphrates dam, indicating anxiety about more Middle East flurries. One of the few unadorned truths revealed last summer was that neither the U.S.S.R. nor the United States wanted an open confrontation in the Middle East. By the end of the General Assembly they were working together on ways of damping down the Arab-Israeli conflagration. By August they were encouraging new negotiations on a nonproliferation treaty.

Washington's interest

For the United States in the last twenty years there have been three overlapping Middle East contests involving American interests. The cold war contest was highlighted and then put aside during the summer crisis. The second contest is that between the revolutionaries and the traditionalists. For a time Washington tried a policy of disengagement from their local quarrels, giving aid to both Cairo and Amman, for example. (Between 1946 and 1965 Egypt received \$1.08 billion and Jordan \$510 million.) But as Cairo's dynamism was diverted to external areas, particularly Yemen, the old even-handed policy was abandoned. Saudi Arabia became an obvious chosen instrument when a choice in the American interest had to be made.

In this period the even-handed treatment included Israel, which received from government sources \$1.07 billion through 1965. And American arms, which went to both Israel and Jordan, were delivered with the stipulation that they were to be used only for defense.

What was beyond American power to stipulate was the escalation of bad feeling between Israel and the Arabs. The long struggle over Jordan water division exacerbated this enmity. When Israel in 1964 began to pipe Tiberias water to its coastal area and desert, the upstream countries came under pressure to protect their own water rights. Actual fighting over these was averted by Nasser's promotion of summitry and call for unity before any Arab attack on Israel. But the Syrians never really accepted this strategy. Their terrorist attacks increased all through 1965 and into the spring of 1967. Then they challenged Nasser to remove his U.S. protector, the UNEF, and in a moment of inexplicable aberration, he did so.

In the final showdown stemming from the Arab-Israeli struggle, Washington's commitment to Israel was inevitable. The defeated Arabs have had confirmed all their doubts about the neutrality proclaimed by successive Administrations. It remains for Washington now to decide what its real interests in the area are in 1967 and for the future. It appears to have had its moment in the Middle East. It may no longer be possible to maintain a relationship of mutual advantage with the Arab moderates. Certainly it will be harder to help them survive unless Washington can regain a detached position.

For twenty years we have had it both ways. But the polarization brought about by Israel's blitzkrieg in June has ended an era for its friends as well as its enemies.

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak write the syndicated Washington column, INSIDE REPORT. Faye Levine, who has been in India on a Fulbright Scholarship, contributes frequently to the ATLANTIC. Chuck Stone is a Washington-based journalist who has served as an aide to several politicians, including Representative Adam Clayton Powell. He is the author of a forthcoming book: NEGRO POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

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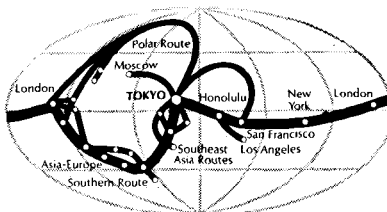
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letters

Who's afraid of John Barth?

SIR: John Barth's "The Literature of Exhaustion" (August *Atlantic*) has really knocked me because moving several times between a slight twitchy uncertain smile to a frowning forehead I have tried couple of times to read Goat-Boy's essay which the Editor calls "stimulating" so I've reached the point where I am getting depressed because I think I must be a dullard, an oaf, a jerk, a simpleton, a left-out, an oldie, like maybe I been off our globe for a few years, came back, and couldn't understand anything that was going on because here is a writer who attributes an identical literary passage to two different authors and proceeds to explain how these two passages — identical I said — are different in meaning and uses funny words one never hears spoken like ultimacy and funny ideas like music composed but not to be performed and then says if anyone composed Beethoven's Sixth today it would be an embarrassment . . . right now I think Goat-Boy is either a nut or a clown and leg puller and the Editor and Goat-Boy are both schemers who together with fiendish laughter decided to print this "exhaustion" theory, or essay, which, again, makes me feel like I haven't caught up, I've been left behind.

JAMES H. HARGER
Annandale, N. J.

SIR: I can't quite think why you bothered to publish the article by John Barth. I can't understand it. Neither can my son-in-law, who is young and bright.

EDITH H. SMITH
Westbrook, Me.

SIR: I've plodded through John Barth's piece three times in an effort to discover (1) whether he has something to say and finds it impossible

in this age of literary exhaustion to say it, or (2) whether the *Atlantic* uses the article as an example of the obscure literary style of the contemporary writer to show the reading public why the Gutenberg Era is coming to an end.

I hope it's the latter, for should a sufficient number of our publishers discover our predicament in time, we may save ourselves from a disastrous abolition of the "word" as a means of communication. One wonders how a society can become so humanistically impoverished that everything it has to say for itself can be said in silence!

E. E. MOHR
Greeley, Colo.

SIR: John Barth doesn't exist. You invented him.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR
Little Compton, R. I.

Governor and Mr. Wallace

SIR: The article "Governor and Mister Wallace" by Marshall Frady in the August issue of your magazine is a defamation of our American heritage. That one could arise from the lowest of environments to become a leader has been dealt with in the histories of many of our great men. Now it seems to be held in ridicule by a young writer who has the audacity of expressing contempt of the ambitions of others.

PAT DEAL
Palmyra, Wis.

SIR: Your article about Lurleen Wallace was the saddest story I have ever read. I am torn between wanting to weep for what she has never had, and rage at her allowing herself to be used in such a manner. Where is such a person's pride? What have we come to?

MRS. C. JOSEPH HOWARD
Minneapolis, Minn.

Report from Canada

SIR: The following observations may be made about Brian Stock's report on Canada in the July *Atlantic*:

1. Wilfrid Laurier did not establish embassies in Washington, Paris, and Tokyo in 1909 or any other year because he was dead when these embassies were established in 1927, 1928, and 1929.

2. Advanced education of Canadians does not take place largely in American graduate schools; on the contrary, the total of graduate

students in Canada is half again as high as the total of all Canadian students, graduate and undergraduate, in the United States. (Source: DBS statistics in the Canada Year Book, 1965).

3. Contrary to what Mr. Stock says, the great majority of Canadian artists and writers live and are supported in Canada by grants, royalties, sales, and salaries.

4. The implication either that Canada has no national library and no journals of public opinion, or that these are so poor that we must rely on U.S. facilities, is wrong or tendentious, depending on how you read his muzzy sentence. Canada has a national library, and has had for fourteen years. It is now housed in a big new building designed for it, with many miles of shelves. Canada for years has had four national journals of public opinion in English and several in French.

J. W. BACQUE
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Mr. Stock replies:

Mr. Bacque is correct in point one; I apologize for the slip. He is wrong in points two, three, and four. In two he cites a fairly meaningless statistic. Canada's best graduate students have always gone elsewhere, most often to the United States. Does he really think a gifted B.A. from McGill or Queen's would turn down Yale or Chicago? Does he think they have in the past? In three he correctly points out that the Canada Council, the Massey Foundation, and the CBC have supported many Canadian artists; but I meant quite simply that the significant North American audience for any North American artist lies south of the border. This, rather than grants or sinecures, is his "support."

On the last point he is wrong again. Both Canada's National Library and the new mammoth research library of Toronto University are still in embryonic stages. It would be fairer to say that Canada's library facilities find themselves today where those of the United States were in 1890.

On the question of a "national journal of public opinion," Mr. Bacque's statement, aside from being wrong, is a flat contradiction. How can a journal of national opinion exist in only one of Canada's two languages? It is just this sort

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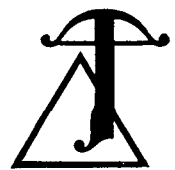
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Coming in the *Atlantic*

■ ***The Day the Computers Got Waldon Ashenfelter***

is a day that has not happened — yet — but as imagined by **Bob Elliott** and **Ray Goulding**, the crazy-like-a-fox men of radio and TV renown, it is an occasion to give every citizen pause. Bob and Ray contemplate the proposals for a national computerized data center where personal information on each American would be assembled in one place and made available for use by the federal government. They take what they call “a well-obstructed view with alarm,” and what they see is so hilarious it hurts.



In a companion article, ***The Data Center and Personal Privacy***, **Arthur R. Miller**, a University of Michigan law professor and expert on legal ramifications of the computer proposal, discusses the elaborate precautions that will be necessary to guard against invasion of privacy and other abuses of individual rights.

■ ***In the Wake of Battle*** is the second of two firsthand reports on the Israeli-Arab war and its aftermath by **Barbara Tuchman**, author of *The Guns of August*.

■ ***Svetlana's Memoirs*** engage the attention of **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.**, who discusses the content and the significance of the book by Josef Stalin's daughter.

■ ***New Poems by Voznesensky***. “Striptease on Strike” and “Winter at the Track” are two brilliant new works by the young man who is breaking Russian icons.

■ ***Babbitts and Bohemians*** made the twenties in America what they were (whatever that was), and **Louis Kronenberger** looks back on both breeds with 20-20 hindsight. In so doing, he says as much about Now as Then.

Also:

Lost in the Fun House by John Barth

Reports on the California Textbook Fight, Hong Kong, the Inca Renaissance in Peru.

Drawing by Edward Sorel.

of statement which makes young French Canadians so impatient with Canada today.

BRIAN STOCK
Embassy of Canada
Athens, Greece

Advice and consent

SIR: In the letters column of your August issue, O. Müller compared the bombings of Tokyo, Dresden, and Hiroshima with the Dachau concentration camp. Even if one crime could justify another, these hideous bombings certainly were not stages in the systematic extermination of a people, but part and parcel of man's most pagan pleasure — war. I can see no grounds for placing the same stigma upon both the Hiroshima pilot and the Dachau executioners, so long as war is accepted as a fit instrument of national policy, so long as it is a fact of human reality. The death of the innocent is an essence of war, but is not the same as a deliberately and methodically executed “final solution.” It is one of war's tragic by-products.

Hiroshima, Tokyo, and Dresden should be arguments — and many other names could be added — for the abolition of war, not for the mitigation of Nazi guilt.

FREDERICK K. ANDERSON
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SIR: Roy L. Walford's points about human organ transplants (“A Matter of Life and Death,” August *Atlantic*) are well taken. It is necessary to greatly expand procurement methods for organs and to expand research and legal efforts in this pressing medical area. Perhaps the sacrifice of mentally defective humans, or human vegetables, is a possible source for organ transplants, but certainly not the lowest 10 percent of the population, in order to increase the intellectual betterment of mankind as well as provide organs. Such a suggestion reduces the human being to an occupant of a breeding farm and certainly counteracts the notion of human dignity, which has little to do with intellectual level.

CHARLES F. PHLEGER
La Jolla, Calif.

SIR: I would like to comment on the article “The Case for the Electric Automobile” by Donald E. Carr which appeared in the June issue of the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Carr states that "the electric automobile is undeniably the only hope for stopping the otherwise inevitable asphyxiation of our cities." The implication here — and a basic assumption of Mr. Carr's article — is that emissions from the gasoline-powered automobile can never be controlled sufficiently to solve the pollution problem.

I think this is unfounded. The U.S. Bureau of Mines predicts that it will have an almost pollution-free gasoline-powered car within a year at its Bartlesville, Oklahoma, research center. The exhaust of the control car will have no more than 50 ppm of unburned hydrocarbons, 0.7 percent of carbon monoxide, 350 ppm of nitrogen oxides, and 20 ppm of aldehydes. That's clean enough to meet projected requirements cited by California officials far into the future, and stricter than anything the federal government has yet proposed.

Considerable progress has been made already in developing a pollution-free internal-combustion engine. With the pollution-control devices developed in the last few years, 1968 model cars will give off two thirds less hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide than was the case before the first control devices were installed nationally on 1963 automobiles. Control equipment now being evaluated promises further reduction of hydrocarbon emissions — to 17 percent of pre-1963 levels. And a device has been demonstrated that makes massive reductions in emissions of nitrogen oxides.

Meanwhile, the government, the automotive industry, and the petroleum industry are devoting intensive research to further controlling emissions from motor vehicles.

P. N. GAMMELGARD
Vice President
American Petroleum Institute
New York City

SIR: Much of what James McC. Truitt says (Report on Japan, June *Atlantic*) about the inadequacy of Japanese coverage in the American press is, unfortunately, true. However, his report is somewhat unbalanced.

Just one McGraw-Hill publication, *Business Week*, during the course of the year has run articles on the Japanese elections, Japan's relations with Communist China, and the growth of Japan's radio and television,

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steel, automobile, and even piano industries — areas which Truitt claims are being neglected.

In addition, *Business Week* did not neglect to cover Japanese developments in space research, transportation, construction, oil refining, mineral exploration, labor, management, and finance.

MARVIN H. PETAL
 Chief, Tokyo Bureau
 McGraw-Hill World News

SIR: John Hollander ("Auden at Sixty," July *Atlantic*) appears to appreciate Auden's interest in science, but has erred in his annotation. Xenon, krypton, and radon, of the six noble gases, form compounds with the most voracious of elements, fluorine. But not argon — Mr. Hollander notwithstanding — or neon, or helium.

D. G. KARRAKER
 Aiken, S. C.

SIR: Charles Merrill's article, "Negroes in the Private Schools" (July *Atlantic*), focuses on the ABC student, but there are bright, well-prepared, affluent middle-class Negro students in private schools too. As one ABC girl wrote recently:

The most surprising factor, I guess, was discovering Negro "snobs" — those ... [with] an abundant supply of money ... [who] regarded the other Negroes on campus as "trash" because we were too poor to be able to pay our own way.

The ABC student, with often unbelievably low scores, is screened for unexploited potential plus motivation. If one dares generalize from this year's group at Northfield and Mount Hermon, the ABC students do far better scholastically than they should by all known predictive instruments. Of this year's twenty-one ABC students at Northfield, there were two failures — in geometry and Latin.

The provocative point is that, once admitted, the ABC girls could not be identified academically among 587 girls.

BEATRICE R. BUSZEK
 Dean of Students, and Coordinator
 ABC Program, Northfield School
 East Northfield, Mass.

Where credit is due

The photograph of John Barth on the cover of the August *Atlantic* was taken by Alex Gotfryd, vice president of Doubleday & Co.

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DRAGON UNDER GLASS

Time for a New China Policy

BY JAMES C. THOMSON, JR.

A China-watcher since he grew up there as the son of missionaries and attended the University of Nanking, Mr. Thomson sees signs of a new approach in our relations with Communist China. THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA IN WORLD AFFAIRS, a series of studies undertaken by the Council on Foreign Relations, provides the basis, he says, for a mature Far Eastern policy. Mr. Thomson, who now teaches history at Harvard, writes out a background of experience in the White House and the Department of State during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

IN EARLY January, 1962, the snap and crackle of thawing intellects was almost audible in the Secretary's conference room on the seventh floor of the State Department. The occasion was a "policy-planning" meeting, the focus a weighty paper on the Sino-Soviet split. As the discussion progressed, one high official after another grasped and articulated the new reality (some for the first time): that "the Bloc" was no longer a bloc, and that the world would never be quite the same again.

Not for the first time, State's consensus had come late. The new reality was already old hat to many outside the government. But State's discovery raised a flood of internal questions. How to deal with bipolar adversaries? How to approach fractured Communist parties in third countries? Should we try to manipulate the split or lie low? And of central importance, what to do about mainland China?

Some there were who used the new perception to argue (yet again) for a new approach to China. The time was now ripe, they felt, to pursue a multiple strategy: containment, yes, but no longer isolation. Surely it was time for us to move from posture to policy — to end the travel ban, as a first step, to press for "contacts"; at the very least, we should shift the onus for Peking's isolation

to Peking (or, in the then current jargon, "get the monkey off our back").

The Secretary of State thought otherwise. Why not encourage, he mused, a series of studies of the China problem in all its ramifications, to be undertaken on the outside? By something solid like the Council on Foreign Relations, perhaps under a private foundation grant?

To those who sought action, the proposal, however unassailable, had the earmarks of evasion. Published studies would take three years at the least. Why wait? What more did we need to know? A. Doak Barnett had already explored the ground fully in 1960 with his Council on Foreign Relations study, *Communist China and Asia: Challenge to American Policy*, not to mention the reams of internal papers on the subject.

Mr. Rusk prevailed, of course. And the Establishment responded gracefully.

The result is now, in part, at hand: six solid volumes in a series on *The United States and China in World Affairs*, one of which appeared in late 1965, four in 1966, and one in May of this year. There are five more to come — on "Asian security and American policy, U.S. negotiations with the Chinese Communists, Taiwan and the Nationalist government, Communist China's foreign policy, and

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the political development of Communist China.”

So, in late 1967, the 1962 project is at midstream in terms of output. Time, surely, to make a preliminary judgment.

The judgment is not hard to make: the first six books are a uniformly first-rate contribution to public education on the China problem. The Council has done well in its choice of authors. Most of the credit must go to the project's original editor, the gifted Robert Blum, former president of the Asia Foundation, who died in 1965 before any of these books were published and was succeeded by MIT's Lucian W. Pye. Blum is the author of the incisive pivotal study which bears the series' title, a book which Doak Barnett has brought to posthumous completion.

To be specific, political analyst A. M. Halpern has skillfully edited sixteen essays on how other nations view China, thereby placing the Sino-American relationship in its proper global perspective. Economist Alexander Eckstein follows with a highly readable analysis of China's economy, and in particular, its foreign economic relations. Veteran Far East correspondent A. T. Steele then offers a probe in depth of American attitudes toward China, both traditional and recent, and of American knowledge (and, most dramatically, American ignorance) on China. Historian Lea Williams gives a useful and encouraging account of the 13 million Chinese beyond both Chinas — the overseas communities in Southeast Asia. And retired Marine General Samuel Griffith provides a masterful, absorbing history of that vital instrument of Chinese power, the People's Liberation Army.

Together with Robert Blum, these authors are as knowledgeable and literate a group of scholars as one could hope to find on their respective facets of the China problem. And each book is what one should expect: a gold mine of information and analysis, well assembled, readable, and, implicitly or explicitly, with a clear line of argument. Furthermore, McGraw-Hill has wisely made the knowledge and the argument available to a wider public through simultaneous paperback release.¹

What is the line of argument? To the surprise of very few who have looked closely at America and China and how it all happened, the message is that Communist China is here to stay, in one form or another; that it is radically alien in tradition and outlook from most of the rest of the world; that its pride and its poverty, in John Fairbank's phrase, make it a very difficult neighbor for *all* of the rest of us; that the real issue is not how to

isolate it or smother it or make it go away, but how to ease it into some sort of rational and mutually acceptable relationship with the other three quarters of mankind.

THESE books, born of policy *immobilisme* in Washington, raise anew and sharply the question of China policy. They also provoke reflections on that curious and unique phenomenon of modern history, the Sino-American relationship.

Historians keep telling us that we cannot understand the present without understanding the past — and if we didn't believe them, they would have to go out of business. But usually they are right. And on China their injunction has special validity.

The shock wave that Communism's victory in China sent through Americans eighteen years ago this autumn can be understood only in terms of history. No other nation in Asia had been on the receiving end of so much American goodwill, good works, and philanthropy. No other nation had been the focus of more persistent and grandiose American illusions. From the late eighteenth century onward, we had sent first our traders, then our missionaries — evangelists, doctors, educators, technical experts — and our diplomats as well. An “Open Door” to China came to mean 400 million potential customers, 400 million potential Christians — our special receptacle for the outflow of our altruism, and our special protectorate against the obvious greed of the European and Japanese predators. We admired Chinese culture, liked the Chinese people, delighted in Chinese food, and deplored China's patent incapacity for effective self-government. China made us generally feel good: it fed our sense of benevolence and moral superiority. Our emotional investment in China was uniquely high, far out of line with our strategic or economic stakes.

No wonder, then, that it shocked us to “lose” China to an alien ideology and a strong, hostile regime that bit our helping hand. No wonder that we reacted with bitterness in a headhunt for the treacherous bureaucrats and professors who had brought on this calamity — and in so doing discarded or maimed a generation of our nation's most precious expertise.

Yet, as usual in history, there is at least one other side to the story: the Chinese side. What to the West was the century of China's “opening” — China's exposure to the benefits of Western civilization — was something rather different to China. It was a century of national trauma: of the collapse of a 2000-year system of values, social structure, and political authority — the collapse of one of mankind's most durable creations, the Con-

¹ I should cite here another valuable new instrument of public enlightenment: the three-volume documentary survey of imperial, republican, and Communist China which Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell have edited under the general title *The China Reader* (Random House, 1967).

fucian state — a collapse induced by Western guns and ideas and institutions. Out with the state went its all-encompassing ideology. In its place came the prolonged agony of a search for something new to fill the vacuum, to regenerate the nation, and to repel the foreign intruders.

From the 1890s onward, Americans in China certainly perceived the agony and the flux. But few of them perceived the depth and consequences of national humiliation. Few perceived the potential power of awakened Chinese nationalism. Few understood the process of revolution in China. And few were prepared for America's eventual identification as the Number One Imperialist, the principal heir to a century of pent-up resentment.

It would be naïve to say that Communism's victory in China was inevitable. Other ideologies had at least a fighting chance. But certain components of Marxism-Leninism did give it an advantage over its competitors. Communism offered an explanation of China's past, a program of action for China's present, and a blueprint for China's future. And most important, to those of us who have to live in the same world with China, Communism prevailed.

So relations between China and America are in part a product of this century of collision between China and the West. But they are also a product of the special circumstances of the Chinese civil war.

Twenty-five years ago last December, Pearl Harbor brought the United States into a sudden firm alliance with the embattled Chinese Nationalist government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. But that Nationalist regime, eroded by internal weaknesses and Japanese aggression, became in time a faction, not a government, and in due course was overwhelmed by its opponents. Yet unlike most defeated parties in civil wars, the Nationalists retreated in 1949 to a defensible chunk of territory, the island of Taiwan, separated from the mainland by a hundred miles of water. We were confronted, then, with an unfinished civil war in which our wartime ally was down but not out. Meanwhile, on the mainland, the victorious Communists were showing marked hostility toward Americans, whose nation had aided their Nationalist enemies.

Perhaps even then some accommodation might have been reached — there was talk of de facto U.S. recognition of Peking in the winter of 1949–1950. But with the outbreak of the Korean War in the summer of 1950, and with the Chinese Communist intervention later that year (once American forces moved north toward the Chinese frontier), hostility between Washington and Peking was embedded in concrete for years to come. Truman interposed the Seventh Fleet between the mainland and Taiwan, Eisenhower concluded a military alliance with the Nationalists, threats to the off-shore islands were weathered — and America had

intervened to freeze the unfinished civil war.

Such was the background to our China policy after 1951. The components of that policy are familiar but worth citing:

First, nonrecognition of Communist China.

Second, opposition to Peking's membership in the United Nations.

Third, military containment of Communist China through a network of bases and alliances.

Fourth, systematic isolation of Communist China through a total embargo on trade, prohibition of travel by Americans, and vigorous persuasion of others to follow our example.

And finally, military, economic, and political support for the Nationalist government on Taiwan as the only legitimate claimant to China's place in the world community.

Underlying that policy were a handful of sometimes conflicting assumptions:

That Communist China was a Russian puppet or satellite — “a Slavic Manchukuo,” as Dean Rusk termed it in 1951.

That close containment and isolation would cause the weakening and eventual collapse of the Peking regime.

That the Chinese people could not and would not tolerate Communism for long.

And that a reinvigorated Chiang Kai-shek would someday lead his armies in a victorious return to the mainland.

Despite both the policy and the assumptions, there were two significant departures from rigidity during the 1950s. The first came as an outgrowth of the Geneva and Bandung Conferences in 1954–1955. At the urging of third parties, American and Chinese Communist diplomats began a series of regular ambassadorial meetings, at Geneva and later at Warsaw. Some progress was made on the agenda's first item, a mutual exchange of detainees; but a deadlock and polemics ensued, and have characterized the 130-odd sessions in the twelve years since they began. Nonetheless, some might argue that such regular ambassadorial talks constituted a form of de facto recognition; at least we no longer claimed that Peking wasn't there.

The second departure concerned a possible exchange of journalists between mainland China and America. First proposed by the Chinese in 1956 at a time of relative thaw, the exchange was rejected outright by Secretary Dulles. By late 1957 pressures from the American journalistic community forced Dulles to relent grudgingly; but by then the Chinese, shifting to militancy and vexed at the United States, began to draw back from their proposal. On the American side, however, 1957 was a small turning point: from that time onward an increasing number of American journalists held passports valid for travel to Communist China. Very

few were admitted. Edgar Snow got there from time to time, but as a “writer,” not a “journalist,” a distinction important to Peking in its efforts to isolate *us*.

SO MUCH for the twin legacy of our traditional relations with China and our involvement in the Chinese civil war. And so much for the policy that evolved out of this legacy.

How do you judge the success of a policy? One test: does it achieve its objectives?

In one sense our China policy has achieved some of its objectives over these seventeen years of containment and isolation. We still do not recognize Communist China. China is still excluded from the United Nations. We have built a fairly successful wall of military containment. We still do not trade with the mainland. And Taiwan is apparently friendly, stable, and a considerable success story in terms of economic growth.

But on the other hand, Communist China has not collapsed. Peking has somehow maintained effective control over 700 million people for almost two decades, a feat of government probably unmatched in history. Nor is Peking effectively isolated. Communist China is now recognized by forty-nine nations and trades with many others, with the bulk of its trade now shifted to the non-Communist West. And Peking has learned how to test and develop nuclear weapons. All this despite the violent break with the Soviet Union. There have been setbacks, of course; also internal convulsions — most dramatic and mystifying, the “Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.” But for a “Slavic Manchukuo” this is really not so bad.

Furthermore, one must add that our China policy has been bought at a high cost in terms of our relations with other nations. As Dr. Halpern’s study indicates, most of our major allies have never shared our assumptions about Communist China. Most have been baffled and irritated by what they regard as our irrationality and obsessiveness about China. Some have broken with our policy. And many follow it only with restiveness and misgivings.

Perhaps, then, a more pertinent question about our China policy is not whether it has achieved its objectives, but whether its objectives are still appropriate.

Here, in company with the late Mr. Blum and many others, I would strongly argue the negative of the case. Putting aside the fascinating but futile question of what we might or should have done a decade or two ago, I would say that our China objectives of the fifties are largely irrelevant to the present decade and the years that lie ahead.

Let me suggest an overall perspective: There are

at least three international problems of overriding significance that must command the best energies and inventiveness of mankind in the remainder of this century. One is the control of nuclear weapons. A second is the control of population growth. And a third is the moderation of the Chinese Communist revolution in its relations with other nations, and the assimilation of Communist China into the world community.

The dangers of nuclear proliferation and the population explosion are reasonably self-evident. An unmoderated and unassimilated China presents a less dramatic but equally real threat to world peace: the threat of a quarter of mankind, at the heart of Asian civilization, isolated, excluded, poor, resentful, hostile, messianic, and at times, paranoid.

By moderation and assimilation I mean efforts to induce a gradual lessening of China’s antisocial behavior within the international order and efforts designed to establish mutual confidence. This is a two-way process that will require adjustments on both sides, including recognition of China’s legitimate national interests and great power status.

How to moderate — how to assimilate? Here our experience with the once tightly closed societies of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe should be instructive. Two key words might be de-isolation and erosion — de-isolation through increased exposure to the realities of the outside world, through involvement in the economic, political, and cultural processes of the outside world; and erosion, of rigidity, doctrine, and fear, through what has been termed “the free flow of ideas, people, and goods.”

It would be foolish to assume that the application of our European experience to Communist China will achieve easy or quick success. All historic analogies are inexact, and China is not Eastern Europe. At best — an important caveat — American policy may only be marginal to the outcome, for we are only one of a host of factors that will affect China’s future.

But I can see no acceptable alternative to a U.S. strategy toward China that would have as its goal the moderation and assimilation of that nation. To fail to develop such a strategy is to abdicate America’s responsibility as a great power.

WHAT, ideally, should be the ingredients of this strategy?

A first element must still be modified containment: through the deterrence of any *real threat* of Chinese aggression, and through economic and military assistance to those nations on China’s periphery that seek and can use our aid — assistance tailored to their inevitably differing needs.

I emphasize the term “real threat” because too

often we have tended to focus on China's bellicose words to the exclusion of China's relatively cautious deeds in the military sphere. We have focused on China's pronouncements in the field of foreign affairs without understanding China's overwhelming preoccupation with the problems of internal, domestic affairs. On the pretext of containment, we have also indulged in provocative military actions close to China's frontiers that serve no useful military purpose and only increase Peking's paranoia. Such actions are not a legitimate part of containment; containment's chief objective should be to remove temptation.

But containment is only a shield or a posture. A successful strategy requires more than that. What sort of things?

A second element should be unilateral action by the U.S. government to remove all controls on the travel of Americans to Communist China, and simultaneously, an expression of willingness to admit any Chinese visitors permitted by Peking to come to America. Travel, human contact, and cultural exchanges are essential to the lessening of ignorance and distortion on both sides of the Pacific.

A third element should be similar unilateral action to end the embargo on trade with China in nonstrategic goods. It is high time that we placed our China trade on the same basis as our trade with other Communist nations. History teaches that economic relations can do much to breach the barriers of ideology and misunderstanding. As Professor Eckstein's study indicates, our current trade controls only handicap American sellers in international competition; they deny the Chinese nothing. Meanwhile, our apparent distinction between good European Communists, who happen to be white, and bad Asian Communists, who happen to be yellow, takes on dangerously racist overtones. (A puzzling manifestation of this distinction is our continuing failure to recognize Mongolia, the only Asian Communist state to sign the test-ban treaty.)

A fourth element should be the encouragement of Peking's membership in the United Nations (whether or not Peking actually "wants in") and in all international associations and conferences on a "dual representation" basis which permits continuing membership to the Chinese Nationalist government on Taiwan. We are told that both Chinas would find such an arrangement unacceptable; but there is no reason for the UN's members to permit their China policy to be manufactured in either Taipei or Peking. Two claimants to the Chinese seat clearly exist; and the smaller of the two, Taiwan, has a population that exceeds that of eighty-five other member states. Until the two claimants can reach an accommodation, if ever, both should be invited to take their seats.

Surely there could be no better training ground for Peking's rigid parochial bureaucrats in the realities of world politics than the United Nations. It is an ideal forum in which to learn "group play" — a forum in which China's policies toward the United States, the Soviet Union, and the Afro-Asian world would have to be orchestrated with a skill and subtlety that can only be achieved by the muting of fanaticism. Nor is there a better training ground for Chinese diplomats in the realities of American life than residence in Manhattan.

A fifth and final element in such a strategy should be a persistent effort to develop formal and informal mechanisms of bilateral governmental contact between the United States and Communist China. The Warsaw conversations are a good beginning; but they are not enough and have developed a ritualistic sterility of their own (in a Polish palace, in this age of electronic ingenuity, one must assume that each side is speaking to a wider public). We should not fear to make private or public proposals for higher level and more confidential conversations with the Chinese on a host of unresolved issues. We should encourage third parties in their efforts to bring us together.

Missing from this list is the old familiar question of diplomatic recognition. Yet as long as Taiwan exists as an independent entity, neither Washington nor Peking will soon permit diplomatic relations. Informal de facto recognition may already be a fact; but de jure recognition can best come, in all probability, as a longer-term by-product of the other steps listed.

BUT what, one asks, would be the Chinese Communist response to such an overall strategy of moderation and assimilation?

The answer is clear. For the time being, our initiatives would be rejected out of hand and denounced as an imperialist plot. And even in the longer run — assuming an end to the war in Vietnam — such initiatives might well remain obstructed by the two paramount obstacles to a Washington-Peking détente: the existence of Taiwan as a U.S. semiprotectorate; and China's apparent need for a Public Enemy Number One in its internal and external relations (a role in which Moscow begins to rival Washington).

So why attempt such a strategy?

The reasons relate to three audiences.

The first audience is extraneous to China. It is high time to correct a deep-seated sense on the part of our allies, our friends, and the neutrals that America is somehow demented on the subject of Communist China. I would hesitate to guess at the millions of dollars and thousands of man-hours

our government has poured into arm-twisting and persuasion in its attempts to isolate Communist China since 1949. The toll has been far more serious in terms of worldwide assessments of our judgment, rationality, and maturity as a nation. This is a price we should no longer pay. At the least we should shift the onus for Peking's isolation to Peking.

Our second audience is the present leadership of Communist China and its immediate successors. Whatever their differences on the future course of the Chinese revolution, China's contending leaders still seem to agree that we seek their downfall and will act to produce it. It is vital that we take actions to demonstrate our true intentions: our willingness to move toward a live-and-let-live arrangement with Peking. It is highly doubtful that our actions will have any effect on Mao Tse-tung and his Long March companions. But we should leave open to Mao's successors the option of an honorable accommodation with America.

Our third audience is silent and barely visible: the doubters and pragmatists within Chinese Communism — the technicians, scientists, intellectuals, and lesser officials whose faith in the doctrinaire rigidity of Maoism has been clearly shaken over the years. These are elements whose existence and persistence seem to have given rise to Mao's attempted purge through the Great Cultural Revolution. To this faceless group in particular, and to its successors, we should send a clear and unequivocal message, by our deeds as well as our words, that America wants no eternal enmity with China. When we fail to send such a message — when we live up to Mao Tse-tung's distorted image of us — we serve only the purposes of fanaticism and hate.

Now, how well has our nation done in moving toward a strategy of moderation and assimilation, of de-isolation and erosion, in the past few years?

As the Council on Foreign Relations' first volumes went to press, the blunt answer was that we had barely moved at all.

With the election of John Kennedy in 1960, many students of the China problem had hoped that the old rigidity in Washington would give way to something more creative. But Kennedy, we are told, had resolved to postpone major decisions on China until his second term; the mandate was too fragile, the issue too hot. There *were* a few modifications of posture during his Administration: a conscious lowering of polemics; a willingness to consider food shipments to the mainland if Peking made a firm request; an attempt to pour more substance into the Warsaw talks; and finally, a remarkably bold and conciliatory China policy speech by Assistant Secretary Roger Hilsman in December,

1963, three weeks after the President's death. But otherwise little was done to break the stalemate.

Some of the reasons for inaction are instructive, and some remain relevant even now.

First, there was a deep-seated fear within the Democratic Administration of public, press, and congressional reaction to anything that could conceivably be denounced as "appeasement" of Communist China; the memories of the McCarthy-McCarran witch-hunts were still too fresh. In addition, Peking itself was no help at all: its hostility to Washington seemed to intensify in the wake of the failure of China's Great Leap Forward. Furthermore, Washington was painfully lacking in senior China expertise, men of China background in the upper ranks of the Executive Branch — a China advocate, a Peking ambassador-in-exile — a China-oriented George Kennan, Charles Bohlen, or Llewellyn Thompson, who could argue with authority for a new approach to the mainland.

Another reason was tinged with irony: the Sino-Soviet split and the U.S.-Soviet rapprochement after the Cuban missile crisis persuaded some American officials to welcome and embrace Moscow's view of China; at the very moment that Mr. Dulles' China policy seemed moribund, Khrushchev gave it a new lease on life. At the very least, our Kremlinologists urged inaction on China lest we rock the boat of Russo-American relations. In addition, of course, the intensification of the Vietnam War diverted most Far East expertise to Southeast Asia; China, except as a potential intervener in the Vietnam War, was largely put aside.

It is disheartening to have to add that a final factor — a paramount obstacle since 1961 — has been the outlook of the Secretary of State. Normally pragmatic and dispassionate on most issues, Mr. Rusk has inexplicably clung to views on Chinese Communism that seem to be those of a zealot. With a remarkable degree of success, he has single-handedly obstructed recurrent attempts within the Administration to bring about modification of our rigidity on China.

Yet despite all these factors, a sea change was nonetheless occurring in Washington during the Kennedy and Johnson years, gradual shifts beneath the surface of the bureaucratic monolith. And that sea change began to show effects at the end of 1965. It is conceivable that the last months of 1965 and the first half of 1966 may prove to have been a significant turning point in America's China policy.

What are the symptoms of this change?

First, it was in the autumn of 1965 that our UN representative, Ambassador Goldberg, announced America's willingness, however reluctantly and tentatively, to accept Chinese Communist participation in a World Disarmament Conference.

Second, in December, 1965, the State Depart-

ment unveiled its first major modification of the China travel ban since 1957: henceforth, medical doctors and specialists in public health would be permitted passports for travel to the mainland. This was done, State explained rather nervously and pointedly, at the suggestion of that eminent Republican Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's physician. But Congress remained silent, and the press applauded. By the early spring State was emboldened to extend the travel modification to virtually every category of citizen except out-and-out tourists.

Meanwhile, in the first three months of 1966, two congressional committees performed a service of extraordinary value both to public education and to foreign policy. Congressman Zablocki and Senator Fulbright each presided over hearings on China policy, and out of these efforts there emerged not only a national TV seminar on the China problem but a consensus among the experts as to what should be done about America's relations with China.

It seems clear that the favorable congressional, press, and public reaction to the Zablocki and Fulbright hearings gave the Johnson Administration a fresh new sense of room for maneuver on the China problem. This sense was confirmed by Harris and Gallup opinion polls in the late spring that showed a high degree of public tolerance on most aspects of our relations with China, including the question of UN membership for Peking. (It was also confirmed by Mr. Steele's attitude survey, which appeared at this propitious moment.)

The new atmosphere soon produced some surprising changes in the Administration's rhetoric. In March the Vice President publicly embraced the policy formulation that had emerged from the Fulbright hearings: Doak Barnett's concept of "containment without isolation." Even Mr. Rusk's testimony before the Zablocki subcommittee sounded more conciliatory than usual.

And in a notable nationally televised speech on July 12, 1966, President Johnson himself spoke of mainland China as no President had done in seventeen years. He urged a relationship of "co-operation, not hostility"; he defined the central objective of our China policy as "reconciliation"; he called for the "free flow of ideas and people and goods" in our relations with the mainland; and he suggested that a "peace of conciliation" in Asia could only be sustained "through full participation by all nations in an international community under law." He sounded, throughout the speech, as if Communist China was here to stay.

This new rhetoric gladdened the hearts of many China-watchers both inside and outside the government. And it has laid the verbal foundation for a new approach to China.

But policy change requires action as well as rhetoric. And it was deeply depressing to many who applauded the progress of 1966 that the Administration failed to deliver in its first concrete test: a shift to a "dual representation" strategy in the United Nations General Assembly last autumn. A "victory" was won on the familiar strategy, though the door was opened a crack to possible future shifts. Peking was kept out for another year; but at what short- and long-term price? Within the Administration the argument last autumn was that "now is not the time." Why? Because China seemed in convulsion, in a stage of weakness, and perhaps on the verge of civil war. It is ironic to recall that now was not the time in previous years because China looked strong, fierce, and confident. The moral, of course, is that "now" is never the time.

Nor is there any evidence as yet that the State Department intends to act on the President's clear July reference to a revised trade policy: the "free flow of goods" in our relations with Communist China. Will timidity and inertia prevail here as well?

One final question will surely occur to readers: Why move on China while Vietnam is still aflame?

My own answer is quite simple: Regardless of one's enthusiasm or lack of it for U.S. policies in Vietnam, China-worriers should be willing opportunists in adversity. And America's Vietnam posture — our "commitment" there, our "toughness," our unequivocal resistance to "Communist aggression" — provides us with a unique opportunity to alter our China strategy while minimizing two old familiar risks: that of denunciation for appeasement by right-wing groups at home, and that of denunciation for betrayal by our more nervous friends in Asia. Furthermore, the continuing risks of Vietnam miscalculation in Peking and in Washington require urgent and persistent clarification of our true intentions toward mainland China by deed as well as word.

So the first steps in Washington's new China approach were fine, and the rhetoric was full of promise. But will the momentum keep up? Will words be matched with deeds?

The answers undoubtedly lie with an increasingly informed public, an aware press, and an emboldened Administration, no easy combination to achieve.

Yet the Council on Foreign Relations' China volumes can be a significant force in creating such a combination. They come late, to be sure; they offer a consensus long familiar to the universities; they tell us what policy-makers should have known and acted upon. But they form, nonetheless, the basis for a mature Far Eastern policy. To disregard their prescription would be folly.



GEORGE ORWELL

A Memoir by Anthony Powell

Anthony Powell is celebrated for the lifelike characters he has been creating in his MUSIC OF TIME novels, and his close friend George Orwell is now recalled for us with equal vividness. As paradoxical a personality as might be found in fiction or reality, Orwell was a confirmed adherent of the left wing who had a strong taste for things Victorian, who fought against Franco in the Spanish Civil War but became world famous and was denounced by the Communists for his great polemics against the totalitarian state, ANIMAL FARM and 1984.

GEORGE ORWELL was about two and a half years older than myself. He once complained I was too fond of drawing attention to a difference in age that put him, he felt, at a disadvantage. A school list recalls with almost uncomfortable clarity the features of most of those of his seniority. For some reason Orwell's face eludes me. Even one of those *carte de visite* photographs taken at the age of sixteen or seventeen did not suggest a boy I knew by sight. I have absolutely no recollection of him at Eton. This is strange because we were, I think, in the same company of the Officers' Training Corps, and must often have seen each other hurrying across Cannon Yard on the way to Monday morning parades. In those days Orwell was, of course, called Eric Blair — "Blair K.S." in the list, since he was a King's Scholar.

He wrote under the name of "Orwell," partly because he preferred separate identity as an author, partly because he disliked the idea of family origins in Scotland. Later, he had a house in Jura, where I think he would have settled had he lived, but in his early days he was irritated by what he regarded as overemphasis on kilts, tartan, bagpipes, and so forth, above all by the comparatively recent innovation in popular journalism of writing "Scot-tish" for "Scotch." The Orwell is a river in Suffolk; "George," the most characteristically English

christian name. I once asked if he had ever thought of legally adopting his *nom de guerre*. "Well, I have," he said slowly, "but then, of course, I'd have to write under another name if I did."

When *Down and Out in Paris and London* appeared in 1933, someone recommended it, adding: "You'll never again enjoy sauté potatoes after learning how they're cooked in restaurants." I read the book, and was impressed by its savagery and gloom. At the same time, I cannot claim to have immediately marked down Orwell as a writer of whom one would obviously hear more. However, a year or two later, when I saw a copy of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* in a secondhand bookshop, I bought it. Again, I liked the novel for its violent feelings and presentation of a young man at the end of his tether, rather than for its form or style, which seemed strangely old-fashioned in treatment, as in a sense did much of the author's point of view. I spoke of this book one night dining with Cyril Connolly. Connolly then told me Orwell was one of his oldest friends, acquaintance dating back to their private school (described in *Such, Such Were the Joys*) and continued in College at Eton. They had, as it happened, just recently remet. Connolly gave a sobering account of Orwell, his rigid asceticism, political intransigence, utter horror of social life, at the same time emphasizing, in his physical ap-

Photograph of George Orwell, courtesy of The Bettmann Archive.

pearance, the heavy lines of suffering and privation marked deep in Orwell's hollow cheeks. The portrait was a disturbing one. However, Connolly, in his own special way, was enthusiastic about Orwell. He urged me to write him a fan letter. This I did, thereby making my first Orwell contact, in 1936.

Connolly's picture of a severe, unapproachable, infinitely disapproving personage was to some extent borne out by the reply I received. Orwell was at that time running, with his first wife, Eileen O'Shaughnessy, a small general shop near Baldock in Hertfordshire. His letter, perfectly polite and friendly, had also something about it that cast a faint chill, making me feel, especially in the light of Connolly's words, that Orwell was not for me. I was so sure of this that when opportunity arose of meeting him in the flesh, I was at first unwilling to involve myself in so much hard living and high thinking — more especially in wartime, when existence was uncomfortable enough anyway. That was in 1941. I was on leave, and my wife and I were dining at the Café Royal. An old friend, Inez Holden, a writer at that time working in an aircraft factory, came across to us from a table at the far side of the room. She said that the man and woman with her were George and Eileen Orwell, and suggested we should join them after we had finished dinner.

To make it slightly more of an occasion, as one did not "go out" much in those days, I had changed into "blues," patrol uniform, an outfit with brass buttons and high collar. I felt certain Orwell would not approve of that. It was no doubt bad enough in his eyes to be an officer at all; to have dressed up in these pretentious regimentals, at once militaristic and relatively ornate, would aggravate the offense of belonging to a stupid and brutal caste. However, in spite of such apprehension — made light of, I admit, by my wife — we moved over in due course to Orwell's table. I sat down with some trepidation. Orwell's first words, spoken with considerable tenseness, were at the same time reassuring:

"Do your trousers strap under the foot?"

"Yes."

"That's the really important thing."

"Of course."

"You agree?"

"Naturally."

"I used to wear ones that strapped under the foot too," he said, not without nostalgia.

"In Burma?"

"You knew I was in the police there? Those straps under the boot give you a feeling like nothing else in life."

His voice had a curious rasp. Evidently it was consciously designed to avoid striking a note that

could possibly be regarded as "public school"; at the same time, its tone made no concession whatever to any other known form of "accent" or dialect. This was a manner of speaking absolutely in keeping with the rest of Orwell's carefully controlled approach to life, though when, after the Independence, returned Indian Civilian (Orwell's father had been in the Indian Civil Service) were more often met with in England than formerly, I was once or twice reminded of Orwell's tone. Nevertheless, it would be true to say that he had, as it were, resigned from the world in which he had been brought up, or anything like it, while never really contriving to join any other.

Tall — as has more than once been remarked, closely resembling the Gustave Doré conception of Don Quixote — he also looked remarkably like Cézanne's portrait of the painter's friend Monsieur Choquet, a Customs House official. The grooves in the cheeks of which Connolly had spoken were at once apparent on either side of Orwell's mouth. He wore a narrow mustache, neatly clipped, along only the lower level of his upper lip. This mustache, as long as I knew him, was always a bit of mystery to me. I never quite had the courage to ask about it. It was perhaps Orwell's only remaining concession to a dandyism that undoubtedly lurked beneath the surface of his self-imposed austerity, momentarily revealed, for example, by the strapped trousers. Indeed, contemporaries at school even speak of a tendency in those early days toward the mannerisms of a P. G. Wodehouse hero. Perhaps the mustache, although in itself essentially un-Wodehousian, partook to some extent of this rigorously suppressed side of Orwell's nature. Perhaps, on the other hand, it had something to do with the French blood inherited through his mother, which also made him look like the Cézanne portrait, or those fiercely melancholy French workmen in blue overalls, pondering the philosophy of life at the zinc counters of a thousand *estaminets*. Certainly this last image was the nearest Orwell ever achieved in the direction of an even faintly proletarian appearance. It was the mustache, the mustache alone, that provoked thoughts of France, because nothing could have been more English than his consciously old tweed coat and corduroy trousers, which always maintained exactly the same degree of shabbiness, no worse, no better.

"Does it matter, my coming in these clothes?" he once asked, before entering the room at a party we were giving.

The question is an example of the extraordinary unreality of much of Orwell's approach to life. By that time he and I knew each other well. The clothes were the clothes he always wore. Why should I have invited him if I thought them inadequate? It was hardly to be expected that he would

turn up in a brand-new suit. Did he half hope for an unfavorable answer?

"Yes, George, it does matter. They won't do. You can't come in. We will meet another time."

In justice to him, some of his suppositions regarding social behavior were so strange that he might not have been surprised by a reply in those terms. I am certain that denial of entry on such grounds would have made little or no difference on his side to our friendship. It would merely have confirmed his worst suspicions, perhaps even pleased him a little to find his views on conventional tyranny so well justified.

AFTER the first meeting at the Café Royal, we arranged to lunch together, a year or two later, when I was stationed in London. For some reason we failed to make contact at the small but very crowded Greek restaurant in Percy Street he had suggested, each thinking the other had not arrived and eating his meal there alone at a table. I saw Orwell on the way out.

"Come and sit for a moment," he said; "I ordered a bottle of wine. I'm afraid I've drunk most of it, as I thought you weren't going to turn up, but there's still a drop left, as I couldn't get through it all."

Wine, at that period of the war, was hard to get and expensive. It was characteristically generous of him to have provided it. At this time he was, I think, employed on some broadcasting service, not in want, but certainly not particularly well off, as none of his books had yet begun to sell to any extent, though his name was becoming known. With all his willingness to face hard times — almost welcoming them — Orwell was by no means a confirmed enemy of good living, as the bottle of wine shows, though tortured by guilt when he felt indulgence was overstepping the mark. This sense of guilt is, of course, generally attributed to Orwell's "social conscience." He himself would, at least by implication, ascribe such feelings to that cause. My own impression is that the guilt lay far deeper than anything having its roots in mere politico-social convictions acquired by reading and observation. Guilt had, I think, been deeply implanted in him at an early age; no doubt inflamed to some extent by experiences as a schoolboy about which he wrote, possibly contrasting these, like Kipling, with a happy childhood; for although he was inclined to let it be thought his home had been Victorianly severe, his sister's memories suggest that he was, in fact, rather "spoilt." Guilt, so it seems to me, always pursued him, perhaps because of that, for one suspects that an emotion so deeply engrained must have had very precocious origins.

If you went for a country walk with Orwell (he

came down for the day to Shoreham, in Kent, where my wife and elder son lived during the latter part of the war), he would draw attention, almost with anxiety, to this shrub budding early for the time of year, that plant growing rarely in the south of England. He was, it is true, very fond of flowers, but there was something about this determined, almost scientific, concentration on natural history or agricultural method that seemed an effort to excuse the frivolity of our ramblings.

"Interesting to note the regional variation in latching of field gates," he remarked. "Different even in the same county."

Guilt, naturally enough, harassed him in matters of sex.

"Have you ever had a woman in the park?" he asked me once.

"No — never."

"I have."

"How did you find it?"

"I was forced to."

"Why?"

"Nowhere else to go."

He spoke defensively, as if he feared I might blame him for this urban pastoral. It was a Victorian guilt, and in many ways Orwell was a Victorian figure. For, like most people "in rebellion," he was more than half in love with what he was rebelling against. What exactly that was, I was never quite sure. Its name was certainly legion, extending from inequities of government to the irritating personal habits of certain individuals. For example, he complains (in the essay "How the Poor Die") that English hospital nurses wear Union Jack buttons. This used to puzzle me, because, even at the period of which he wrote, if you wanted, in an excess of chauvinistic fervor, to sport a Union Jack button, I do not believe you would have been able to procure one for love or money. Then one day it occurred to me that the button in question probably indicated the hospital at which the nurse had qualified, some such insignia possibly resembling design of the flag. To see such an emblem as a piece of flaunting jingoism was, in its way, a mild form of persecution mania.

Many of Orwell's prejudices seemed equally to belong to this world of fantasy. I may be unjust. Our mental surroundings are, after all, always subjective enough. It is largely the way you look at things. At least no one would deny the nightmare world envisaged by Orwell, if a true one, was in drastic need of reform.

"Take juries now," he would say. "They're mostly drawn from the middle classes. Some fellow comes up for trial on charge of stealing. He's not wearing a collar. The jury take against him at once. 'No collar,' they say, 'suspicious-looking chap.' Unanimous verdict of guilty."

Orwell himself was not at all unaware of the manner in which his own imagination strayed back into the Victorian Age, or, for that matter, of the paradoxes in which some of his enthusiasms involved him. Indeed, he liked to draw attention to the contradictions of his own point of view. He was fond of repeating that if some sort of agreement could be reached by the nations, "world economics could be put right on the back of an envelope," but never revealed how this was to be done. To his Victorianism he constantly returned, both in conversation, and so far as possible, in life, the latter represented by the places he inhabited. He was delighted, for example, with the period flavor, certainly immense, of the basement and ground floor he took during the war in a small house in Kilburn, North London. The terrace had been built about 1850. It conjured up those middle-to-lower-middle-class nineteenth-century households on which his mind loved to dwell, particularly enthroned in the works of his favorite novelist, Gissing.

"They would probably have kept a 'Buttons' here," he said, enchanted by the thought.

We dined with the Orwells at this house one night, prior arrangements being made for sleeping there too, owing to the exigencies of wartime transport. The sitting room, with a general background of furniture dating from more prosperous generations of bygone Blairs, had two or three eighteenth-century family portraits hanging on the walls.

"When George went to the Spanish War," said Eileen Orwell, "we panicked at the last moment that he hadn't enough money with him, so we pawned all the Blair spoons and forks. Then, some weeks later, his mother and sister came to see me. They asked why the silver was missing. I had to think of something on the spur of moment, so I said it seemed a good opportunity, George being away, to have the crest engraved on it. That was accepted."

I never knew Eileen well. My impression is that she did a very good job, in what were often difficult circumstances. At the same time, it was, I think, an exception for her to tell a story like that. She was in general not much given to making light of things, always appearing a little overwhelmed by the strain of keeping the household going, which could never have been easy. Possibly she was by temperament a shade serious for Orwell, falling in too easily with his own tendency to gloom, when he may have required a wife to shake him out of that natural state occasionally. It is at least permissible to wonder whether that were not so. Orwell's egotism, which was, as he himself was always pointing out, considerable, took a deeply melancholic form, which may well have needed some counterirritant in a constant companion.

"If I have a dog, I always think my dog is the

best dog in the world," he used to say, "or if I make anything carpentering, I always think it's the best possible carpentry. Don't you ever feel the need to do something with your hands? I'm surprised you don't. I like even rolling my own cigarettes. I've installed a lathe down in the basement. I don't think I could live without my lathe."

The night we dined there, I slept in a camp bed beside the lathe. It was an unusual, though not entirely comfortless, apartment, and anyway, by that stage of the war, one had become used to sleeping anywhere. At about 4 A.M. there was an air raid. The local anti-aircraft battery sounded as if it were based next door, because the noise of the guns was absolutely deafening, far louder than usual. Orwell came blundering downstairs in the dark.

"I'm rather glad to have been woken up," he said. "It means we shall get some hot water in the morning. If you don't restoke the boiler about this time, it runs cold. I'm always too lazy to leave my bed in the middle of the night, unless, like tonight, there's really much too much noise to sleep anyway."

THERE can be no doubt that the bad health that prevented him from taking an active part in the war was a terrible blow to Orwell. He saw himself as a man of action and felt passionately about the things for which the country was fighting. When he heard Evelyn Waugh was serving with a Commando unit, he said: "Why can't someone on the Left ever do something like that?" He himself was a sergeant in the Home Guard, always speaking with enjoyment of the grotesque do-it-yourself weapons issued to that force, ramshackle and calculated to explode at any moment. Goodness knows what he would have been like in the army. I have no doubt whatever that he would have been brave, but bravery in the army is, on the whole, an ultimate, rather than immediate, requirement, demanded only at the end of a long and tedious novitiate. It is even possible Orwell might have found some of army routine sympathetic. He was not without a love of detail. Nevertheless, his picture of the army, as of the rest of life, was based on an earlier period.

"Did you ever handle screw guns?" he asked me.

Admittedly pikes were issued — and strongly recommended — at the beginning of the war, when invasion seemed about to take place at once; even so, the term "screw gun" can scarcely have survived into the twentieth century. I once inquired how discipline had been maintained in the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War.

"You appealed to a man's better side," Orwell

said. "There was really not much else you could do. I took a chap's arm once when he was being tiresome, and was told afterward I might easily have been knifed."

Orwell was in his way quite ambitious, I think, and had a decided taste for power; but his ambition did not run along conventional lines, while he liked his power to be of the *éminence grise* variety. This taste was no doubt partly due to his sense of being in some manner cut off from the rest of the world; not allowed by an irresistible exterior force to enjoy, more than very occasionally, such few amenities as human existence provides. That did not prevent his strong will and natural shrewdness from making him an effective negotiator. Indeed, his genuine unworldliness, in the popular sense, was used by him with considerable effect when handling those who were rich or in authority. He would somehow unload on them the whole burden of his own guilt, until they groaned beneath the weight. He was not at all afraid of making himself disagreeable to persons whom he found in their dealings disagreeable to himself.

"If editors, or people of that sort, tell you to alter things, or put you to a lot of trouble," he used to say, "always put them to trouble in return. It discourages them from making themselves awkward in the future."

It is interesting to speculate how Orwell's life would have developed had he survived as a very successful writer. The retirement to Jura, even at the preliminary warning signs of financial improvement, was probably symptomatic. Orwell could, I think, only thrive in comparative adversity. All the same, one can never foresee the effect of utterly changed circumstances. Prosperity might have produced unguessable changes in him and his work. It would inevitably have invested him with still more complications of living; complications which, according to his system, would each have to be rationalized to himself and weighed in the balance. His gift was curiously poised between politics and books. The former both attracted and repelled him; the latter, close to his heart, were at the same time tainted with the opium of ease and escape. So far as day-to-day politics are concerned, Orwell could never have become integrated into any normal party machine. His reputation for integrity might be invoked, his capacity for martyrdom relied on, his talent for pamphleteering made use of, but he could never be trusted not to let some devastatingly unwelcome cat out of the political bag. With books, on the other hand, in spite of an innate "feeling" for writing and criticism, he always had to seek the means of attacking some abuse or injustice to excuse his attention to them. This did not prevent them, in my opinion, from being his true love.

In his own works, he returns more than once to the theme that had he lived at another period of history, he would have written in a different manner. I do not believe this to be a correct judgment. I find his talent far removed from that objective sort of writing which he saw as an alternative to what he actually produced. His interest in individuals—in books or in life—was never great. Apart from the projections of himself, the characters of his novels do not live as persons, though they are sometimes effective puppets in expressing his thesis of the moment. Orwell had a thoroughly professional approach to writing and a finished style, though his literary judgments were sometimes eccentric. As mentioned above, he would canvass Gissing, quite seriously, as the greatest English novelist.

Orwell liked to keep his friends in watertight compartments, pursuing various interests with various groups. He was fond of saying that it was a pity writers quarreled amongst themselves so much, because, in the last resort, they were much more like each other than like other people. Toward the end of the war, I suggested introducing Malcolm Muggeridge to him. "I shall probably sock him on the jaw," Orwell said, but they got on well, and there was a time when the three of us used to lunch together once a week. Orwell always had a weakness for the presence of a disciple or two of his own in attendance, changing these from time to time. The first to be initiated at these luncheons was the writer Julian Symons, who has amusingly described his introduction there as a "left-wing understrapper." Under the impact of additional Orwell henchmen, less acceptable or merely too numerous, the meetings lost their personal character and gradually faded away. Again, one suspects, Orwell found the earlier luncheons "frivolous," insufficiently directed toward a practical aim like placing articles or founding a magazine.

He was easily bored. If a subject did not appeal to him, he would make no effort to take it in, falling into dejected silence, or jerking aside his head like a horse refusing an apple it suspects of sourness. On the other hand, when his imagination had been caught, especially by some literary question, he would discuss it endlessly. He was one of the most enjoyable people I have ever met with whom to mull over such things, full of quotations, though far from verbal accuracy in these.

THE adoption of a child, the sudden death of Eileen, the worldwide success of *Animal Farm*, the serious worsening of his own health all combined within the space of a few months to revolutionize Orwell's life. The loss of his wife just after the much

meditated acquisition of the boy especially created a situation that would have caused many men to throw in the sponge. No doubt some arrangement for re-adoption could have been made. It would have been reasonable enough. No such thought ever crossed Orwell's mind. He had enormously desired a child of his own. Now that the child had become part of the household, he was not going to relinquish him, no matter what the difficulties. In fact, one side of Orwell — the romantic side that played such a part — rather enjoyed the picture of himself coping unaided with a baby. Let this point be made clear: Orwell *did* cope with the baby. It may have been romanticism, but, if so, it was romanticism that found practical expression. This was characteristic of him in all he did. His idiosyncrasies were based in guts.

He would still go out at night to address protest meetings — “probably a blackguard, but it was unjust to lock him up” — and the baby would be left to sleep for an hour or two at our house while Orwell was haranguing his audience.

“What was the meeting like?” one would ask on his return.

“Oh, the usual people.”

“Always the same?”

“There must be about two hundred of them altogether. They go round to everything of this sort. About forty or fifty turned up tonight, which is quite good.”

This down-to-earth skepticism, seasoned with a dash of self-dramatization, supplied a contradictory element in Orwell's character. With all his honesty and ability to face disagreeable facts, there was always about him, too, the air of acting a part. He came to see me one day when our younger son was lying, quiet but not asleep, in a cot by the window. I went upstairs to fetch a book. When I returned, Orwell was assiduously studying a picture on the wall the far side of the room. The child made some sign of wanting attention, and I went over to the cot. Straightening the coverlet, which had become disarranged, my hand touched a hard object. This turned out to be an enormous clasp knife. I took it out and examined it.

“How on earth did that get there?”

For the moment the mystery of the knife's provenance seemed absolute. Orwell looked away, as if greatly embarrassed.

“Oh, I gave it him to play with,” he said. “I forgot I'd left it there.”

The incident, infinitely trivial, seems worth preserving because it illustrates sides of Orwell not easy to express in direct description: his attitude to children; his shyness, part genuine, part assumed; his schoolboy leanings; above all, his taste for sentimental vignettes. Why, in the first place, should he wish to burden himself in London with a knife

that looked like an item of a fur trapper's equipment? Why take such pains to avoid being found playing with a child, a perfectly natural impulse, flattering to a parent? If some authentic masculine sheepishness made him hesitate to be caught in such an act, why leave the knife as evidence? It was much too big to be forgotten.

I think the answer to these questions is that the whole incident was arranged to create a genre picture in the Victorian manner of a kind which, even though he might smile at the sentimentality, made a huge appeal to Orwell's imagination and way of looking at things. He was, so to speak, playing the part of a strong, rough man, touched by the sight of a baby, but unwilling to confess, even to himself, this inner weakness. At the same time, he had to be discovered for the incident to achieve graphic significance.

Orwell would not, I think, deny that sentimental situations had a charm for him. I can imagine him discussing them in relation to another favorite theme of his, “good bad poetry.” It should, of course, be added that in his own books Orwell is too practiced a writer to be betrayed into presenting sentimentalities in their cruder form, though he is fond of showing them, so to speak, brutally in reverse; for example, his taste for such episodes as lovers' assignations ruined by forgotten contraceptives or “the curse.”

IN DUE course the trouble with Orwell's lung became so bad that he had to take to his bed. It was fairly clear that he was not going to recover. Only the length of time that remained to him was in doubt.

“I don't think one dies,” he said to me, “so long as one has another book to write — and I have.”

During these last months he married Sonia Brownell, first met some years before when she was on the staff of Connolly's magazine, *Horizon*. In spite of the tragic circumstances of Orwell's failing condition, marriage immensely cheered him. I saw a good deal of him when he was in hospital. In some respects he was in better form than I had ever known. There was a flicker now to be seen of the old alleged Wodehousian side.

“I really might get some sort of a smoking jacket to wear in bed,” he said. “A dressing gown looks rather sordid when lots of people are dropping in. Could you look about and report to me what there is in that line?”

War shortages still persisted where clothes were concerned. Nothing very glamorous in male styles was to be found in the shops. Decision had to be taken ultimately between a Jaeger coat with a tying belt, or a crimson jacket in corduroy. We agreed

the latter was preferable. It was a small concession to an aspect of human existence that Orwell had for years strenuously denied himself. Sitting up in bed now, he had an unaccustomedly epicurean air — only, unhappily, his conviction that having an unwritten book in you preserved life proved untrustworthy. I have often wondered whether he was buried in that coat.

The Orwell legend, now substantially launched in a shape scarcely capable of modification, presents on the whole a tortured saint by El Greco (for whom Orwell would certainly have made an admirable model), a figure from whom all human qualities have been removed. *From time to time* angry arguments rage as to where precisely Orwell

stood politically. I am not here concerned with that side of him, although I think it worth remarking that it took courage in that now largely forgotten, but then rather nauseating, political climate of the immediately post-war period (where the things attacked in the book were concerned) to fire the broadside of *Animal Farm* — especially on the part of a writer of left-wing principles, liable to be smeared in a manner that could do him real professional harm. I want to put on record not so much that — his courage — but what I remember of him as a friend, one for whom you felt a curiously protective affection, with whom, in spite of differing opinions on almost every subject, I seem so often to have had such oddly enjoyable times.

LADY POET

BY GREY RUTHVEN

Take your theology like tea,
saucer it, let
your mouth and the cup's rim
scald themselves with tannin;
crack your lips,
and you will let the acid in.

Drink and recall
childhood's Methodist women
tilting their cups, each little finger vertical
against black lace.
The wrong fingers! the tea-drinkers' eyes
avid for Grace.

Hate them, recite the poem
you wrote in your cups.
"Give the bishops barbiturates!" you said, mixing
your denominations up.
Stanzas I hardly remember:
slurred, abrupt.

Give me my wish tomorrow
and I will design
a mirror to hand back your God poem
faithfully, line by line,
since the lost features that wrote it are all
gone — moonshine.

PICASSO AS SCULPTOR

by Sir Roland Penrose

One of the greatest art excitements of the age is in store for visitors to New York's Museum of Modern Art from October 11 through January 1 when the sculpture of Pablo Picasso will be on display. Nearly 300 works, many of them long kept from view in the artist's private collection, demonstrate that Picasso's genius in painting is equaled in his work with plaster, bronze, sheet metal, and whatever material fell into the grasp of his supple hands and towering imagination. The ATLANTIC here presents a preview of the sculpture of art's protean man of the century, who becomes eighty-six years old this month. The appreciation of Picasso as sculptor by Sir Roland Penrose, the noted critic and friend of the artist, is drawn from his introduction to THE SCULPTURE OF PICASSO, a book to be published by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with the exhibit.

IN ANY speculation about which of the visual arts first came into being in the infancy of man's consciousness, it would be possible to make strong claims for sculpture. That crucial advance in human development, the first use of tools, which must have happened about as early as the domestication of fire, gave man a greatly increased ability to do things for himself. But an even greater change in his destiny occurred when it dawned on him that the tool could also be used as a weapon and could add effectively to his powers of aggression and self-defense. The resulting prestige and emotional significance of a stone already sharp enough to cut wood rose to great heights when it became an instrument with the power of breaking skulls, the arbiter of life or death.

This is not the place to attempt to trace the transition that seems to have followed from the tool and the weapon to the work of art, but it is noticeable that certain characteristics remain common to both. The admirable precision of form of a chipped flint, adapted originally to the hand that held it and to the scraping or cutting it was required to do, gives us an aesthetic pleasure; and the implication of power contained in the club, the ax, or the knife blade may probably be considered to be analogous to the emotional power of a work of art.

The link is to be found in the process of diversion of aim, or ritualization, as described by ethologists in the behavior of animals. In a similar way the weapon, potentially an instrument of aggression and genocide, forfeits its original significance and

yet retains the nonviolent power we find in sculpture.

In the Cook Islands there are jade ax heads designed as tools and weapons, but they are fixed on elaborately carved stands so that it is impossible for their use to be either utilitarian or aggressive; instead they are revered ritualistically as objects of awe and admiration. They become symbols of a powerful bond of unity and love within the tribe.

Independent of this symbolization of power there is another tendency, the origins of which seem equally remote, which appears to have a strong influence on the emotional power of sculpture. Man has the desire to see in certain objects a likeness to himself or to some other object of importance, though it is of an entirely different nature, and to attribute to it, in consequence, a vicarious form of life. The accidental likeness of stones or clouds to the human head, or of mountains, rocks, or gorges to our anatomy, has without doubt had ominous significance for our ancestors and continues to have a baffling fascination for us. To this we may add the ancient and universal habit of finding association between male fertility and the phallic shapes of stones. Philosophers, psychiatrists, and art historians have had much to say on this account.

Symbolism and metamorphosis are present in varying degrees in all sculpture, and they reach a high degree of significance in the work of Pablo Picasso. These are qualities which are not so directly evident in painting, where illusion, more or less sophisticated, is at the basis of visual experi-

ence. Sculpture has a fundamental advantage in that it appeals through the sense of touch as well as sight, and because in its simplest state it requires no tools, only hands, to model its form.

Another more fundamental analogy connects sculpture with life itself. The process of birth brings independent living organisms into the world, and it is in no way frivolous to compare this with the creation of sculpture in clay, bone, wood, or any other material that can be endowed with imaginary life. The biblical myth that Eve was made from a rib extracted from Adam during his sleep is remarkably close to the current theory that inspiration springs from the subconscious and is connected intimately with an obsession for a beloved person. Picasso's assertion that each one of his works is a vial filled with his own blood has an archaic echo.

More than any other artist of our time Picasso has had the audacity to find his way back to the essentials of art by rediscovering its source. In sculpture, thanks to its basic primeval qualities, he is able to get even closer to the primitive emotional significance of art than in any of the other mediums, including painting, that he has used.

I do not wish to suggest that there is any serious division between Picasso the sculptor and Picasso the painter. On the contrary, throughout the great diversity of his work it is noticeable how closely knit are all forms of expression, and in particular the two major arts in question. It is impossible to consider one without the other.

In his youth Picasso proved his talent as both a sculptor and a painter by becoming highly skilled in conventional styles and mediums. His earliest known sculpture is a small bronze *Seated Woman*, 1907, which he modeled when he was twenty. The attitude of this figure is similar to that of the crouching women who clutch to their breasts their half-starved children in his paintings of the blue period. It is as though painting had not satisfied his desire to know his model, to embrace her with all his senses. The simplifications of the folds of her dress and the melting of the limbs into the compact shape of her body show that the young painter already had the sensibility of a sculptor.

During the revolution in his attitude toward painting that reached its crisis in the winter of 1906-1907 when he painted *Les Femmes d'Alger*, two surprising new influences made themselves felt. Both came from sculpture hitherto unknown or unappreciated. He became aware of the archaic vigor of pre-Roman Iberian bronzes which had recently been found in excavations near his native town, Málaga, and of a polychrome portrait bust of the same period, known as the *Lady of Elche*, which had been acquired by the Louvre in 1897. Their unorthodox proportions and their robust lack of re-

finement attracted Picasso, and these qualities soon made themselves felt in his own drawings and paintings and brought new vitality into his work.

This influence, however, soon became merged with another discovery that was to play an even greater role in the growth of his understanding of the significance of form. African sculpture had been discovered by his friends Vlaminck, Matisse, and Derain, who had begun to collect masks and wood carvings as early as 1904. Picasso combined the influence both of the Iberian bronzes and of African sculpture into his great painting *Les Femmes d'Alger*, but it took him many years and devious excursions before he resolved the profound and subtle implications of these two influences in sculpture. Painting served in some ways as a testing ground for his sculpture. Already in 1908 he reduced his use of color almost to monochrome to allow the sculptural to assert itself unconfused.

There were, however, some direct results of African influence in his three-dimensional work, particularly in the wood carvings. For these he made working drawings with indications in color. The abrupt and radical changes of style through which he was passing tore him away from such direct influences and set him on a path that was to lead him to the discoveries of cubism.

Cubism can be described as a movement among painters toward the sculptor's three-dimensional problems. Its preoccupation with form and with the desire to become conscious of an object from all sides, even entering into its inner structure in order to understand it, was opposed to former movements that had been concerned with impressions of color, atmosphere, and outline. The cubist methods Picasso had begun to use in painting were in fact closely related to sculpture, and in the *Head of a Woman*, 1909, on which he had set to work in Gonzalez's studio, he wished to apply them literally. He was determined to see how far he could revolutionize the perception of an object in three-dimensional technique.

Talking of this recently, he said to me, "I thought that the curves you see on the surface should continue into the interior. I had the idea of doing them in wire." This solution did not please him because, he added, "it was too intellectual, too much like painting." This indeed suggests that he was looking for more primitive qualities in sculpture and also that momentarily he was not inclined to pursue this analysis in depth any further. He decided on a compromise, in which the head retained its solidity and volume while the surface was broken up into facets closely related to the analytical geometric planes he had used in cubist paintings inspired by the same model.

Having solved the problems presented by this particular piece, Picasso abandoned sculpture in

GUITAR

1914

Painted Metal

37 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 26 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$





WOMAN RUNNING

Boisgeloup, 1933

Bronze

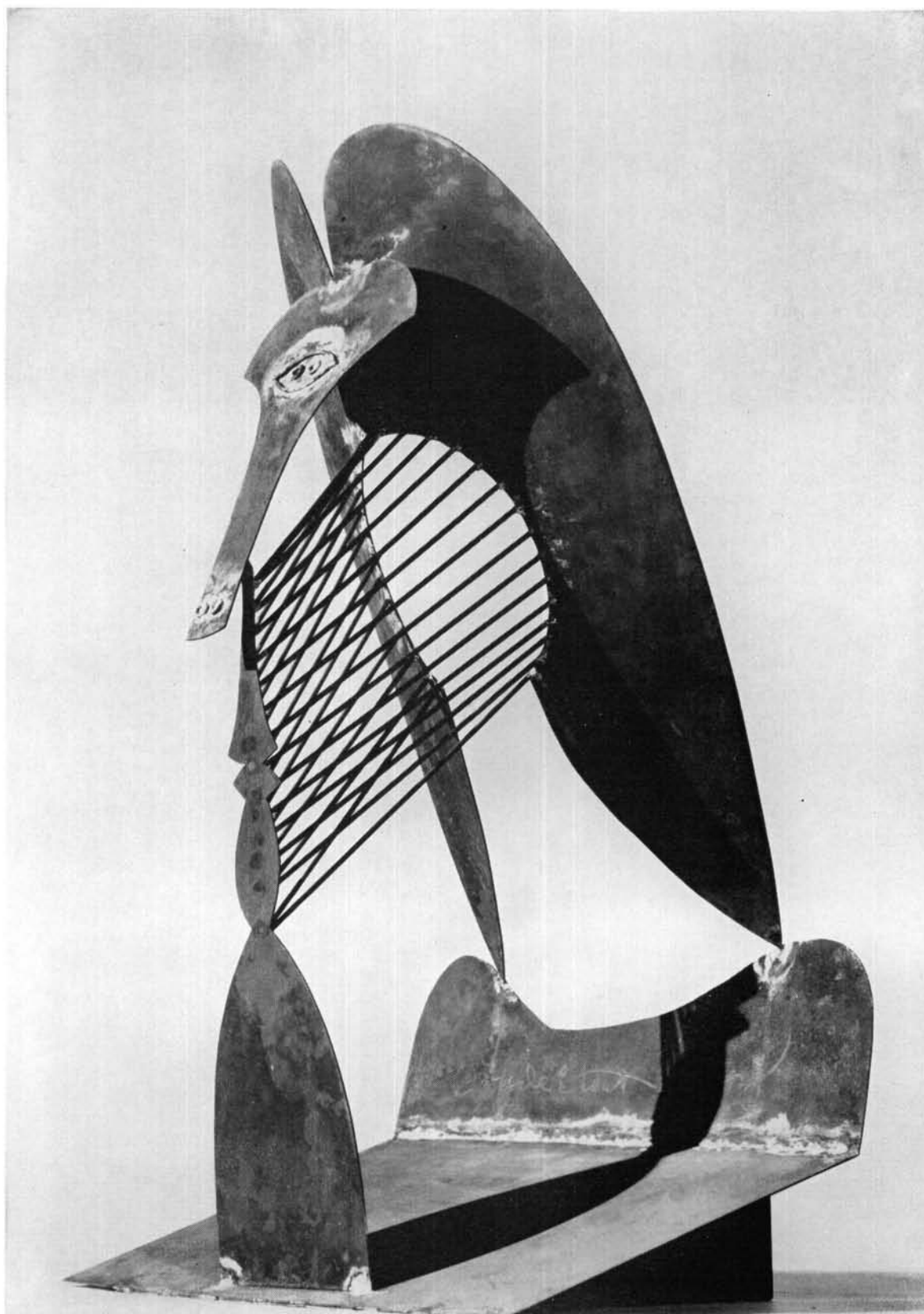
20½ inches high

MAN WITH SHEEP

Paris, 1944

Bronze

86½ inches high



MAQUETTE FOR CHICAGO CIVIC CENTER SCULPTURE

1965

42 inches high



GREAT BIRD

1961

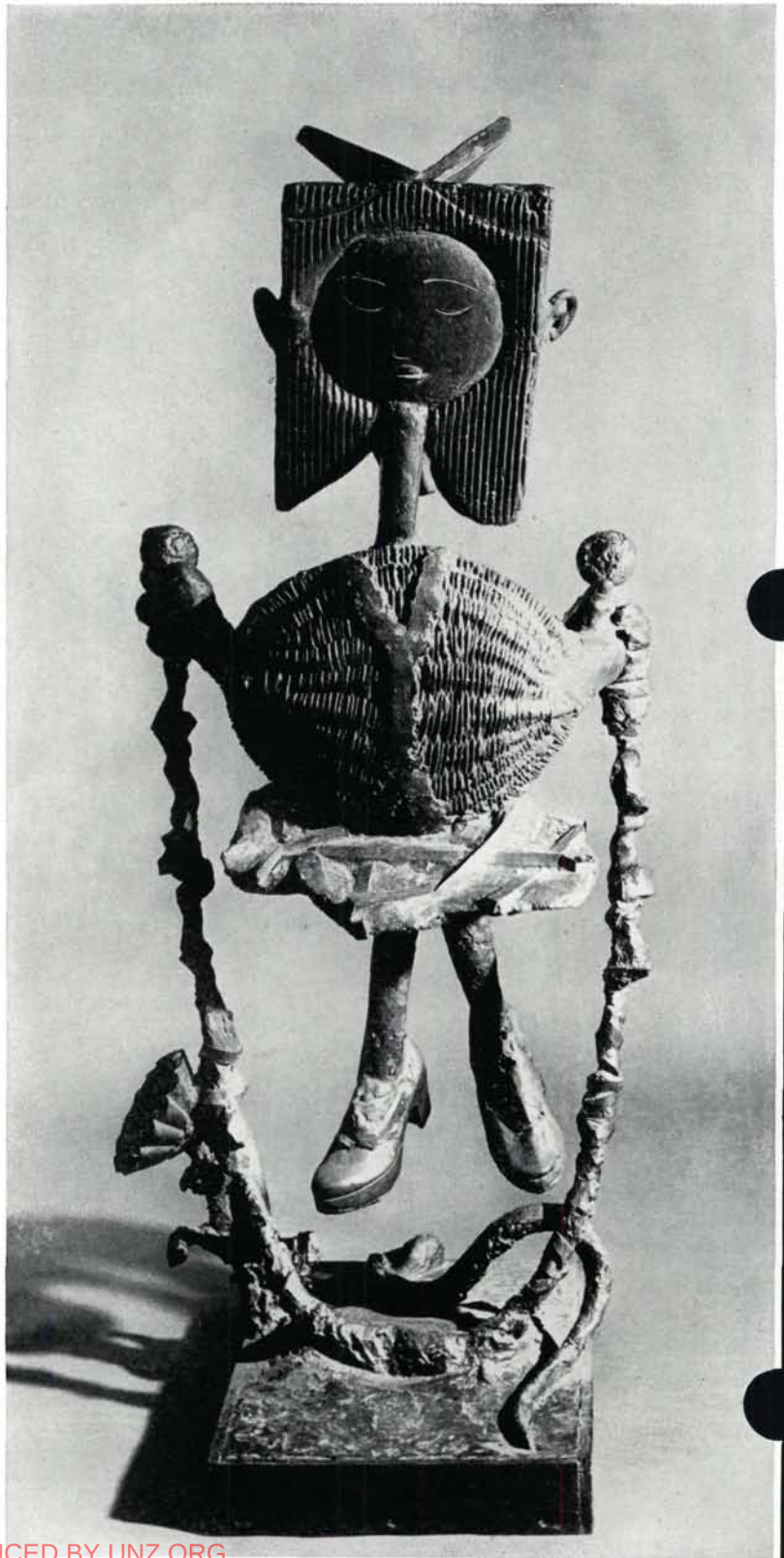
Two-handed vase. Wheel-thrown.
Incised and slip-painted.

23¼ inches high

LITTLE GIRL SKIPPING ROPE

1950

Bronze, 60¼ inches high



the round almost entirely for about twenty years. However, during this time the far-reaching discoveries of cubism led him to a new form of union between the two arts. In November, 1913, the poet Guillaume Apollinaire became editor of a monthly review, *Les Soirées de Paris*, and published four reproductions of cubist constructions made by Picasso. These met with fierce disapproval from the subscribers and proved nearly fatal to the review. The constructions were the logical development of the cubist collage, an invention that had saved cubism from becoming an esoteric abstract style by the introduction of scraps of newspaper, cigarette packages, or similar evidence of real objects among, and creating a contrast to, the illusions of painting.

These constructions, often brightly painted, broke the rules which demanded that a painting should remain two-dimensional and circumscribed by its frame; they came more into the category of the bas-relief, a compromise between two- and three-dimensional art. But this was not the only reason for the disapproval they aroused as outrageous innovations. The materials used by Picasso were of the most commonplace kind and therefore supposedly unworthy of a work of art. Any fragment of paper, wood, tin, cardboard, or string that suited his purpose was enlisted into this attack on former standards. The result was a composition in depth not contained within a frame, a revolutionary conception of new possibilities in both sculpture and painting. The object, usually a guitar or violin, was made to exist in depth by gaps and open spaces between its dismembered parts, giving simultaneously a sensation of transparency and solidity.

All art to some degree implies a metamorphosis, a change of identity, at least in the material of which it is composed. The surrealists, with whom Picasso had become closely associated from the early twenties, saw in this an important challenge to conventional conceptions of reality and a fertile ground for the germination of poetic images. It is here we find a close link between the theories of Breton and the developments in Picasso's sculpture that took place during the years between 1928 and 1935. This period for Picasso began with a small modeled sculpture, called *Metamorphosis*, 1928, which coincided in date with a painting of the same title and subject. These works suggest a living organism with many attributes of the female form, but they are composed in such a way that it would be wrong to describe them by such a definite title as "Woman." They are so compounded of what we know during our waking hours and what we recognize as a vision from our dreams that they escape categorical definition. By their ambiguous nature and convincing power, these works acquire

an independent reality. From this it can be implied that reality can never be satisfactorily stated except by paradox and that in Picasso's view the consciousness of contradiction and dialectical opposition is the guide to a new and clearer perception of truth. It is these tensions that interest him rather than the search for a harmonious equilibrium. "I want to draw the spirit," he has said, "in a direction to which it is not accustomed and to awaken it."

The great outburst of activity that had begun with the space constructions of 1928-1929 continued with metal sculptures composed of rough pieces of iron welded together. Fragments of machinery, kitchen utensils, and any piece of scrap that suited his purpose were incorporated. They were the most imposing sculptures he had yet realized. The biggest, the *Woman in the Garden*, 1929-1930, is nearly seven feet tall. It incorporated its immediate environment in a more literal way than the space constructions; and the use of metal rods and sheet iron offered opportunities for new developments. In these works Picasso also began to exercise his genius for finding objects whose identity could be changed according to how and where they were placed in relation to the other parts of the sculpture. He obliged a metamorphosis to take place in individual parts as well as in the whole — a process that he has developed brilliantly in more recent years and that has since been widely used by sculptors in many parts of the world.

An example of the way in which Picasso mingles his theories and his work is his sudden return, shortly after making his wire drawings in space, to sculpture of a very different kind, more compressed in form than any he had ever attempted. In 1931, taking long narrow pieces of wood, he whittled out of them a series of slender figures that because of their proportions appear to have the stature of giantesses. This ability to give scale to small objects so that they appear to be colossal is present throughout his work.

In the great bronze *Man with Sheep*, 1944, Picasso chose to use simple and direct methods. More than a year before, he had begun to make studies of a bearded man holding a frightened sheep in his arms, and clearly because of this careful preparation he was finally able to achieve the modeling of the seven-foot figure in a day. On an already constructed metal armature he rapidly built up the figure with balls of clay. The visual language he chose for this work was of immediate appeal. As though he wished at that time to make a communication easily understood by all, he deliberately took this archetypal theme to express himself in familiar terms. In doing so he sacrificed neither vigor nor tension. The surface treatment recalls the rough texture of the *Jester* of 1905, but it has none of the melancholy softness of the blue period.

The active play of light caught by the rugged epidermis, combined with the directional accents in the uneven texture, emphasizes the man's rigidity in contrast to the confused struggles of the sheep.

With the wealth he found daily in the rubbish around him in Vallauris, Picasso produced some memorable visual puns, such as the head of the *Baboon and Young*, 1952, made of two small automobiles found among his son Claude's toys. There are other smaller pieces, such as the little painted bronze *Woman Reading*, 1952-1953, which are made of rough pieces of wood, nails, and screws. They are astonishing for the grace and charm extracted from banal material. Another attack on the impossible is found in the *Little Girl Skipping Rope*, 1950. The limp rope itself becomes her support. The girl, her weight emphasized by the clumsiness of her boots, sails through the air above a hard metal flower. This concentrated sequence of absurdities gives exuberance and life to this emblem of non-sensical high spirits.

Since 1947 Picasso's activity as a sculptor has been accompanied by his work on ceramics. The manipulation of clay comes to him as naturally as does his skill as a draftsman. His supple, sensitive handling of the material produces forms that have the fullness of ripe fruit or the sinuous strength of a snake. Taking a pot fresh from the potter's wheel, he kneads and twists it, and without losing the original fullness of its form, a common vessel becomes the lithe body of a young woman or the fluttering shape of a brooding dove. "To make a dove," he has said, "you must start by wringing its neck."

Ceramics have given Picasso a wide field for experiment in which the element of chance, so frequently his ally, plays an important part. The boldness of his treatment has often alarmed his expert assistants, but they have had to admit, after almost every firing, that he can achieve effects impossible to others. In his ceramic sculpture two of his most fundamental talents come equally into play: his ability to model clay in his hands and to draw rapidly with his brush on the surface. As a result, he arrives at a complete fusion of sculpture and painting.

His most recent phase in sculpture can be traced to primitive origins. His painted sheet-iron sculptures are born from childhood games. When he was a boy he used to amuse his sister Lola by his dexterity with scissors and paper. He could make dolls, animals, and fantasies with magic speed. There are photos by Brassai of some twenty folded paper sculptures made in 1943 that are all extraordinarily alive, but it was not until 1953 that he found the means of enlarging and solidifying the small fragile maquettes by having them cut out and folded in sheet metal. In some cases the features

of a face are painted on the surface; in others, they are drawn with arc welding. The result combines the two-dimensional significance of the drawing, the three-dimensional planes of the bent sheets, and the transparent space between the flat surfaces.

An illustration that stresses both the simplicity of Picasso's methods and the visionary foresight with which they are conceived is given by Lionel Prejger, who worked on their construction. He says that he was first presented by Picasso with a large sheet of brown paper on which a strange octopuslike shape had been drawn. "That is a chair," said Picasso, "and you see there an explanation of cubism! Imagine a chair that has been run over by a steamroller, well, it would produce something like that." Picasso then cut out the shape and folded the paper along lines he had already drawn, the final result being the *Chair*, 1961.

The sheet-iron sculptures are all carefully planned. With a delightful economy of means the simple sweeping curves of their outlines and the subtle play of light and shade on their surfaces combine to give them a sense both of movement and solidity. In many of them there is the clear-cut profile of Jacqueline, Madame Picasso; others are reminiscent of cubist constructions by the impression of transparency they establish. But whether they are birds, animals, or human figures, they all possess the tensions and movement existing in life.

The most important of his gigantic sculptures so far achieved is the great head in sheet steel some sixty feet high that was recently unveiled in the center of Chicago. In 1964 Picasso conceived this sculpture in response to an invitation to design a monument for Chicago's new Civic Center. He had been well supplied with information about the site, and he produced a model in iron about four feet high which he insisted was to be enlarged precisely to the size required by the architects and engineers. The conception of a sculpture built in steel, composed of the profiles and surfaces of sheet metal, with open spaces contained in the gaps between them and areas enclosed by iron rods, is connected with discoveries which he made fifty years earlier. Its sources are in the cubist constructions of 1912-1914. The iron rods in the Chicago monument have affinities with the guitars of the cubist constructions, and the transference of the idea of a musical instrument to the head of a woman gives poetic echoes. The conception belongs to the "drawings" in space of the wire sculpture of 1928-1929 and the composite iron sculptures such as the *Woman in the Garden* of 1929-1930. However, it is unlike any of its predecessors. In this way Picasso's dream of a great monument, which he expressed in charcoal drawings and paintings more than thirty years ago, has been realized.



"They" Never Sleep

by Sam Toperoff

The racetrack in spring is a place of optimism, of dreams of zooming stocks, flashy cars and clothes and women, but fall at the track is the season of "get even" time, when the Irvings and the Arnolds of the betting world are especially wary of the mysterious powers that flex the fickle finger of fate. Sam Toperoff, a toff who writes poems yet, and author of ALL THE ADVANTAGES (Atlantic-Little, Brown) and of a forthcoming book on the lore, the sociology, and the delights of horse racing, takes you to the head of the stretch on a typical brisk autumn day at The Big A. Dress warmly and listen carefully to the conversation around you.

IN OCTOBER and November the wind is constant off Jamaica Bay. It blows chilling cold directly up the stretch at Aqueduct. Some handicappers believe it favors come-from-behind horses, but others argue that the same ill wind has already pushed the speed horses too far ahead down the backstretch. However you have it, in October and November the wind off Jamaica Bay blows chilling cold. Even ounce-conscious jockeys are swelled by every piece of warming equipment they can get their steely hands on.

At the very head of the stretch, 1155.6 feet from the finish, as the New York Racing Association measures the stretch, the management of Aqueduct racetrack has placed gray benches on the "lawn." The "lawn" is an asphalt composition similar to the parking lot. Although a metal and wire double fence separates the racetrack from the parking lot, a Pinkerton patrols it to keep information and money from passing through.

Further down the track, the huge concrete grandstand starts. It begins to block out the low-hanging sun about the fifth race. (If I'm not doing well, I usually leave before the sixth race in order to beat the traffic; if I'm doing all right, I generate my own heat and light.) The benches are movable and are rotated by the patrons to allow

maximum effect by the tepid sun. These variables are a horseplayer's delight. So it is to this spot, 1155.6 feet up the stretch, I come on sunny Tuesdays and Thursdays in October and November with my *Racing Form*, my red ball-point pen, and my dread of winter.

A few others are regulars; they are mostly retired men with Irish or German accents who also come with their winter fears. Often they have purple razor nicks on their chins and necks. They wear hats and coats and ties; someone's hat will blow away in the course of a day's racing, and a good deal of excitement will be generated. Generally, though, there is not the same bustle and display of emotion here as in the grandstand. When there is some discussion, it is usually about unknown or forgotten trainers and jockeys and horses at the "Old Jamaica" track. The clock on the infield tote board silently clicks off inexorable minutes. The races aren't discussed very heatedly afterward because this is probably the worst vantage point at the track for the matters of who won and by how much. Here is where the horses straighten out into that icy wind in the run for home. The horses run directly away from this point for more than a quarter of a mile. Perspective is impossible, even with field glasses — eight or nine horses

Drawing by Austin Stevens.

fanning out across the track, showing more of their rumps with each jump. Glasses do enable the viewer to spot the jockey who first stands up on his mount when the horses have crossed the finish line, but this system is unreliable if the finish is at all close. There are one or two bigmouths around who try to "call" the winner before his number is put up, but they're invariably wrong.

The sun is the reason I sit here in October and November. As I lie on a bench, field glasses propping my head to the warmest angle of incidence, its rays strike my cheeks and forehead so directly that its warmth is something of a promise. I touch my forehead with the back of my hand to confirm it. Squint at it to break it into its components. Curse the cloud that covers it and threatens winter.

Although you can't see the finish of a race or reasonably guess at it from this spot, it is at the very head of the stretch that many races are decided. Watching the action at this point is a remarkable experience; so much is happening at once. The speed horses are beginning to shorten stride; the late runners are opening up under urging. Saliva sweeps back from the horses' mouths onto their necks — a whisp or two hangs in the air. Some jockeys are still trying to save ground along the rail. Horses are coming off the rail behind the horses that are "stopping." More experienced jockeys are looking for "holes" rather than being forced to circle the field; young ones are worried about getting "locked." The horses' flanks, perspiring, flash in the sun; steam and hot breath veil horses and riders. Garish silks whirl by. Whips sting the flanks with crisp cracks. Some boys whistle shrill chirps. The thunderous roll of the horses' strides slowly builds and then slowly fades. The race is now back in the hands of the people in the grandstand.

Cold-weather bettors certainly have some strange handicapping theories. Hardly any of them can tell you that the normal body temperature of a horse ranges between 99 and 100.5 degrees or that horses prefer to race in crisp weather. A friend of mine, a theorist, had an interesting hypothesis: "In the fall," he used to say, "bet only Canadian horses, horses that are bred or have raced in Canada." Toward this end he collected Canadian breeding guides and racing charts. But it wasn't often that one of these horses ran at Aqueduct, so he carried his icy logic over to the jockeys, betting only jockeys who had been bred or had ridden in Canada. Once in late November he found a Canadian horse that was being ridden by a Canadian jock — the horse won and paid \$28.20. What further proof! But sometimes the whole fall meeting slipped by without a Canadian horse or rider in a race. Was he shut out? Of course not! With seasonable logic, he bet on those

horses that had "Canada" or "Canadian" in their names, or merely "North" or "Northern." I saw him last going to place a bet across the board on a Kentucky bred called Maple Leaf Rag.

The racing in the fall, especially in the late fall, almost warrants this sort of betting approach. Except for Allowance and Stakes races, the fields are poor: too many races for the year's nonwinners and horses that trainers are hoping to unload on foolishly optimistic buyers; horses that are being badly trained and mishandled in races, and horses that have been unsound through spring and summer. Fall is a time of disillusionment for many small owners and trainers. The hopes of spring have become the excuses of summer and, finally, the cold, ledger logic of fall. Winter will be a time of realistic consolidation. A few will not be around when the cycle comes again to measured optimism with next spring's crop of two-year-olds.

Most bettors never get uncycled, and they meet each spring with wilder optimism. A typical spring bettor's montage: a two-dollar daily double parlays into zooming stocks, into a booming racing stable, into flashy cars and clothes and women, into a gaudy duplex on Upper Easy Street. The fall, though, is "get even" time, the belief that you can still "bail out" with the same two-dollar bet — the optimism of desperation.

I HADN'T really planned to go out to the track that Thursday. It was the day of the seventh and final game of the 1965 World Series, the Dodgers against the Twins, and dramatically interesting because Walter Alston, the Dodger manager, had to decide whether to start Don Drysdale with three days rest or arthritic Sandy Koufax with only two. I planned to spend the afternoon in front of the television set, but when I went out to pick up the morning paper, the sun had already begun tempering the chill. When I bought a *Racing Form* in addition to the *Times*, I had already opted for my spot at the head of the stretch. Of course I discovered some interesting possibilities in the first race, and interest soon grew into excitement. I hustled to the track, bet my "doubles," and prepared to take my place in the sun. Two strangers had my bench.

Their names, I discovered by tapping the air, were Irving and Arnold. Irving was about forty-five, and Arnold was perhaps ten years younger. Both were balding, but each had his way of forestalling the inevitable: Irving combed the long, thin hair on the left side of his head all the way over to the other side, so that his hair seemed a net; Arnold combed his darker hair straight forward over his receding brow, where it was formed into

spare ringlets. Each had the same greasy film on hair and scalp.

As improbable as it sounds, they referred to each other by name almost constantly: "Irving," the younger would say, "this here horse hasn't been out since March." "Those are just the ones they might let win today, Arnold." They were a pair of "sharpies," probably salesmen who worked on commission. Each wore a pair of checkered pants and a one-day stubble of thin beard. Their summer shoes were identical and had probably been torn off the same Everglade alligator and been bought at a shoe store near Hialeah. They shared a single *Racing Form*.

Irving had on a fine camel's hair coat which had seen a few better days. Arnold wore a green and blue and yellow sport jacket; its thin collar offered brave protection against the chill. Irving looked up from their paper: "McGrain is training the five horse, Arnold. I wouldn't touch him with a fork."

"He's a crooked bastard, Irving. That's all there is to it," mumbled Arnold without looking up.

"Arnold, remember when he was riding and we bet him at Belmont? Ten-length lead at the head of the stretch. No way he could lose."

"No way, Irving. Crooked bastard."

"They must have really gotten to him that day, Arnold. He tried pulling the horse up and couldn't. Finally had to fall off the goddamned thing to lose. Remember? Fell off clean as a whistle and rolled under the rail. No reason. And not even an injury."

"They must have gotten to everybody that day, Irving." Arnold looked up; he and Irving made eye contact, and their two heads made a synchronized affirmation.

"Irving," Arnold asked, "who do you think they've got this one set up for?"

"I only wish I knew," was Irving's honest reply, and both returned to their research. The sun went behind a long cloud; suddenly it became very cold. Arnold, clutching the thin lapels of his jacket to his throat, whined, "And they predicted sunny with milder today."

"They knew better, Arnold," said Irving without looking up. The synchronized nods again, this time without eye contact. We all studied the past performances in silence. I postponed my trip for coffee, hoping that one of the boys would explain how the "weather fix" worked. Arnold, some of the disciple still showing, told Irving, "The businessmen pay them off. Right, Irving?" The long cloud couldn't have shut out the sun longer if it were guided by a thermal underwear manufacturer.

Irving, traces of the master still evident, said, "Especially this time of year, Arnold." And he nodded approvingly over his *Racing Form*.

"Are we going to bet any doubles, Irving? We only got a few minutes, you know."

"Why should we? It's bad enough trying to pick one boat race; what chance do we have of picking two?"

"Who do you think this one's set up for, Irving?"

"The four horse maybe, Arnold. He hasn't done much all year, but they've made him four-to-one off his last workout."

"They're taking the blinkers off him today, Irving," Arnold said, proud of his observation. They seemed to know something about handicapping horse races.

"Arnold, there's no reason for that horse to be only four-to-one." As Irving spoke, the odds on number four, Blind Alley, changed to 7-to-2. Irving caught the shift with a cocked eye-slit. "See that, Arnold, seven-to-two, and the horse doesn't really figure. Somebody must know something."

"Who does figure?" I blurted, thrusting myself into their anti-world. Irving and Arnold swiveled their heads in my direction and back again to their *Racing Form* in perfect unison. The trumpeter blew the "call to the post"; the nasal track announcer reported, "The horses are on the track," overemphasizing the tiny word "on"; and the sun emerged from the tail of the cloud.

Irving spoke with his head down for a moment or so before I realized that he had been addressing himself to my question: "... and he's had two races since he's been back in training; the first wasn't a bad tightener, and in the last he closed six lengths in the stretch to finish fourth in pretty good time. He's coming right back — that last race was over this track less than a week ago. He takes five pounds off that race, too." Irving was, I realized, describing number seven, Goya Print, the horse I'd backed fairly well, and for all the same reasons. "He's a good closer," Irving continued, "and there's plenty of early speed in the race. The wind'll stop them when they straighten for home. There's a jockey change to O'Brian that'll help if he's trying with the horse. And his sire, Spaniard, loved the fall racing." All this without ever looking up. I felt like going back to bet the horse a few more times.

A tough-looking man in a checkered fedora and a faded brown overcoat came by thumbing a pile of pari-mutuel tickets; he took the bench directly in front of Irving and Arnold. He took off his hat and pinned it to the bench with his field glasses. Then he smoothed some sun into his bald scalp with a hairy hand.

I put my glasses on each horse — the seven horse had a good coat and seemed very frisky. At 5-to-1 he seemed like a hell of a bet. (I hadn't known that his sire "loved the fall racing.") It

was a good idea to back him up — bet him for place and show — in case he didn't get rolling soon enough to take it all; he certainly figured to finish in the money. The four horse was now 5-to-2. "Who are you betting?" I asked Irving and Arnold. Arnold was annoyed with me; I had crashed his world, and now I refused to leave.

"The four," Irving said. "Four," Arnold repeated a microsecond later.

"But you said the seven figures," I argued.

"That's exactly why they won't let him win," Irving and Arnold said in harmonic unison.

I went to the place and show windows and bet number seven. I saw Arnold on the five-dollar-win line.

THE race went exactly as Irving had figured it. O'Brian broke Goya Print nicely, took back on him, and kept clear of horses down the backstretch. On the turn he began to let him out a little, and the horse was fourth and pressing tired horses when the field came by us. O'Brian gave the horse a good crack when he got his horse straightened away. The "hot horse," Blind Alley, had gone off at 9-to-5 and had a two-length lead on the seven at this point. As they ran away from us, I was certain that the seven would be prominent. It was over in a matter of seconds. Then the number seven flashed on the placing board; he must have won easily, there wasn't even a photo. The four horse finished second.

"Did you see our jockey, Irving," Arnold said, "how he stood up way before the wire?"

"Didn't even ride him out, Arnold." The finish was 1155.6 feet away. My winner paid \$13.60 — \$5.80 — \$3.20.

"They pulled a switch on us, Irving. They let the horse that figured win." Irving called up his well-used exasperation but managed only a "they've-done-it-to-us-again-Arnold" sigh.

The "they," I realized then, were not figurative, but real conspirators who manipulated every race and weather report. What else!

Arnold produced a small transistor radio from under his jacket, and the two listened to the final game of the series. Koufax was warming up to pitch the big game with insufficient rest. "Drysdale would make more sense, with Koufax in relief," Arnold volunteered.

"Unless they got to Koufax," Irving said, his eye-slits searching around and forcing my startled gaze back to my *Racing Form*.

"And they use the arthritis story as a built-in excuse, eh Irving?" Arnold added hopefully. (Even you, Sandy!)

I just missed in the second race, and my daily

doubles went out the window. Irving and Arnold bet a speed horse who stopped badly on the turn. "The wind really came up suddenly" was Arnold's understanding of the matter. (Were "they" pumping giant bellows on the other side of the fence?) I won the third race with a horse that went off as second choice but had beaten the favorite at the distance four weeks earlier. The boy on Irving and Arnold's horse "just wasn't trying," Irving told me.

In the fourth race, a jumping race, Irving touted me on a converted distance horse who had never before raced over the hurdles. "He's got the top trainer and top jockey, and he's fifteen-to-one. Definitely worth a stab." I liked the horse a bit anyway, and I was way ahead, so I took the stab. The horse won by himself and paid almost forty dollars. I stood on my bench, glasses trained on his lovely rump crossing the finish, and let loose a short, crisp victory yelp. "How much did you have on him?" I asked them, without realizing that Irving and Arnold had already begun handicapping the next race.

"We bet the one horse," said Arnold glumly.

"He fell on the first jump," said Irving glumly.

"They don't always cut the hedges even on the inside," I thought I heard Arnold add.

The sun went behind the grandstand, and it became very chilly indeed. "Can I buy you fellows a drink? After all, you did tout me on the horse" — it was hard to offer Irving and Arnold anything without making it sound like part of a vicious scheme. Irving was skeptical: Arnold was freezing, so he smiled a probing "just-this-once" to Irving.

"OK," Irving said, and as he said it, a gust came up that blew the checkered fedora off the bench in front — the tough-looking, bald-headed man had left the hat to mark his place. It circled in the swirling air and swooped low between Irving and Arnold. Arnold instinctively reached out for it as it swept by: Irving arrested Arnold's arm and allowed the hat to fly by, down toward the track. "What the hell are you doing, Arnold?" Irving whispered irritably; "If he comes back and catches you holding his hat, he'll think you stole it! Do you want to make trouble for me?" The hat soon became a dot over the infield lake.

Meanwhile Koufax was pitching one of his more courageous games: he didn't have his good stuff and had to labor, but he won 2 to 0. I wondered if "they" would have him rubbed out.

When I went to sleep that night, lights shone in the courtyard from the windows of the other apartments. I clicked off my light. At 3 A.M. I got up to get a glass of water and noticed a single window still lit in the top-floor apartment across the courtyard. "They" never sleep.

PAINTINGS
BY VAN GOGH

by Diana Butler

BOATS ON THE BEACH

Orange-yarded red and green
Little jetty-space between
Like pretty flowers on the sand
Four bright dories hug the land

Others sailing bravely reach
Toward the horizon On the beach
Four bright boats avoid the sea
And cling to camaraderie

Rose-madder burns against the sand
Dark water edges into land
The dories blaze with energy
But huddle into amity

In fact one's called *Amitié*
What did Van Gogh intend to say?
Does friendship save us on the sea
Or only in timidity?

BEDROOM AT ARLES

Only in bareness does art begin
Here where the walls are closing in
Upon a lonely narrow bed
Two yellow chairs and one red spread

Distortion slants the floor away
In strips of green and pinkish-gray
A single window stands ajar
But madness makes the window far

His dirty towel weights a peg
Beside a manic table-leg
His paintings hang upon the wall
And are Van Gogh. Can this be all?

AUVERS

Farewell, Van Gogh. Your cypress curls
Into insane celestial swirls
Your sower casts his seed away
Beneath the citron sun of day
Your crows, uncentered, wheel and fly
And disappear into the sky.

Arms and the Man * Who Sells Them



by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy

In the old days, the “merchants of death” sold arms for profit, and let the bullets fall where they might. Today, the U.S. government sells them for policy reasons (and profit), and, argues Senator McCarthy (Democrat, Minnesota), the results are no less disastrous. A member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and one of the earliest critics of the Pentagon’s controversial arms sales program, McCarthy is the author of the forthcoming THE LIMITS OF POWER (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), from which this article is adapted.

PROGRAMS decided upon in years past to support specific objectives of the national interest can assume a kind of life of their own; they tend to become vested interests which may be self-perpetuating. Over the years, the Military Assistance Program appears to have assumed such a character. Inaugurated to respond to the military challenge of the cold war in Europe, there is evidence that its survival today tends to put a military mark on American foreign policy and to create situations and conditions that lead the United States to react in military terms when a political response is preferable.

The United States is today the principal source of conventional weapons throughout the world. The United States government, largely through its military assistance and arms sales program, is the world’s leading supplier of arms. The United States government itself has assumed the role filled by the widely scorned munitions makers during the interwar period.

With the development of a Soviet military threat to Europe following World War II, the United States entered into the North Atlantic Treaty. It was evident, however, that a war-torn and economically prostrate Europe could not maintain sufficient defense capability to deter the Soviet threat. The United States, therefore, under the

Mutual Defense Assistance Act of October 6, 1949, began to provide grant-military aid of three types: 1) machinery and materials to permit Europe to increase its own production of defense items, 2) direct transfer of U.S. military equipment, and 3) assistance in the production and use of military equipment and training of personnel.

Under the successive foreign aid acts, these three forms of military assistance have remained at the center of our aid programs. Between 1950 and 1966, the United States gave or sold to other nations over \$35 billion worth of military materials or support under our foreign aid program. According to the Defense Department, the United States program of grants plus sales has been running around \$3 billion per year since 1961.

We provide arms, equipment, and training to countries allied or associated with us through the North Atlantic Treaty and through the network of pacts that are the legacy of the John Foster Dulles era: SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization), ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand, United States Security Pact). In addition we have provided military aid to a wide range of countries in such categories as “Forward defense areas” — that is, countries on or adjacent to the borders of the Communist world, including the Republic of China (Taiwan), Iran, the Philippines, South

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Korea, Greece, and Turkey (the last two countries are also allied to us through NATO); to countries that have given us military base rights, such as Ethiopia, Libya, Spain, and our NATO ally Portugal; to the "Alliance for Progress security countries" — virtually every country in Latin America; and to additional countries in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East which have, or which are judged to have, what is described by the Defense Department as a "free world orientation."

Consider the case of Latin America. Tensions between the Latin-American states are not high at present, particularly in comparison with the Middle East. Even so, our Military Assistance Program, through grant aid and increasingly through sales, appears to be expanding, in spite of attempts by Congress to put some limits on it.

A new round in the arms race there, moving from subsonic jets in the direction of the more sophisticated and more expensive jets, was apparently precipitated by the U.S. decision in 1965 to provide fifty U.S. Skyhawks to Argentina. It is said we hoped to appease the Argentine military so that they would be less inclined to overthrow the civilian government. A military coup did take place, however, on June 28, 1966, and on the same day the United States reduced the promised number of planes to twenty-five, claiming that they were needed for Vietnam. (The sale of twenty-five planes was allowed to go through.)

The Chilean military, moved by what Argentina had been promised, pressed their government to acquire planes of comparable sophistication, and when refused by the United States, the Chileans made a deal with the British for planes. This, in turn, inspired reaction by Venezuela, which began negotiations for some U.S.-model jets from West Germany; Peru began negotiating with both the United States and Britain for planes, and Brazil also was reported to be in the market.

While the Military Assistance Program in Latin America is small compared with that in other areas, it has become quite controversial. There is widespread feeling that Latin-American nations have little valid reason for maintaining even the existing level of their air forces. State Department officials are always quick to point out that in percentage terms Latin-American defense budgets are small, "among the lowest in the world," as former Assistant Secretary of State Lincoln Gordon has stated. But what is important is not the percentage, but the fact that money which should be spent for social and economic development is being sacrificed to pay for even relatively small quantities of arms.

The case of India and Pakistan has frequently been cited as the outstanding example of damage the Military Assistance Program can do. Pakistan, which has recently been receiving military assist-

ance and arms from Communist China, is formally allied to us through SEATO and is reported to have received from \$1.5 to \$2 billion in U.S. military assistance over the decade prior to the outbreak of fighting, allegedly for defense against Communism. India refused U.S. military aid until its borders were attacked by China, but it had been receiving arms from the United Kingdom. In the end United States arms were used by both sides against each other.

U.S. arms deliveries to India and Pakistan were suspended at the time of the fighting. On the strength of the adherence of the two countries to the Tashkent Agreement, deliveries have been resumed on what the State Department calls "a case-by-case basis."

UNITED STATES government funds also are used to promote arms sales; in fiscal year 1965, \$500,000 of military assistance funds were programmed for sales *promotion*. The director of the Military Assistance Program, General Robert Wood, explained to the House Appropriations Committee in 1964 that the training program is the foot in the door for the arms salesman. "We bring officers over here from other countries," General Wood explained, "with a view to looking at equipment which they might buy. . . . Then we have a program to train certain countries in some of our equipment in the expectation they will buy the equipment. This is really sales promotion."

In spite of the efforts of the Congress, it appears, at least by the Defense Department's own statistics, that the Military Assistance Program is continuing to grow rapidly. Statistics can be misleading. For example, Secretary McNamara maintained that the Defense Department's request for less than \$1 billion for the program for fiscal year 1967 was in line with the recommendations of the Clay Committee that the program should be reduced. But the money appropriated by Congress is only for the grant-aid (that is, weapons given without expectation of reimbursement) and credit-assistance portions of the program. Grant-aid programs for Europe are being replaced by sales programs, and sales are playing an increasingly large role in the programs for the developing countries. Because of the decrease in grant aid to European countries, it has been possible to increase programs in other areas, while still appearing to reduce the total budget request. Thus, in 1956, Ethiopia was the only country in Africa receiving military grant aid, in the amount of \$4.8 million. By 1961 the number of African countries in which there were at least small programs totaled seven; in 1962 it had increased to fourteen countries, the Ethiopian

program having more than doubled to \$10.9 million, and the total for the continent having increased almost fourfold, from the \$4.8 million figure in 1956 to \$17.8 million in 1962. In 1963 the total for grant-aid military assistance to Africa rose to \$26 million, in 1964 to nearly \$28 million. In 1965 it dropped to \$17.4 million, but for 1967 the Administration requested a total of \$31.8 million, the highest figure ever. These figures are not large in absolute terms, but when one considers the level of development of the countries involved — Mali, with a per capita gross national product of \$65, Guinea with \$70, Liberia with \$175, and Sudan with \$102 — it can be seen that in such small areas even a small number of arms can be highly significant. Latin America shows a similar increase in the grant-aid program.

In the budget presentations to Congress, the entire program of military assistance to Vietnam for fiscal year 1967 was removed from the Military Assistance budget and incorporated into the budget of the Defense Department because, as Administration officials testified, the sums for Vietnam were now so large that they were “distorting” the Military Assistance Program. For fiscal year 1968, expenditures for Laos and Thailand and for such categories as NATO infrastructure and support for international organizations were also moved from the Military Assistance budget to the regular Defense Department budget on similar grounds. This budgeting change weakens political control of these programs, which involve essential considerations of foreign policy, and makes them subject entirely to Defense Department control.

Although the Secretary of State has official responsibility for the military assistance and arms sales program, the tendency of this program to move ahead at its own momentum has caused serious questions to be raised about whether political control is effective. The 1967 study by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff suggested that such control was more theoretical than real:

How and by whom the major decisions on arms sales are made is something of a mystery. There is reported to be a State-Defense Coordinating Committee for arms sales policy consisting of members of Treasury, the State Department, the Defense Department, and presumably the Arms Control Agency and AID. Whether the full Committee actually meets is uncertain. One thing is clear, however, from testimony the Foreign Relations Committee has already heard: the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, despite its charter, does not sit at the high table when decisions on the sale of arms are made. Another open question is whether the Agency for International Development or the Bureau of the Budget actually participate in the process of making a decision to sell . . . or have only the option of attempting to overturn a promise of arms sales already made to another country.

A program of this magnitude is bound to have implications for our foreign policy. United States military aid is usually, if not invariably, accompanied by the stationing of U.S. military personnel in the country receiving the arms to supervise, advise, assist, and draw up plans, in accordance with Defense Department procedures, for the utilization by the country of additional U.S. equipment. In essence, these U.S. military advisers act as on-the-spot salesmen, attempting to make certain that the country concerned obtains its military equipment from the United States and not from a competitor, political or commercial. These military advisers sometimes assume more direct roles.

The object of the training aspect of the program is to indoctrinate other countries in our methods and equipment and to establish good relations with those who will be tomorrow's procurement officers or tomorrow's military junta members.

One of the chief positive features of the program, in the eyes of its defenders, is its use as an important element of United States foreign policy. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, in testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in April, 1966, described its role:

The United States is the focus of power in the free world struggle for national independence and economic progress; but the United States cannot be everywhere at once, doing everything the best. The balance of forces and the options necessary in today's challenging world can be achieved only with staunch friends, well armed and ready to do their parts of the job.

The military assistance program is designed to foster that balance of forces and those options. It helps support military forces that complement our own Armed Forces.

Military assistance provides essential arms, training, and related support to some 5 million men in allied and other friendly forces, who help us hold the line against aggression in all its forms and guises. These men are critical to our forward strategy.

That the Vietnam War does not sustain this argument is perhaps the most obvious challenge to the validity of Secretary McNamara's case. The “5 million men” are nowhere to be seen, while the United States has committed in Southeast Asia over half a million men, exactly the kind of situation from which the Military Assistance Program, according to Secretary McNamara, is supposed to save us. As far as the “staunch friends, well armed and ready to do their parts of the job,” are concerned, one may again cite Vietnam. Few countries have received as much U.S. assistance as has Vietnam, both during the French colonial period and since. Yet by all evidence, despite over a decade of U.S. training and supply, the South Vietnamese Army is unable and perhaps unwilling to fight, has been incompetently led, is crippled by an enormous rate of desertion, and

essentially is incapable even of providing security in key areas, while the Americans bear the brunt of the fighting.

THE Military Assistance Program in Latin America, it is argued, differs from that in other areas in its emphasis on civic action as a justification for increased spending. Civic action refers to the use of local military forces in nonmilitary projects of benefit to the country, such as road construction, digging of wells, and so forth.

The emphasis on civic action is a product of the Defense Department theory of counterinsurgency developed in the vast apparatus of quasi-academic social science research organizations supported by the department's research and development budget. The counterinsurgency theory accepts that insurgency is the product of such conditions as poverty and an unfavorable public image of the government, particularly of the military. Civic action is preventive action, it is said, and will discourage popular support for insurgency and improve the image of the military among the general population. As applied to Latin America, in particular, the civic action theory is based on the widely accepted presumption among the "tough-minded liberals" that in Latin America the armed forces constitute the one stable and democratic element and are a potential instrument for social change.

As a recent study has pointed out, the effect of civic action in the Latin-American countries has not been proved and may at best be of only transitory value. Where U.S. military missions have evaluated the effects of civic action, the study shows, the reports usually state that it has improved the image of the military but cite as evidence only an increase in favorable publicity in the press. A basic question is, perhaps, whether the support of the military in Latin America is, in the long run, in the United States's interest.

The rest of the program in Latin America, according to the law, is supposed to be only for internal security purposes, but it has not been possible for the Congress to hold the executive branch to that policy. At the 1966 Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on military aid, when asked what the fifty jet aircraft had to do with internal security in Argentina, Secretary McNamara admitted, "The answer is nothing — absolutely nothing." He then defended the sale by saying that had we not sold the Argentines the planes, they would have bought them from another nation (presumably Britain) at a higher price.

Henry Kuss, the head of arms sales for the Defense Department, testifying before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1966, cited what

he called the significant relationship of these arms sales to our foreign relations:

Military sales are . . . small in terms of our total annual defense spending, accounting for less than 4 percent of the total. However, at the same time, receipts from military sales account for about one-half of the deployment costs of our forces, measured in balance-of-payment terms. The ability of this country to follow a forward strategy is heavily influenced by the balance-of-payments costs attributable to such a strategy. Thus, foreign military sales are of major interest to the Nation because they facilitate arrangements for our security throughout the world.

This balance of payments argument is curiously circular. Unmentioned is any reflection on the way in which the further proliferation of conventional arms throughout the world, by contributing to rising tensions and by serving as the somewhat provocative mechanism by which we attempt to set up bastions on the very borders of the Soviet Union and China, makes the deployment of troops and our forward strategy necessary.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations dealt with the balance of payments argument in its report on the 1966 Military Assistance and Sales bill, stating its view that "the U.S. balance of payments is not in such a perilous condition that it has to be salvaged by taking blood money from poorer countries."

THERE is increasing disparity, in my judgment, between the stated and real aims of our military assistance efforts and a widening gap between the program and the requirements of the world situation it was designed to meet. The principal purpose of our military aid, whether it be in the form of grants or sales, is said to be to strengthen the defenses of the free world against Communist aggression and subversion. But over the years significant changes have occurred in the program.

Military assistance today, as distinguished from Lend-Lease assistance under which we supplied arms to our World War II allies, has taken on new and far-reaching aspects. It has greatly increased in quantity and has spread over a large geographical area as the number of independent nations in the world has grown. But the qualitative changes in the program may be of even greater significance.

First, military aid is no longer confined to containing Communism or to short-term, "one-shot" arrangements or even to the supply of weapons. Rather we now undertake relatively long term programs of continuing cooperation with the recipient state, involving a high degree of institutionalization, with exchange programs for training and with the dispatch of military missions to reside in the countries receiving the arms, to supervise their use as

“advisers,” and to turn out annual five-year plans for the acquisition of additional U.S. equipment.

Second, the type and range of aid appear to have changed. The United States program not only provides the basic material and services required to establish and maintain armed forces, but also the direction and planning for long-term improvement, modernization, and development of the military capability of the country. Thus programs that began only with training have moved, with our encouragement, into the area of equipment acquisitions, as plans for development and modernization proceed. A frequent argument presented to support expenditures for weapons is that the money is really only being used to “modernize” the forces or to replace out-of-date or obsolete equipment. As we know from the requirements of our own armed forces, obsolescence and modernization are open-ended conditions.

Third, the goals of military assistance efforts appear to have undergone change. In spite of assurances by Administration spokesmen that the existence of well-supplied troops on the borders of the Communist world — and as far from it as Africa and Latin America — adds to the strength of the free world and relieves the pressure on the United States to keep even greater numbers of Americans under arms, few people believe that U.S.-equipped Iranians, or South Koreans, or Greeks, not to mention Bolivians or Peruvians, actually deter the Soviet Union or China. Our deterrent is nuclear, and the strength of our “staunch friends,” to use Secretary McNamara’s phrase, particularly those in the developing countries, does not add measurably to the strength of that deterrent.

The primary goal of military assistance now seems to be to develop client states, to erect military-political bastions, to preserve (or to upset) regional balances of power, and increasingly to maintain friendly or favored regimes against internal subversion, usually defined as Communist subversion.

The arms sales program has also raised questions because of its somewhat questionable financial practices, and in August, the Senate initiated moves to restrict them. Most of the industrialized countries that have been buying arms in recent years have paid cash; but for the developing countries credit sales outweigh cash sales by about seven to one. These credit sales have been made possible by the Defense Department’s ability to provide credit and to guarantee payment by the United States government of private loans should the purchaser default. Thus countries which would normally not be considered acceptable credit risks

on the commercial money market or by the Export-Import Bank have been able to obtain credit for arms purchases; repayment has been guaranteed by the full faith and credit of the government of the United States. By law, the Defense Department has been required to keep as a reserve only one quarter of the amount of the loan it guarantees. Thus, the Defense Department’s revolving credit account, which had grown to over \$300 million by 1967, was able to support over \$1 billion in arms sales on credit.

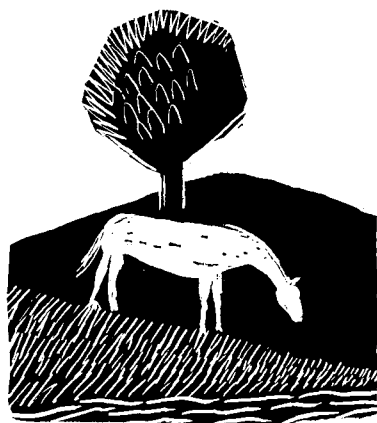
Another dubious practice has been that of the Export-Import Bank, which has given the Defense Department a kind of blank check for arms sales credit. Because the Defense Department was guaranteeing repayment, the Export-Import Bank, as if preferring not to know where the money was going, could shut its eyes.

Although the Defense Department has not been required by law to charge any interest at all for credit arms purchases, most of the U.S. government-guaranteed loans made through private banks and the Export-Import Bank have borne an interest rate of about 5.5 percent, thus adding substantially to the already burdensome external debt service requirements of the developing countries. Some of the same countries that have complained that 3 percent is too high an interest rate to pay for economic development loans have been willing to pay 5.5 percent or more for nonproductive arms loans.

An assistant director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency admitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that there was no formal consultation with his agency on Defense Department sales, that their opinion on the advisability of the sale of jet fighters to Iran had not been requested, and that they did not have the kind of relationship with the Defense Department that permitted coordination on these matters.

President Johnson proposed to the Disarmament Conference meeting in Geneva in 1966 that “countries, on a regional basis, explore ways to limit competition among themselves for costly weapons often sought for reasons of illusory prestige.” On April 19, 1966, the United States delegate to the Disarmament Conference elaborated further the principles by which nations might undertake, on a regional basis, to limit conventional arms.

It seems to be a case where the right hand of the government, in this case the Defense Department, does not know what the left hand, or the Arms Control Agency, is doing or trying to do, for it is busily promoting what the other agency is supposed to be controlling.



MIRAGE

"It was a mirage morning when the distance swells up and is more clear than what is close." But this story reveals the author's clear knowledge of her native North Dakota as well as the larger view of human life. Miss O'Donnell has spent the last two years as a graduate student in the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa, where she studied under Kurt Vonnegut.

AMLETH CLAUDE BROCKHAUSER was not a farmer, but he was trying to be. He was bringing home repairs for the combine. Amleth drove slowly, staring past the black dash reflected in the windshield. Now and then a stone spurted up and clunked underneath, and Amleth winced. The smell of ripening wheat rushed in the open window; he knew what Tom would have been thinking—about golden days of hunting, bursts of orange and brown feathers, smoke from warm gun barrels and from fields of stubble being licked up stalk by stalk; fields that were raped first and then eaten by flame. But for Amleth somehow it was easier to phrase the feeling well than to feel it.

Amleth always associated fall with the ends of things—the end of quiet summer life, of sow thistle and windrows, and the beginning of hard winter that lay white and cold across the land for months. Now with the hardening of the wheat he associated death. It was just this time last year that Amleth had left school to go to his younger brother Tom's funeral and then to take over the farm. Tom had been killed in a farm accident.

The wall of a grain storage Quonset gave way, and tons of wheat oozed over him. Three men had shoveled for nearly an hour before they finally found him. It seemed strange to Amleth that the seeds Tom had sowed in the earth, the wheat he had laid on the ground with great swather arms and sent through the lurching bowels of the combine had finally smothered him.

It was impossible for Amleth to run the farm alone. He knew nothing about fixing machinery or about livestock or crop rotation, and he was grateful for Tom's hired man, Jake, who stayed on to help manage things.

Tom's horse was a problem too. It was a bony mustang that had been caught in one of the last roundups in the Badlands of North Dakota. They were small, tough horses with sturdy legs and mean eyes. Most of them were sold to packing plants or to bucking strings that supplied some of the smaller rodeos. But Tom had bought this buckskin hoping he could break him. The horse and Tom were alike—both strong-willed and persevering. There had been many hours of ropes and leather and sweat behind the barn before the two found a compromise. Amleth often watched them from outside the fence. Even now when he looked at the horse, he could see Tom with rings of perspiration under his arms, grinning and moving up the rope between the snubbing post and the mustang braced at the other end. Now after a year of freedom, the horse had reverted to his wild ways and could only be caught with a lariat, which Amleth didn't know how to use. So every day during the winter Jake, the hired man, poured a pan of oats and threw out a bale of hay behind the barn for the

buckskin. When spring came, the horse loafed around the pasture cropping grass and occasionally coming up to the barn for oats or water. Often in the evenings after supper, if Amleth looked out the picture window in the living room, he could see the buckskin standing on the knoll under the branchless lone tree, his head hanging, tail flicking from flank to flank.

AMLETH stopped the car in front of the machine shed. Jake was tinkering with the big John Deere tractor. It had a cab and a radio inside. It was one of the reasons why Jake stayed on to help, even though his practical knowledge of farming was often frustrated by some new theory Amleth got from a magazine. He loved the power of the big green tractor. Every Saturday after coming in from the field, he washed it down with a hose. And on summer evenings when sounds carry far, the blend of the John Deere's "cha cha chachacha" and Western music could be heard several miles from where Jake worked.

Jake slid out from under the tractor; his face was smeared with grease.

"They have the right cog?"

"The man said this was the piece we wanted." Amleth handed him the paper bag.

Jake peered in. "Yup, that's it. Well, we better git the damn thing goin'. This kinda weather don't wait around."

"Are you sure you know what to do with it?"

"There's only one place the goddamn thing can go." Jake took the cog out of the sack.

"Are you going to need some help, Jake?"

"Nuh." He moved off toward the combine.

"Well, if you do, I'll be up at the house making coffee." Amleth watched the back of the short, squat, aging man. "Better come up and have coffee after while, Jake."

Jake grunted. He had liked Tom a lot. He thought of him almost like a son since he had no family himself. He took pride in how many birds Tom shot, kidded him about his girls, and planned with him the fields they would sow to wheat and barley in the spring. On mornings after Tom had been out late Jake made him strong coffee. He would set it on the table and smile, seeing what he would like to have been in the young man. Tom was not always so patient with Jake. His most common reproach was, "Look, you old bastard, maybe you did it that way twenty years ago, but this is the way we're going to do it now!"

Amleth put the pot on the stove and measured out the coffee; six teaspoons exactly. Then he sat down in the leather chair by the picture window. He picked up a book from the nearby coffee table,

and it fell open to his place, revealing an intricately woven green bookmark. Amleth was a scholar. He had been at the university for five years before Tom's accident and had planned to stay at least two more. He was intelligent, and his professors liked him.

Amleth's eyes wandered from the book toward the towering, stark tree on the knoll. Today in town when he walked into the John Deere Implement, the parts man had called him Tom, and when he corrected him, he had said, "Amleth! My God, I could have sworn you were Tom when you walked in here! Thought I was seeing a ghost! He had a hat like that, didn't he?"

Amleth had nodded; it was Tom's hat. He had been wearing it on hot days to keep the sun off his head. He didn't have a hat of his own. The parts man had put the cog in a sack. "You weren't twins were you?"

"No, I was a year older."

The parts man had shoved the sack across the counter to Amleth; "I've never seen you around town much. Your dad always told me how different you boys were. 'Like night and day,' he always said; 'one does nothing but hunt, and the other one reads.' Well, you sure look like his double to me!"

Amleth had smiled, tucked the sack under his arm, and gone out. And then up at the elevator where he took a sample of grain to be tested for moisture, the elevator man had thrown the wheat into the shaking, grinding dockage tester that separated the chaff and mustard from the kernels and stood with his hand on the machine. "You sure do look like your brother. Someone else was sayin' that the other day. Guess it was that girl down at the café. Said she thought she was seein' things when you walked in there. Just couldn't get over it. Guess Tom stopped in there pret-near ever' time he was in town."

The man had stopped the machine then, run the sample back into the coffee can, and adjusted his gold framed glasses. "Let's see now" — he had peered down through the bifocal dots — "guess we'll have to give you . . . three percent dockage on this, and moisture . . . aahm . . . guess it's about fourteen . . . well, we'll say thirteen and a half. Well, guess you're in good shape. It's plenty dry. S'pose you'll take it off this afternoon. I'm afraid this weather's not gonna hold out much longer."

Amleth had nodded his head. He hadn't felt like explaining that the combine was broken down and that a round green piece of steel with teeth along its outer edge had to be installed before they could pick up another kernel. Amleth had walked across the strips of metal that were placed about three inches apart and through which grain

streamed from the truck boxes into a huge pit below. From the pit the grain was elevated into bins high up in the towering building which could be reached only on a board lifted by four ropes. It zipped up and down five stories, carrying the elevator man, who hung on to nothing but one of the ropes. Since he was a child, Amleth had had the uneasy feeling that he would be sucked into that pit.

"That was a real nice sample, Amleth," the elevator man had called after him.

The coffee was boiling over. Amleth could hear it hissing and sputtering on the burner. When he got there, brown foam and grounds were bubbling up like the prelude to a geyser. Amleth was not in the habit of cursing. He wiped the stove off with paper towels, then poured himself a cup of coffee and went into the living room. One wall was covered with guns — rifles, shotguns, three pistols. The bookshelf was stacked neatly with boxes of shells — 12 gauge, 20 gauge, .22 cartridges, and many boxes of reloaded .44 magnums for the big pistol. Amleth looked around the room for the millionth time in a year; Tom's spurs, his slippers and red wool shirt in the corner, the racks of horns hanging on the walls, the enlarged picture of the buckskin hanging askew. Nothing had been changed.

THE screen door creaked open and banged shut four times before Jake reached the kitchen. He slid off his grease-soaked gloves and tossed them in the corner. They kept the curled shape of his large hands even lying on the floor. He scraped a chair back from the table and sat down, spreading the newspaper out in front of him. The smell of grease and oil and wheat straw had ridden in the door on him. Amleth could smell it all the way in the living room.

Jake picked up his reading glasses and wiped them on the front of his shirt. "You say you got some coffee on?" He peered through the glasses to see if they were clean.

Amleth put the book back on the coffee table. "Yes, it's fresh. It's a bit strong, though. I boiled it over."

"Boiled it over again, didja. Well, it don't matter. I never did like weak coffee." He concentrated on the newspaper, moving his lips as he read. "Say, did you read this here article about farm prices? It says at the present time top amber durum is \$1.87 and rising. Why, they don't know what they're talking about. There ain't a man in the country got over \$1.35 for sixty-one-pound stuff, and sixty-one is good weight!"

"Umm." Amleth poured coffee for Jake and got the cream carton from the refrigerator. "Would

you like anything with that, Jake? Bread and jam? There are some Oreo cookies in there."

"Nuh." He swallowed the last part of the word, rattling the paper open to the editorial page and spreading it out.

Amleth leaned back against the kitchen counter, folded his arms, and looked thoughtful. After some time he said, "Jake, do you think I look at all like Tom?" He waited. "Jake?"

"Nuh." He didn't look up. "Jesus Christ! I see here where the government's still tryin' to take firin' arms away from the common man! That puts me in remind of the time that cop in town tried to take that there pistol of Tom's away for carryin' it in the glove box. Carryin' a concealed weapon, he said. Tom says, 'If you think you're man enough to take it out of there, you just go right ahead.' This here's the same damn thing. There ain't a self-respectin' man in the country gonna let the government just up and take his guns away from him."

Amleth refilled his coffee cup and walked into the living room. He set it down and looked out the picture window. The buckskin was standing under the lone tree again, head down, tail swatting at his sides rhythmically. Amleth watched him, saw him kick at a fly under his belly with a black hind leg. Then he slowly went up the stairs to Tom's old room.

There were still things lying around — shirts, jeans, a hunting jacket, several caps. He picked up a brown wool shirt, slid it on over his own, and looked in the mirror. He adjusted it a little; the shoulders weren't sitting right. Then he buttoned it and tucked it into his trousers. It fit him quite well except for the cuffs, which seemed a little long. He twisted his wrists and stretched his arms out in front of him to see if they really were much too long or if it was just his imagination. They were long. He tucked his chin in and pulled the collar up higher. The way it spread apart made his neck look thin, he thought. He turned all the way around once, looking at the sides and the back. Altogether not a bad fit, he decided. He found a cap on the bed beside a pile of shirts and set it on his head at a rakish angle. Then he stood in front of the mirror with his arms folded. Not bad at all, he thought. He looked at his face and grinned. It was more like a grimace. He thought it was partially his glasses that were ruining the effect, so he took them off. Without them, he could see only the basic outline of his face, but he somehow felt that the grin was better. Salt water welled in his eyes, and he was out of focus in the mirror, as though he were upside down against the picture window trying to see the lone tree through rain. He thought he had known this moment before.

Amleth went downstairs. The buckskin had not

moved, but now without his glasses, Amleth thought the horse looked shadowy, indistinct; like some vaporous creature that could carry him into a mysterious world.

Jake looked up from the newspaper. He stared at the shirt and the cap.

Amleth grinned. "Combine going to be ready this afternoon, Jake? This weather won't wait!"

"Uhh."

"Tell you what I want you to do. I want you to take the wheat off that field directly into the elevator — the P.V. elevator — and sell it in my name."

"Goddamn it, didn't I just tell you the price of wheat is down! We're gonna hold it over till December or so and see if the price goes up!"

"Who's running this place, you or me?"

"We sure as hell ain't gonna make no money with you runnin' it!"

"I want you to take it to the P.V., Jake."

Jake stared at him. "Where the hell're your glasses?"

AMLETH stood on the cement step in front of the house. It was a clear day with just a hint of smoke in the air, like someone puffing a good pipe mixture in another room. The hunting jacket, the pants, the boots, and the cap that Amleth wore were Tom's. So was the gun in the case that lay on the second step. There had been two guns in the case exactly alike except for the size. One was a twenty gauge, the other a twelve, Jake had said. Amleth took the larger one, assuming that it would prove more effective. Jake had found him a box of number four shotshells, and now Amleth waited for two old hunting friends of Tom's to pick him up. He looked across the farmyard. Everything was in its place. The buckskin waited under the tree, and Jake was down by the gas barrels tinkering with the John Deere, getting ready to go out and plow. The wheat was all off and sold; Jake would be done with the fall plowing in a couple of days, and then everything would rest.

A green pickup truck pulled up in front of the house. Amleth reached down for the gun case. One of the men got out to meet him.

"All set to shoot yourself some birds, Amleth? We sure got a dandy day."

"It's nice of you to stop for me." Amleth put out his hand.

The man shook it and then looked at his companion, who was seated at the steering wheel. "You know, Rip, I'll be damned if Amleth here don't look a bit like Tom in them huntin' togs!"

Amleth grinned and started to get in the cab with his gun and shells.

"Amleth, if you'd just give me that gun a yours,

I'd stick it back here in the truck box with ours. Gives us more elbowroom up front. Ain't the biggest cabs on these older pickups. Take the new ones, now; they're as big as the front seat of a Cadillac! Rip, why don't you get yourself one of them so we could hunt in style!" The man got in. "Swing her down there by the gas barrels, would you, Rip. I want to say hello to Jake."

Jake came toward the pickup smiling and shook the hand offered to him through the window with his greasy glove.

"How are things goin', Jake? God, I haven't seen you since last — guess it was way last spring! S'pose it keeps you pretty busy around here. Heard you come out on the wheat anyway? Good, 'd? S'pose you've got the market all figured out again!" He laughed.

Jake shook his head. "Nuh, wheat's all sold." He watched the truck leave the yard. Just today he read that the price of durum had risen three cents on the Chicago Grain Bulletin. He was sure he had it figured out. "December," he muttered, "Christ!"

The sun was bright orange. From where Amleth stood at the mouth of a coulee it looked as though it were hanging exactly one inch above the earth. He was posting, waiting for the other two men to walk through the dried, coarse slough grass in an effort to flush some birds toward him. This would be the last drive of the day. The sun would fall before the two men reached him. Amleth had fired nine shots in the afternoon and had nothing to show for it. He strained his eyes toward the draw. Without his glasses he could hardly see the two figures moving slowly through the waist-deep grass. Rip had said they probably wouldn't jump anything; the birds would be feeding by this time. A few doves still fluttered around a clump of willow bushes. Earlier in the day Amleth had fired at one. He had trouble distinguishing them from partridges.

The figures were closer, within firing distance, when a prairie chicken jumped out of the cover and began its low, evening flight across the sky. Two guns rose. The chicken beat its wings, glided, and then cackled, "*pkakakakakaka*," beat its wings, glided, and cackled again. The shots were fired simultaneously, like one. The bird stopped, hung an instant, and then dropped straight down.

"Nice clean shootin', Amleth," the man said; "she never had a chance!"

"I'm sure glad you got yourself a bird, Amleth. She's a real fine one," the other man said, his hand closing around the chicken's neck, twirling, twirling the body. The smell of freshly discharged gunpowder hung in the crisping air around the three men, and the sun was gone.

"It was a hell of a fine day," Amleth said to



Never go to a bachelor's pad alone

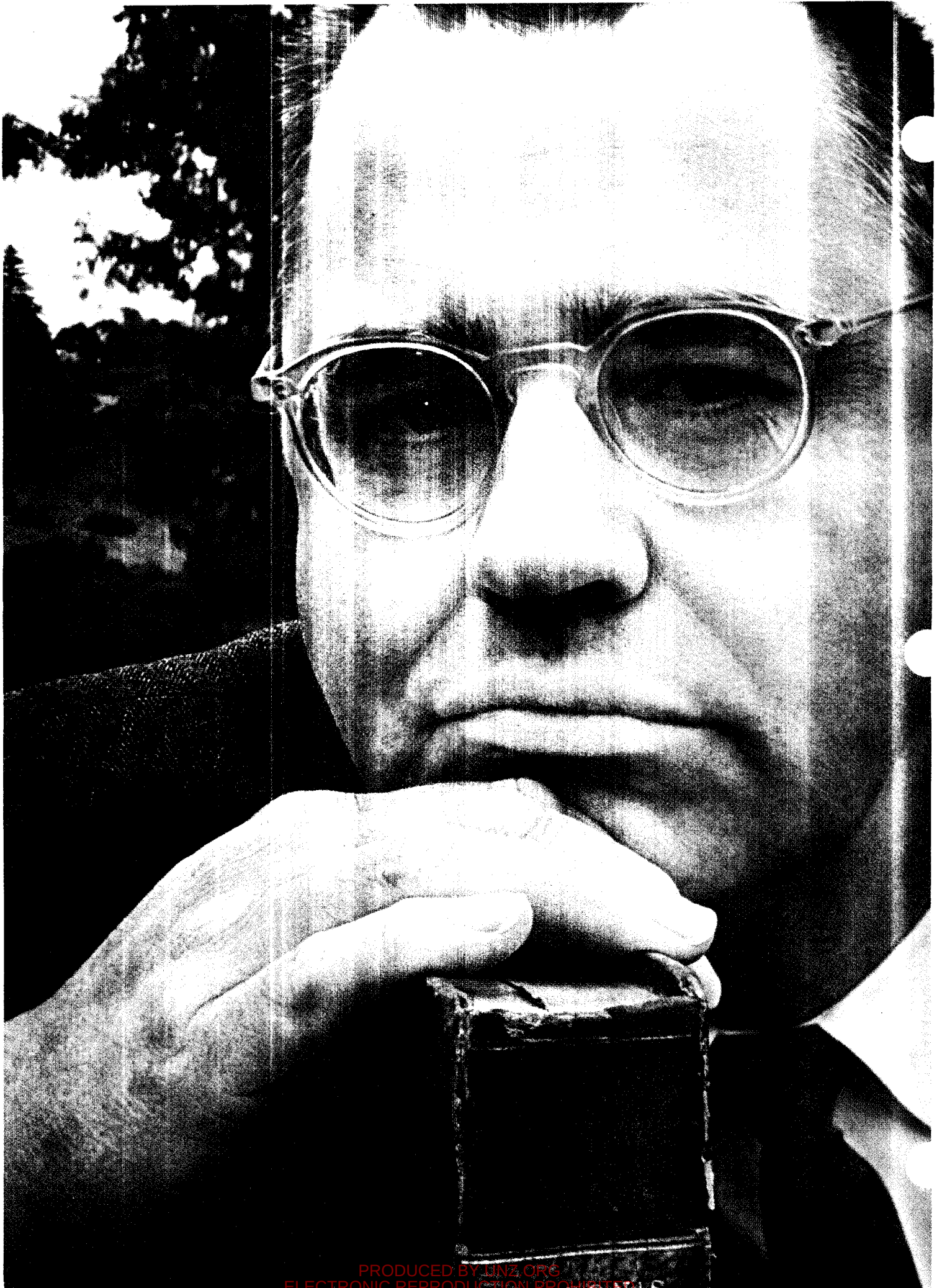
Especially if she has roommates. Bachelor pads get nervous when an available male walks in, empty-handed. But come up with a bottle of White Horse and—thank you—you're *welcome*, Good Guy! It's the Scotch

with the taste even roommates can't argue about: either they like it or they love it. So you end up with a roomful of purring girls, Good Guys all. Works in a pad. Works in a pub. Because—

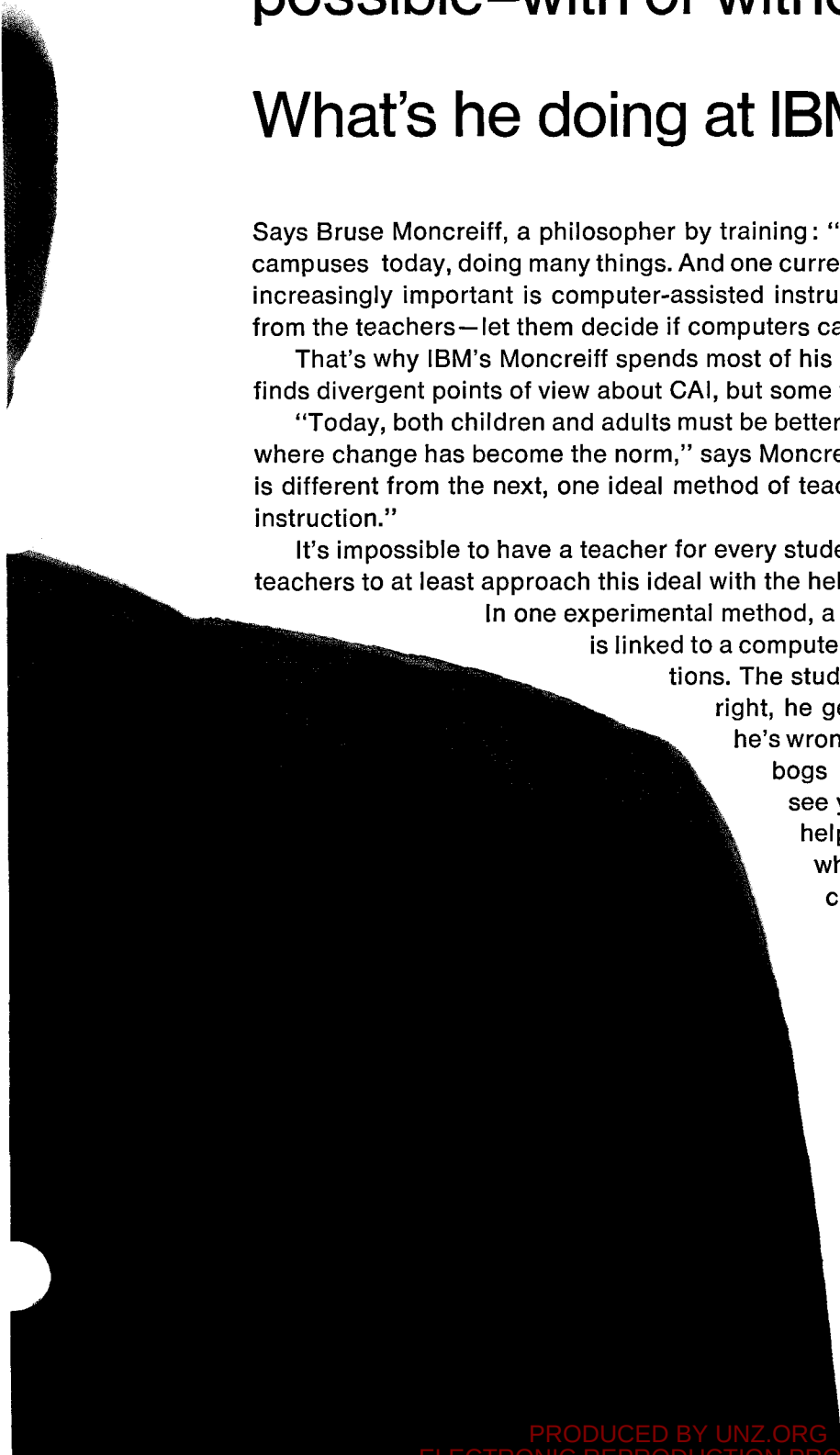
The Good Guys are always on the White Horse

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This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible—with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?

Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff.

"Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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All those nice, sweet things you've heard about Cherry Heering are untrue.



"It has a delicious, sweet taste...a wonderful thick cherry flavor...the best fruity liqueur in the world."

We suspect the people who are spreading these rumors about Cherry Heering have never really tasted it. Because Cherry Heering is different from most after-dinner liqueurs.

It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

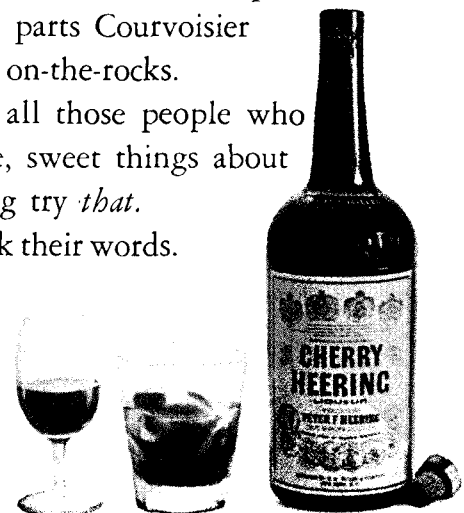
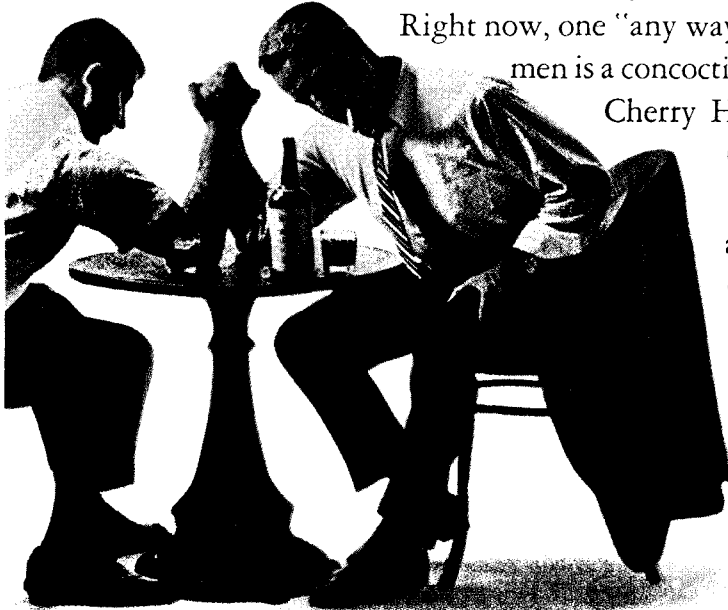
Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the few liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled.

Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Anyway.

Right now, one "any way" that's becoming popular with some men is a concoction called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

Just wait'll all those people who are saying nice, sweet things about Cherry Heering try *that*.

They'll drink their words.



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Jake later. "I wish you could have seen her fall; she never had a chance. She's a nice bird too, isn't she?" It was warm in the kitchen. Amleth fingered the handle of a steaming hot cup of coffee.

"She'll do." Jake knelt on newspapers spread out on the floor. They were covered with feathers and entrails. He washed the plucked bird in a pan of water and then began cutting it up to fry.

Amleth sipped the coffee; it was still too hot. "I think I'll go out again Saturday, Jake. It's a nice sport. In fact, I'm going to clean the next one myself!"

Jake hit a piece of shot in the bird's thigh and carefully lifted it out with the point of the knife. He examined it. It was six shot, a common load for upland game, instead of the heavier four shot he had given Amleth when he couldn't find any sixes.

"You ain't got nothin' to worry over." Jake stood up, put the last piece of the bird in the pan of water, and brushed the downy feathers from his overalls. "I'm goin' to town," he said, and walked out the door.

"You're going to miss an exquisite meal, Jake," Amleth called after him. He looked into the pan; the water was red. He hated to put his hands in, but he was hungry. So he lifted each piece out with a spatula, rolled it in flour, and dropped it into a pan of sizzling butter.

MORNING came like a shot. It crashed through the bedroom window with rays that blinded Amleth when he first opened his eyes. He had been exhausted by yesterday's brisk air and the difficult walking. Normally he would have turned his face to the wall and indulged in the peaceful morning dozing he enjoyed. This morning there was something on his mind. He pulled on his clothes and went down to the kitchen, where the feathers and entrails were still lying on the newspapers. He avoided looking at them while he warmed up some leftover coffee and washed down three Oreo cookies with it. It was chilly in the house. He knew better than to wake Jake. Jake always got drunk when he went to town and was surly the next day, especially when he just got up.

Amleth stood on the step. It was clear, and there was a mirage. It seemed as though he could see to the end of the world. He could see white houses and red barns that were twenty miles away, and clumps of trees had grown up overnight where they never were before.

Down at the barn Amleth filled an old washbasin with oats and opened the back door. The buckskin was dozing under the lone tree, resting on one hind leg. His head snapped up and his ears pricked

forward when he heard the scraping of the door. Realizing it was oats time, he ambled toward the barn, stopping at the water trough for a drink. Then he looked around for the washbasin in which he was usually fed. Amleth stepped out holding the basin; the horse jerked backward and gazed at him. Amleth shook the basin so the oats rustled; then he lifted out a handful and let it dribble slowly between his fingers back into the pan. The buckskin stared as Amleth backed into the barn and set the basin on the floor about twelve feet inside. Amleth turned and walked out the front door, knowing the horse's eyes were on his back. He waited for a few minutes outside before he went to the rear of the barn on tiptoe and eased his nose around the corner. The buckskin had gone in. Amleth moved quietly up to the door and pulled it shut before the horse could turn around. He could hear him snorting and stomping. The basin clattered on the cement floor. Amleth leaned against the barn door to catch his breath.

To be safe, Amleth went into the barn through the lean-to door. In his left hand was a coiled end of a lariat, in his right was the noose of the lariat. He had seen Tom do this before. The size of his loop was good. He walked down the center of the barn aisle dragging the tip of the loop on the cement. The buckskin faced him at the other end, snorting, nostrils extended, his eyes small and bitter. He moved his feet nervously up and down, crowding closer to the last box stall. Seeing the door open, he bolted in, skidding on the wet floor. Amleth slammed the door behind him and locked it. He climbed to the head of the stall, secured the coiled end of the rope around a two by six in front of the manger, and picked up the loop end. He threw several times. The buckskin flew around the stall in a frenzy, bouncing off the walls and rearing toward the small window where a patch of light filtered through dust and focused on the manger. Finally, when the horse tore past Amleth's perch, the noose flipped onto his head, slid clumsily around his neck, and he was caught. Amleth drew in the slack and cased the horse closer to the manger. He wrapped the end around the two by six again and tied three knots to secure it. The horse leaned back against the rope, the slip knot of the loop cutting into the windpipe right behind his jaw. His small eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets. Amleth climbed out of the manger and went for Tom's saddle. Tripping on the girth and stirrups, he dragged the heavy saddle to the stall. Cautiously he opened the door. He left it open and slowly moved toward the horse, inching the saddle along beside him. The buckskin's ears went back, not in the flattened-out attitude of ill temper, but in the half-flat attitude of fear. His hind legs moved well up under his body, and he squatted back on his

haunches trembling. Amleth moved closer. The horse squealed, rose on his hind legs, twisting in midair until he hit the end of the rope and fell backward into the manger. All Amleth could see of him was four hooves and four black legs thrashing above the top board. He dropped the saddle and ran toward the house.

"Jake! The horse is in the manger! He's upside down and can't get out! I can't pull him — the rope is —"

"Jesus Christ!" Jake rolled out of bed, pulled on his overalls, hooking only one suspender, and jerked on his boots. "Jesus Christ! Upside down! He don't have a chance!"

"Jake, the rope —"

Jake ran through the kitchen, grabbing the butcher knife he had used to cut up the bird the night before. When Amleth reached the barn, Jake was sawing on the rope tied around the buckskin's neck. It gave way just as Amleth came into the stall. Both men stared into the manger. The horse was still.

"Is he dead?"

Jake walked out of the barn. In a minute Amleth heard his old Chevrolet start up and leave the yard.

Amleth stepped out of the barn. It was a mirage morning when the distance swells up and is more clear than what is close.

BROTHER JORDAN'S FOX

by John L'Heureux

The fox,
crippled, walks
on his knees. Cocks

fear no danger
from his broken anger.
Rabbits linger

in his presence.
He scents
quail and pheasants

to no purpose.
He must
like all of us

acknowledge law:
the iron jaws
that took his forepaws

took his food.
His anguished blood
does him no good,

he lives by pity
and the brief rarity
of our charity.

The taste
of meat is daily spiced
with a past

he can no longer
shape to his hunger
or to that stronger

will to love.
He must live
forgiving that we give

him life. His pride
in that golden hide
of his provides

him nothing. He
knows it well, pretends we
do not see

without us he would die.
Just such a lie
smolders all our copper eyes.



Black Ghettos:

The American Nightmare

At least one political journal has suggested that the riots of 1967 foreshadow a second Civil War. While that estimation may seem unnecessarily ominous, it is clear that the convulsions of the cities are far from over. In its history, its temperament, and its schools, the ghetto regenerates the anger and frustration that make up its current mood. In these articles, brought together more by coincidence than design, the ATLANTIC offers three views of the black ghetto — how it came to be, how black people feel about the riots, their lot, and the whites who impose it on them, and how ghetto schools do little but prepare another generation of Negroes for more of the same.

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Drawing by Billy Morrow Jackson.



BLACK GHETTOS

DYNAMITE

by STOKELY CARMICHAEL and CHARLES HAMILTON

The tragedy of our exploding ghettos has historical roots in the false expectations of the Reconstruction era, as well as in the refusal of American citizens to sense the frustration and violence gathering in the slums. Tracing this historical legacy are Stokely Carmichael, perhaps the most controversial proponent of the new Negro militancy, and Charles Hamilton, chairman of the department of political science at Roosevelt University in Chicago. Their essay is adapted from BLACK POWER: THE POLITICS OF LIBERATION IN AMERICA, to be published by Random House.

BLACK people now hold the balance of electoral power in some of the nation's largest cities, while population experts predict that in the next ten to twenty years, black Americans will constitute the majority in a dozen or more cities. In Washington, D.C., and Newark, New Jersey, they already are in the majority; in Detroit, Baltimore, Cleveland, and St. Louis, they represent one third or slightly more of the population; in such places as Oakland, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, they constitute well over one fourth. Even at the height of European immigration, no ethnic group has ever multiplied so rapidly in the United States. In order to understand the black ghetto—both its great problems and its capacity to become a key political force in urban America—we should take a brief look at the history of black migration to the North.

Many slaves escaped to the North before Emancipation, while some, of course, migrated to Liberia, Haiti, and Central America. The Emancipation Proclamation cut many loose from the land, and starting with the end of the Civil War, there developed a steady trickle of freed men from the South. During Reconstruction, this northward migration eased somewhat with the ability of black people to take advantage of the franchise.

Soon after, however, Southern racism and fanaticism broke loose. Thousands of black people were killed in the 1870s in an effort by whites to destroy the political power that blacks had gained. This was all capped by the deal of 1876 whereby the Republicans guaranteed that Mr. Hayes, when he became President, would, by noninterference and the withdrawal of troops, allow the planters—under the name of Democrats—to gain control in the Deep South. The withdrawal of these troops by President Hayes and the appointment of a Kentuckian and a Georgian to the Supreme Court marked the handwriting on the wall.

In *Black Reconstruction in America*, W.E.B. DuBois portrays the situation clearly:

Negroes did not surrender the ballot easily or immediately. They continued to hold remnants of political power in South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, in parts of North Carolina, Texas, Tennessee and Virginia. Black Congressmen came out of the South until 1895 and Black legislators served as late as 1896. But in a losing battle with public opinion, industry and wealth against them . . . the decisive influence was the systematic and overwhelming economic pressure. Negroes who wanted work must not dabble in politics. . . . From 1880 onward, in order to earn a living, the American Negro was compelled to give up his political power.

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Black people were therefore looking to move again. About 60,000 went to Kansas, two thirds of them destitute on arrival. In general, however, migration to escape the new regime in the South did not really get under way until World War I. Business was booming in 1914–1915 as this nation became a major supplier of war materials to the Allies. This in turn increased the job market, and with the war cutting off the flow of immigrants from Europe, Northern industry went on a massive campaign to recruit black workers. Emigration from the Deep South jumped from 200,000 in the decade 1890–1900 to half a million in 1910–1920. This migration northward did not cease with the conclusion of the war. The Immigration and Exclusion Acts of the early twenties created a great demand by industry for more workers (especially with the new assembly-line concept employed by Ford). As a result, during the twenties and thirties about 1,300,000 black people migrated from the Deep South to the North. By 1940, over 2 million blacks had migrated northward. (However, as late as 1940 more than three out of every four black people still remained in the South.)

World War II intensified black migration out of the Deep South, more so than World War I had done. Black people moved to Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Akron, Gary, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, New York, and many other places. They found work in the steel mills, aircraft factories, and shipyards, for the most part as laborers and as domestics. During the forties, roughly 250,000 blacks migrated to the West Coast alone to find work. This migration did not slow down with the end of the war but continued into the sixties.

*Rise in Black Population Outside South
(United States Census)*

	<i>Percent of Total</i>	<i>Number of Blacks</i>
1900	10	1,647,377
1910	11	1,899,654
1920	15	2,407,371
1930	21	3,483,746
1940	23	3,986,606
1950	32	5,989,543
1960	40	9,009,470

Today, over 65 percent of the black people live in urban America. This figure, of course, includes many of the urban areas of the South — Atlanta, Birmingham, Jackson, and elsewhere. Mechanization of Southern plantations has been a major reason for the migration. In 1966, for example, over 75 percent of all cotton was picked by machines in the seventeen major cotton-growing counties of Mississippi. (A machine can pick one bale of cotton per hour; it takes an able-bodied man one week to pick a bale.)

Census data tell us that the largest percentage increase in black population was in the West, especially California. About 8 percent of the black population lived in the West in 1966, compared with 5.7 percent in 1960. Increases in the Northeast and North Central states were not as sharp, although the overall percentages were greater (17.9 percent of the black population lived in the Northeast in 1966, compared with 16 percent in 1960, while 20.2 percent lived in the North Central states compared with 18.3 percent in 1960).

WHAT problems did black people face as they moved into these areas? Most of the blacks moving to the North were crowded into the slums of the cities. In the face of bombs and riots, they fought for a place to live and room for relatives and friends who followed them. They also faced a daily fight for jobs. At first, they were refused industrial employment and forced to accept menial work. As we have seen, wartime brought many jobs, but during periods of recession and depression, blacks were the first cut from the job market, while skill and craft jobs for the most part remained closed to them. Added to the problems of housing and jobs, of course, was that of education. By the early part of the twentieth century, these three issues had become fundamental problems of the ghetto and fundamental to the early racial explosions. The city of Chicago offers a classic illustration of this type.

As black people started arriving in Chicago at the turn of the century, they were forced into old ghettos, where rents were cheapest and housing poorest. They took over the old, dilapidated shacks near the railroad tracks — and close to the vice areas. The tremendous demand for housing resulted in an immediate skyrocketing of rents in the ghetto. Artificial panics were often created by enterprising realtors who raised the cry “The niggers are coming,” and then proceeded to double the rents after the whites had fled.

The expansion of the ghetto developed so much friction that bombs were often thrown at black-owned homes in the expanding neighborhoods. In Chicago, over a dozen black homes were bombed between July 1, 1917, and July 1, 1919. This sporadic bombing of black homes was but the prelude to a five-day riot in July, 1919, which took at least thirty-eight lives, resulted in over five hundred injuries, destroyed \$250,000 worth of property, and left over a thousand persons homeless. In their book *Black Metropolis*, St. Clair Drake and Horace Cayton describe how the riot was ended on the sixth day by the state militia, belatedly called after the police had shown their inability,

and in some instances, their unwillingness, to curb attacks on black people.

A nonpartisan, interracial Chicago Commission on Race Relations was appointed to investigate and to make recommendations. According to Drake and Cayton, the commission recommended the correction of gross inequities in protection on the part of the police and the state's attorney; it also rebuked the courts for facetiousness in dealing with black defendants and the police for discrimination in making arrests. The Board of Education was asked to exercise special care in selecting principals and teachers in ghetto schools (schools at that time were segregated by law, or *de jure*, while today ghetto schools are segregated *de facto*), to alleviate overcrowding and double shifts. Employers and labor organizations were admonished in some detail against the use of black workers as strike-breakers and against excluding them from unions and industries. The City Council was asked to condemn all houses unfit for human habitation, of which the commission found many in the black ghetto. The commission also affirmed the rights of black people to live anywhere they wanted and could afford to live in the city. It insisted that property depreciation in black areas was often due to factors other than black occupancy; it condemned arbitrary increase of rents and designated the amounts and quality of housing as an all-important factor in Chicago's race problem. Looking at these recommendations, we realized that they are not only similar but almost identical to the demands made by Dr. Martin Luther King's group forty-seven years later in Chicago — not to mention other urban areas in the 1960s.

Such explosions and recommendations were to be heard many more times in urban areas all over the country during the twenties, thirties, and forties. But in the fifties a political protest movement was born which had a calming, wait-and-see effect on the attitude of many urban black people. There was the Supreme Court decision of 1954; the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955–1957; the dispatch of federal troops to Little Rock, Arkansas, to prevent interference with school desegregation in 1957. The student sit-in movement in 1960 and 1961, the emotional appeal of President Kennedy, and the great amount of visibility given to the NAACP, Urban League, CORE, SNCC, and other civil rights organizations further contributed to creating a period of relative calm in the ghetto.

Then, in the spring of 1963, the lull was over.

The eruption in Birmingham, Alabama, in the spring of 1963 showed how quickly anger can develop into violence. Black people were angry about the killing of Emmett Till and Charles Mack Parker, the failure of federal, state, and city governments to deal honestly with the problems of

ghetto life. Now they themselves read in the newspapers, saw on television, and watched from the street corners the police dogs and the fire hoses and the policemen beating their friends and relatives. They watched as young high school students and women were beaten, as Martin Luther King and his co-workers were marched off to jail. The spark was ignited when a black-owned motel in Birmingham and the home of Dr. King's brother were bombed. This incident brought hundreds of angry black people into the street throwing rocks and bottles and sniping at policemen. The echoes went far and wide. In Chicago, a few days later, two black youths assaulted the mayor's eighteen-year-old nephew, shouting: "This is for Birmingham." It was for Birmingham, true, but it was for three hundred and fifty years of history before Birmingham as well. The explosions were soon to be heard in Harlem, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Rochester in 1964, Watts in 1965. Omaha, Atlanta, Dayton, and dozens of other places in 1966. James Baldwin stated it clearly in 1963: "When a race riot occurs . . . it will not spread merely to Birmingham. . . . The trouble will spread to every metropolitan center in the nation which has a significant Negro population."

This brief scan of history clearly indicates that the disturbances in our cities are not just isolated reactions to the cry of "Black Power," but part of a pattern. The problems of Harlem in the 1960s are not much different from those of Harlem 1920.

THE core problem within the ghetto is the vicious circle created by the lack of decent housing, decent jobs, and adequate education. The failure of these three fundamental institutions has led to alienation of the ghetto from the rest of the urban area as well as to deep political rifts between the two communities.

In America we judge by American standards, and by this yardstick we find that the black man lives in incredibly inadequate housing, shabby shelters that are dangerous to mental and physical health and to life itself. It has been estimated that 20 million black people put \$15 billion into rents, mortgage payments, and housing expenses every year. But because his choice is largely limited to the ghettos, and because the black population is increasing at a rate which is 150 percent over that of the increase in the white population, the shelter shortage for the black person is not only acute and perennial, but getting increasingly tighter. Black people are automatically forced to pay top dollar for whatever they get, even a 6 by 6 cold-water flat.

Urban renewal and highway clearance programs have forced black people more and more into

congested pockets of the inner city. Since suburban zoning laws have kept out low-income housing, and the federal government has failed to pass open-occupancy laws, black people are forced to stay in the deteriorating ghettos. Thus crowding increases, and slum conditions worsen.

In the urban renewal undertaking in Mill Creek, Illinois, close to St. Louis, for instance, a black slum was cleared, and in its place rose a middle-income housing development. What happened to those evicted to make way for this great advance? The majority were forced into what remained of the black ghetto; in other words, the crowding was intensified.

Here we begin to understand the pervasive, cyclic implications of institutional racism. Barred from most housing, black people are forced to live in segregated neighborhoods, and with this comes de facto segregated schooling, which means poor education, which leads in turn to ill-paying jobs.

It is impossible to talk about the problems of education in the black community without at some point dealing with the issue of desegregation and integration, especially since the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954: "In the field of public education the doctrine of separate but equal has no place. Separate education facilities are inherently unequal." However, all the discussion of integration or busing today seems highly irrelevant; it allows a lot of highly paid school administrators to talk around and never deal with the problem. For example, in Washington, D.C., the schools were supposedly integrated immediately after the 1954 decision, but as a result of the population movements of whites into suburbs and blacks into the inner (ghetto) city, black children attend what are in fact segregated schools. Today, roughly 85 percent of the children in the Washington, D.C., public schools are black. Nor is integration very relevant or meaningful in any of the other major urban areas. In Chicago, 87 percent of the black students in elementary school attend virtually all-black public schools. In Detroit, 45 percent of the black students are in public schools that are overwhelmingly black. In Philadelphia, thirty-eight elementary schools have a black enrollment of 99 percent. In April, 1967, the Reverend Henry Nichols, vice president of the Philadelphia School Board, stated on television that the city had two separate school systems: one for the ghetto, the other for the rest of the city. There was no public denial from any other knowledgeable sources in the city. In Los Angeles, forty-three elementary schools have at least 85 percent black attendance. In the Borough of Manhattan in New York City, 77 percent of the elementary school students and 72 percent of the junior high school students are black.

Clearly, "integration," even if it would solve the educational problem, has not proved feasible. The alternative presented is usually the large-scale transfer of black children to schools in white neighborhoods. This too raises several problems. Implicit is the idea that the closer you get to whiteness, the better you are. Another problem is that it makes the majority of black youth expendable. Probably the maximum number of blacks who could transfer from ghetto schools to white schools, given the overcrowded conditions of city schools anyway, is about 20 percent. The 80 percent left behind are therefore expendable.

The real need at present is not integration but quality education.

In central Harlem, for example, there are twenty elementary schools, four junior high schools, and no high schools. A total of 31,469 students — virtually all black — attend these schools. In New York as a whole, only 50.3 percent of the teachers in the black and Puerto Rican elementary schools were fully licensed as compared with 78.2 percent in white schools.

In 1960, in central Harlem 21.6 percent of third-grade students were reading above grade level and 30 percent were reading below. By the sixth grade, 11.7 percent were reading above and 80 percent were reading below grade level. The median equivalent grades reading comprehension for central Harlem, third grade, was a full year behind the city median and the national norm, and by the sixth grade it was two years behind. The same is true of word knowledge. In arithmetic, the students of central Harlem are one and a half years behind the rest of the city by the sixth grade, and by the time they are in the eighth grade, they are two years behind.

The basic story of education in central Harlem emerges as one of inefficiency, inferiority, and mass deterioration. It is a system which typifies colonialism and the colonist's attitude. Nor is Harlem unique. Reverend Henry Nichols stated in 1967 that 75 percent of the black children who would be graduated that year are "functional illiterates. . . . The reason for this," he added, "is the attitude of school administrators toward black people."

There can be no doubt that in today's world a thorough and comprehensive education is an absolute necessity. Yet it is obvious from the data that a not even minimum education is being received in most ghetto schools. White decision-makers have been running those schools with injustice, indifference, and inadequacy for too long; the result has been an educationally crippled black child turned out onto the labor market equipped to do little more than stand in welfare lines to receive his miserable dole.

It should not be hard to understand why approxi-

mately 41 percent of the pupils entering high school from central Harlem drop out before receiving a diploma. When one couples school conditions with the overcrowded and deteriorating housing in which black pupils must live and study, additional factors become clear. Males, in particular, must leave school because of financial pressure. The young dropout or even high school graduate with an inadequate education, burdened also by the emotional deprivations which are the consequences of poverty, is now on the street looking for a job. In its 1964 report, HARYOU (Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited) clearly states:

That the unemployment situation among Negro youth in Central Harlem is explosive can be readily seen in the fact that twice as many young Negroes in the labor force, as compared to their white counterparts, were without employment in 1960. For the girls the disparity was even greater: nearly two and one-half times the unemployment rate for white girls in the labor force. Undoubtedly this situation has worsened since 1960, in view of the report of the New York State Department of Labor indicating that job-hunting was generally tougher in 1963 than in the previous year. Also, it is generally conceded that official statistics on unemployment are considerably understated for black youth since only those persons actively looking for work in the past 60 days are included in census taking . . . such a situation building up, this mass of unemployed and frustrated Negro youth, is social dynamite. We are presented with a phenomenon that may be compared with the piling up of inflammable material in an empty building in a city block.

The struggle for employment has had a drastic effect on the black community. It perpetuates the breakdown of the black family structure. Many men who are unable to find employment leave their homes so that their wives can qualify for Aid to Dependent Children or welfare. Children growing up in a welfare situation often leave school because of a lack of incentive or because they do not have enough food to eat or clothes to wear. They in turn go out to seek jobs but only find a more negative situation than their fathers faced. So they join the Army if possible, or if not, they turn to petty crime, pushing dope, prostitution, and the cycle continues.

We have not touched on the issue of health and medical care in the ghetto. Whitney Young has documented conditions at length in *To Be Equal*; the pattern is predictably dismal. The black infant mortality rate in 1960 exceeded that in the total population by 66 percent; the maternal death rate for black women was four times as high as that for whites in 1960; the life expectancy for nonwhites was six years less than for whites; approximately 30 percent more white people have health insurance than blacks; only 2 percent of the nation's physicians

are black, which means that in segregated areas one finds such situations as Mississippi with a ratio of one doctor per 18,500 black residents! Those of us who survive must indeed be tough.

These are the conditions which create dynamite in the ghettos. And when there are explosions — explosions of frustration, despair, and hopelessness — the larger society becomes indignant and utters irrelevant clichés about maintaining law and order. Blue ribbon committees of “experts” and “consultants” are appointed to investigate the “causes of the riot.” They then spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on preparing “authoritative” reports. Some token money from the Office of Economic Opportunity may be promised, and then everybody either prays for rain to cool off tempers and vacate the streets or for an early autumn.

This country, with its pervasive institutional racism, has itself created socially undesirable conditions; it merely perpetuates those conditions when it lays the blame on people who, through whatever means at their disposal, seek to strike out at the conditions. What has to be understood is that thus far there have been virtually no *legitimate* programs to deal with the alienation and the oppressive conditions in the ghettos. On April 9, 1967, a few days after Mayor Daley won an overwhelming, unprecedented fourth-term victory (receiving, incidentally, approximately 85 percent of Chicago's black vote), the *New York Times* editorialized: “Like other big city mayors, Mr. Daley has no long-range plans for coping with the social dislocation caused by the steady growth of the Negro population. He tries to manage the effects of that dislocation and hopes for the best.”

Herein lies the match that will continue to ignite the dynamite in the ghettos: the ineptness of decision-makers, the anachronistic institutions, the inability to think boldly, and above all the unwillingness to innovate. The makeshift plans put together every summer by city administrations to avoid rebellions in the ghettos are merely buying time. White America can continue to appropriate millions of dollars to take ghetto teen-agers off the streets and onto nice green farms during the hot summer months. They can continue to provide mobile swimming pools and hastily built play areas, but there is a point beyond which the steaming ghettos will not be cooled off. It is ludicrous for the society to believe that these temporary measures can long contain the tempers of an oppressed people. And when the dynamite does go off, pious pronouncements of patience should not go forth. Blame should not be placed on “outside agitators” or on “Communist influence” or on advocates of Black Power. That dynamite was placed there by white racism, and it was ignited by white racist indifference and unwillingness to act justly.



BLACK GHETTOS

MAYBE GOD WILL COME AND CLEAN UP THIS MESS

by ROBERT COLES, M.D.

How do ghetto Negroes look at the white world outside their decaying neighborhoods? And how do they explain or respond to the spontaneous violence and destructiveness of slum rioting? A partial answer comes from Dr. Robert Coles, a young research psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services, whose psychiatric study of race relations, CHILDREN OF CRISIS, was recently published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

BY AND large, racial riots have occurred somewhere between June and September, and it is not very hard for anyone familiar with ghetto tenements to explain why. In Harlem or Chicago's South Side men have no boats to haul by car to a beach. They don't own summer homes or air conditioners, and their children have no nearby lakes or oceans to visit, or cars to take them to distant resorts. In July and August the sun beats down without letup on those flat-roofed buildings, and after a while they become unbearable. Rodents and bugs leave their hiding places; flies and mosquitoes are everywhere, and screens are rusty or simply absent. There is no wind, and there are no open spaces to give one respite, a sense of air and freedom. Rain brings not relief, but leaks, floods, more bugs.

It is terribly unsettling, even to a visitor who knows he can leave whenever he wishes: all those people, living at such close quarters, with little money, amid broken-down furniture and uncollected garbage in buildings whose walls are peeling, whose windows don't work, whose hallways never see light, whose stairwells have treacherously loose and broken railings that go eternally unrepaired, whose plumbing is unreliable at the very best. I

Photo courtesy of Wide World Photos.

go into such buildings for an hour or two, and come out tired or angry. I often wish millions of other Americans could see such places; perhaps then they would know what a sweltering, suffocating July evening does to ghetto people — who are chronically “on edge” about where the next dollar is coming from anyway, and who have only the crowded street for “escape” or relief.

To a panicky, fearful white nation (more guilty than it knows, and therefore more willing to strike back at the people whose actions summon that guilt) the lesson should be clearer than I think it is: the rioters are not nearly as wanton and “irrational,” as thoughtless and heedless, as we would like to believe. They know they are in a distinct minority. They talk about “black power,” but in their bones they recognize and pay their respects to white power, to the millions of white people in this country who own its wealth and make very little effort to share it with the black porters and bellboys, the black handymen and garbagemen, the black maids and janitors, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of idle black men who have to flee their homes so that their wives and children can get a few stingy dollars of relief money.

I have talked with a number of men and women

involved in riots in Boston. The longer I have talked with them, the more I have been reminded of the injunctions I hear Negro parents hand down to their children. Here, for example, are the words used by a mother whose children I see every week:

I tell my boys to watch their step. It don't make any difference what they do here, inside, or in the alley; but when they're outside, going to school or like that, the white man can be around, and there's trouble where he is. So, they know that you can't take on the white people no matter what; whether you're right or wrong, it don't make no difference. Now if Arthur comes home — take him for instance — and tells me he's got it in for some white man he saw on the street — well, then I say, no. I don't want him fighting with anyone, mind you, but it's different with your own, that I know.

She recently moved north from a small town in South Carolina. Any "sassy manners" there on her part or on her children's part would have brought swift and awful retaliation, and she always knew that. She was raised to fear the bossman: "He has the power of life and death over you down there." She may be far away from "there" right now, but it is asking a lot to expect her to forget a lifetime of cruelly oppressive treatment — that is, nothing less than a continuing caste system in this very democracy.

Now here is what one rioter told me:

Well, I joined in. Why not? I figured it was between us, right here on this street. Those cops invaded us, and started swearing and hitting, so we fought back. I can tell you — we'd never go looking for the kind of trouble they bring. That's for sure. You don't understand. No white man does. We just try to mind our own business, and stay clear of whitey — stay as clear, as clear of him as we can, because we know it's no use doing anything else. He don't like you, and he don't want you, and he'll cross you up the first chance he gets — and I mean bad. But if he comes right into our backyard, and attacks us, that's different. That's what the police do; they push us around all day, and then people like you expect us to "mind them" like we were bad kids. My people, they were lynched, lynched all the time. My mother used to tell me the stories: how they'd come in and kill one or two of us if they felt like it, if you so much as looked at them right in the eye about something. And I used to ask her why we didn't fight back — I mean why *they* didn't fight back. We're going to fight back. That's it. That's what all the commotion is about. That's what all the rioting is about. We're fighting back, for the first time. If the white storekeeper calls us a name — they look down on us like we were as low as can be, and they're missionaries out here, except to make money instead of preaching the Word of God — well, he'll get it back a thousand times. Let me tell you, the people here are sick and tired of wisecracks from those storekeepers. And even the cops, if they push and shove

and shout "nigger, move on," well, they'll hear what we have to say back.

But if they leave us alone, we don't want any trouble with them, and that's the truth that every colored man in America knows — at least if he's in his right mind. Have you seen us going outside, trying to find trouble? Man it's whitey coming in here and forcing us back to the walls of our own houses, our own lousy houses — and then we fight back. And, of course, once you start fighting, you settle a lot of accounts. I mean a lot of them. But *none* of this would happen in the first place. None of it. We're told to watch ourselves, and avoid that white man like he was Death Itself. Which is what we do, until He comes in here, right up to our noses. And then, that's it.

At twenty-eight he is years away from hearing his mother's warnings, like those quoted above from a neighbor of his. Yet they agree with one another, the mother and the rioter. He still remembers what she still teaches her young children: watch the white man, fear him, remember his strength, fight him on home grounds, tell him what you think, but tell him from your own turf. For generations Negroes had to do otherwise — submit, surrender, oblige. One need only read John Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town*, written three decades ago in the thirties, to understand the psychological heritage of today's rioters. The Southern Negro had to learn how to endure overwhelming brute force — ready in an instant to crush him; and he did learn. He learned to turn his anger inward, to fight and kill his friends and neighbors, to drink himself insensible, to smile and placate the white man and at the same time hate himself. Judges, lawyers, sheriffs applauded and rewarded that psychological achievement. Years ago, when I lived in Mississippi and first started studying white and Negro families in the South, a policeman I knew who worked for one of the state's more enlightened towns, situated on the Gulf Coast, told me what I had to realize:

We leave them alone, so long as they keep everything to themselves and don't bother us. It has to be pretty bad in nigger-town for us to take much notice. The way I see it, they have to get it out of their systems, especially on Saturday nights, so they drink and fight and carry on. That's the way it is in every town in the state — and all over from what I hear.

Of course it never occurred to him that *he* and his kind were what the Negro has to "get out of his system." Nor does it occur to some of us right now to ask about the history of the Negro's relationship to the law or to the police — both of which we of the white middle-class world urge so insistently, correctly (and nervously) on him today.

Here is a middle-class Negro speaking, a lawyer. He is opposed to the summer riots that broke out

in Boston: in fact, he was outraged and horrified at what he saw. Yet he couldn't help looking back in time as well as at the present awful turn of events:

It's been the worst week of my life. I can't tell you what it does to someone like me. We feel so ashamed of ourselves, and we feel so weak. We want to stop what's going on, but we can't. White officials come to us and want to know why we can't "control" our own people. The fact is they've been under "control" so long that it's ironic hearing "control" suggested — from the mouths of white people. But I agree; it would be fine if all the people in the ghetto were sensible and "rational" — if they knew how to be endlessly patient. I'm not sure it would be "fine" for them, but it would for everyone else, me included, I admit. We lose ground with white people when riots happen, and they forget that it's the Negroes who suffer from the riots, the Negroes and a few white shopkeepers or property owners, who already have made plenty of money from the slums, even taking into account what they lose during a riot.

The thing white people *most* forget, though, is how long Negroes have been having business with the police. I was born North, and so were my parents. But I'm a relative exception. Most Negroes in Northern cities have come up in the past twenty or thirty years, and they've grown up to fear the cops and to hate them. They've seen people beaten and even killed by them. The nation takes notice when a Mississippi sheriff and his deputy are charged with taking part in the murder of white students from the North, but to Negroes it's a fact of life that — as my grandfather used to say — "breathe wrong and they'll be down on you, the police." Say a thing to defend yourself in this city — and any other one, from what I hear — and likely as not the police will beat you so bad you die, or you might just as well be dead. Talk about "riot-control," we need "police-control" and "riot-control."

He wanted to know how I expected people to change their attitudes and their "perceptions," their fears and doubts, within one generation's time, particularly when often enough they have no reason to do so:

They come up here, and it's better for them, in the sense that they aren't hounded down automatically, and at least they can vote and get halfway adequate welfare or medical care, though not always, I'm afraid. But after a while they become disillusioned. They can't get jobs. Life in the ghetto is rotten, rotten, rotten. The cops up here swear and cuss at them, just like down South. It grows on them that for all the travel they really haven't got very far: they're still way at the bottom, and there's no place they can go to make it better.

Again and again I hear his observations confirmed by others, the poorer Negro people he described. Ironically, the recent civil rights struggle, largely fought in the South, coincided with the onset

of real disenchantment and bitterness among the Negroes who only recently *left* the South. I know from my work with Negro families in Boston how stirred they were by the sight of other Negroes marching and demonstrating in Selma, in Jackson, in New Orleans. At the same time they themselves, now in the North, were beginning to wonder what the point of it all was: the search, the change, the transplantation from the familiar oppression of the rural South to the impersonal and frigid kind that prevails up north.

"You come here hoping," one man said to me three years ago, "but you find you've put out too much hope on the line, and you're not going to get anything back. So you just sit and make yourself at home; you and the rats, and you and the broken glass.

"We were fed up long ago, to tell the truth," he went on.

We didn't want to go back, and we don't find it any good up here. They don't want us here any more than they did down there. They used us down there until they had nothing more for us to do, and then they were glad to be rid of us. So we came up here, and there was some work in the factories while the war was going on; but then things started to slump, and now they don't want us up here either. Then, the last few years, we thought it somehow might get better, because of the civil rights movement, you know. But nothing happened. They got the vote back home, and up here they made a few jobs for younger kids, and they said we could have the hydrants open for the little children, if we wanted, and they said to wait, and everything would be OK by the year 2000 or 3000, or some time like that. Well, if it does get better by then, I know one thing now, it won't be because of anything the white people in this city do. Maybe God will come and clean up this mess the way He promised He would. That's the only time it'll get better in this neighborhood, if you ask me."

Why did he recently join in a riot, the man who talked like that to me three years ago? There are no sweeping or categorical answers to such a question. One ghetto youth likened the process to a stew, with one ingredient following another — until "it's there, all done and boiling away." Start with centuries of slavery and its persisting consequences, and add widespread Southern poverty with the resulting shift of millions of bewildered, hungry people from a rural to an urban situation. Add television, with its ability to bring news immediately and vividly to an incredibly wide audience, to "illiterate" people who nevertheless can see and "get the picture," so to speak. Throw in hot weather and a confusing war that has stalemated much of the progress that was being made or could be made.

And finally, don't forget the densely packed

people, so chronically fearful, so naturally vulnerable to all the rumors and crosscurrents of any crowd that forms. They all accumulate, and people like me call them "factors": the incidents and "underlying conditions," the "national atmosphere," and the specific outrages. Then, suddenly, the explosion comes. The weather is especially sticky. The Congress has been unusually insulting. I wish some of those congressmen who laughed off the floor of the House of Representatives a proposed law to combat rats could have seen what I did, the faces of ghetto youths as they heard about it all on the evening television news programs. I also wish some of those congressmen would see some of the rat bites I have had to treat. We underestimate the ability of the "poor" and the "illiterate" or "disadvantaged" to pick up quite clearly what is important, what will help them, or what will once more make a mockery of their aspirations and difficulties; and yes, what is going on in the Congress. Finally, an incident occurs. A slur is uttered. A mistake occurs in an arrest, or for that matter a quite legitimate arrest is attempted. A provocative gesture is made by a youth, by a policeman, by anyone. And *basta*, enough, "that does it."

Once the riot is on its way, the absurd possibilities, the absurd, illogical desires that lurk in all of us, have no trouble finding expression. It should come as no surprise that poor people try to seize possessions, and gloat at the success they can achieve at least as vandals and looters. In point of fact, from what I have seen, there are several different kinds of rioters. Some are essentially of the middle class — educated Negroes who are very much identified with the civil rights movement and feel cheated at its demise in the North. Some are working men and women, with jobs and modest means, who nevertheless feel they are treated like no one else in this country. A report of police brutality does not cause them to hesitate, to investi-

gate the truth of the charge. They believe the white world capable of anything, and can usually offer personal experiences as proof. Then, in very significant numbers, one finds the "ghetto poor," people on welfare, who barely make a go of it from day to day. They will often join a riot that has started, and can be heard saying "That's the limit" or "We can't take anymore, so let's show them how we feel." Finally, there are certain kinds of "leaders," some of them shrewd and unscrupulous people who are quite willing to exploit the grievances of their people for all sorts of purposes. No group in America is without its dishonest and hysterical politicians. Negroes have stupid and wild men trying to take them over, even as the corn belt and the cotton belt have produced their share of demagogues; and white demagogues become governors and senators, while their Negro counterparts are usually more pathetic than effectively sinister. From what I have seen in several Northern ghettos, we are fooling ourselves badly if we think a few loudmouthed and absurd political extremists are responsible for the widespread and continuing disorders in our cities today.

We are living through a terrible historical irony. It has to be said again and again: the law which rioting Negroes now defy once decreed them to be chattel, pure and simple; and until recently that law, that order, that "way of life" denied them — in their American homeland, the South — even the right to vote. Negroes now seize property, but once they *were* property. One hundred years ago the nation had to fight a bloody civil war before white men could even grant citizenship to black men. Today millions of Negroes still feel apart, hopelessly and impossibly so. They are a nation within a nation, and until that awful division of territory, money, and power is somehow bridged, until studies and inquiries and prescriptions become actions, rioting will continue.



BLACK GHETTOS

WHERE GHETTO SCHOOLS FAIL

by JONATHAN KOZOL

In this second of a two-part series on ghetto schools, the author, a thirty-year-old Harvard graduate and novelist, describes the sequence of events that led to his dismissal from one of Boston's Roxbury schools—for bringing into his classroom reading materials he felt bridged the gap between the ghetto environment of his pupils and the prejudices and irrelevancies of their antiquated textbooks. The following article is taken from Mr. Kozol's book entitled DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE, to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin.

THERE has been so much recent talk of progress in the areas of curriculum innovation and textbook revision that few people outside the field of teaching understand how bad most of our elementary school materials still are. In isolated suburban school districts children play ingenious Monopoly games revised to impart an immediate and first-person understanding of economic problems in the colonial period. In private schools, kindergarten children begin to learn about numbers with brightly colored sticks known as cuisenaire rods, and second-grade children are introduced to mathematics through the ingenuity of a package of odd-shaped figures known as Attribute Games. But in the majority of schools in Roxbury and Harlem and dozens of other slum districts stretching west across the country, teaching techniques, textbooks, and other teaching aids are hopelessly antique, largely obsolete, and often insulting or psychologically oppressive for many thousands of Negro and other minority schoolchildren.

I once made a check of all books in my fourth-grade classroom. Of the slightly more than six hundred books, almost one quarter had been published prior to the bombing of Hiroshima; 60 percent were either ten years old or older. Of thirty-two different book series standing in rows within the cupboard, only six were published as recently as five years ago,

and seven series were twenty to thirty-five years old. These figures put into perspective some of the lofty considerations and expensive research projects sponsored by even the best of the curriculum development organizations, for they suggest that educational progress and innovation are reaching chiefly the children of rich people rather than the children of the urban poor.

Obsolescence, however, was not the only problem in our textbooks. Direct and indirect forms of discrimination were another. The geography book given to my pupils, first published eighteen years ago and only modestly updated since, traced a cross-country journey in which there was not one mention, hint, or image of a dark-skinned face. The chapter on the South described an idyllic landscape in the heart of Dixie: pastoral home of hardworking white citizens, contented white children, and untroubled white adults.

While the history book mentioned Negroes—in its discussion of slavery and the Civil War—the tone of these sections was ambiguous. “Men treasure freedom above all else,” the narrative conceded at one point, but it also pointed out that slavery was not an altogether dreadful institution: “Most Southern people treated their slaves kindly,” it related, and then quoted a stereotyped plantation owner as saying: “Our slaves have good homes and

plenty to eat. When they are sick, we take care of them. . . ."

While the author favored emancipation, he found it necessary to grant to arguments on the other side a patriotic legitimacy: "No one can truly say, 'The North was right' or 'The Southern cause was better.' Remember, each side fought for the ideals it believed in. For in Our America all of us have the right to our beliefs."

When my class had progressed to the cotton chapter in our geography book, I decided to alter the scheduled reading. Since I was required to make use of the textbook, and since its use, I believed, was certain to be damaging, I decided to supply the class with extra material in the form of a mimeographed sheet. I did not propose to tell the children any tales about lynchings, beatings, or the Ku Klux Klan. I merely wanted to add to the study of cotton-growing some information about the connection between the discovery of Eli Whitney's cotton gin and the greater growth of slavery.

I had to submit this material to my immediate superior in the school, a lady whom I will call the Reading Teacher. The Reading Teacher was a well-intentioned woman who had spent several years in ghetto classrooms, but who, like many other teachers, had some curiously ambivalent attitudes toward the children she was teaching. I recall the moment after I had handed her that sheet of paper. Looking over the page, she agreed with me immediately that it was accurate. Nobody, she said, was going to quibble with the idea that cotton, the cotton gin, and slavery were all intertwined. But it was the question of the "advisability of any mention of slavery to the children at this time," which, she said, she was presently turning over in her mind. "Would it," she asked me frankly, "truly serve the advantage of the children at this stage to confuse and complicate the study of simple geography with socioeconomic factors?" Why expose the children, she was asking essentially, to unpleasant facts about their heritage?

Then, with an expression of the most honest and intense affection for the children in the class, she added: "I don't want these children to have to think back on this year later on and to remember that we were the ones who told them they were Negro." This remark seemed to take one step further the attitude of the textbook writers. Behind the statement lay the unspoken assumption that to be Negro was a shameful condition. The longer this knowledge could be kept from the innocent young, the better off they would be.

After the journey across America, the class was to study the life of the desert Arab. Before we began, the Reading Teacher urged upon me a book which she said she had used with her own classes for a great many years. It was not the same book

the children had. She told me she preferred it, but that it was too old to be in regular use.

I took the book home that night and opened it up to a section on the Arabs:

The Bedouin father is tall and straight. He wears a robe that falls to his ankles and his bare feet are shod in sandals of camel's leather. . . . Behind the Bedouin father walk his wife and his children. . . .

These people are fine looking. Their black eyes are bright and intelligent. Their features are much like our own, and, although their skin is brown, they belong to the white race, as we do. It is scorching desert sun that has tanned the skin of the Arabs to such a dark brown color.

Turning to a section on Europe, I read the following description:

Two Swiss children live in a farmhouse on the edge of town. . . . These children are handsome. Their eyes are blue. Their hair is golden yellow. Their white skins are clear, and their cheeks are as red as ripe, red apples.

Curious after this to see how the African Negroes would be treated, I turned to a section on the Congo Valley:

The black people who live on this great continent of Africa were afraid of the first white men who came to explore their land. They ran and hid from them in the dark jungle. They shot poisoned arrows from behind the thick bushes. They were savage and uncivilized. . . .

Yumbo and Minko are a black boy and a black girl who live in this jungle village. Their skins are of so dark a color that they look almost black. Their noses are large and flat. Their lips are thick. Their eyes are black and shining, and their hair is so curly that it seems like wool. They are Negroes and belong to the black race.

Perhaps without being conscious of it, the Reading Teacher had her own way of telling the children what it meant to be Negro.

Not all books used in a school system, merely by the law of averages, are going to be consistently and blatantly poor. A large number of the books we had in Boston were only mildly distorted or else devastatingly bad only in one part. One such book, not used in my school but at the junior high level, was entitled *Our World Today*. Right and wrong, good and bad alternate in this book from sentence to sentence and from page to page:

The people of the British Isles are, like our own, a mixed people. Their ancestors were the sturdy races of northern Europe, such as Celts, Angles, Saxons, Danes and Normans, whose energy and abilities still appear in their descendants. With such a splendid inheritance what could be more natural than that the British should explore and settle many parts of the

world and in time build up the world's greatest colonial empire? . . .

The people of South Africa have one of the most democratic governments now in existence in any country. . . .

Africa needs more capitalists. . . . White managers are needed . . . to show the Negroes how to work and to manage their plantations. . . .

In our study of the nations of the world, we should try to understand the people and their problems from their point of view. We ought to have a sympathetic attitude towards them, rather than condemn them through ignorance because they do not happen always to have our ways. . . .

The Negro is very quick to imitate and follow the white man's way of living and dressing. . . .

The white man may remain for short periods and direct the work, but he cannot . . . do the work himself. He must depend on the natives to do the work. . . .

The white men who have entered Africa are teaching the natives how to live. . . .

Sooner or later, books like these will be put to pasture. Either that, or they will be carefully doctored and rewritten. But the problem they represent is not going to be resolved in any important way by their removal or revision. Too many teachers admire and depend on such textbooks, and prefer to teach from them. The attitudes of these teachers are likely to remain long after the books have been replaced.

PLENTY of good books are available, of course, that give an honest picture of the lives of black Americans. The tutorial programs in Boston have been using them, and so have many of the more enlightened private schools. In the public schools of this city, however, it is difficult to make use of books that depart from the prescribed curriculum. When I made a tentative effort to introduce such materials into my classroom, I encountered firm resistance.

Earlier in the year I had brought to school a book of poetry by the Negro author Langston Hughes. I had not used it in the classroom, but it did at least make its way onto a display board in the auditorium as part of an exhibit on important American Negroes, set up to pay lip service to "Negro History Week."

To put a book by a Negro poet on display is one thing. To open the book and attempt to read something from it is quite another. In the last weeks of the spring I discovered the difference when I began to read a few of the poems to the children in my class. It was during a period in which I also was reading them some poems of John Crowe Ransom, Robert Frost, and W. B. Yeats.

Hughes, I have come to learn, holds an extraordinary appeal for many children. I knew this from some earlier experiences in other classes, and I remembered, in particular, the reaction of a group of young teen-agers in a junior high the first time I ever had brought his work into a public school. On the book's cover, the children could see the picture of the dark-skinned author, and they did not fail to comment. Their comments concentrated on that single, obvious, overriding fact: "*Look — that man's colored.*"

The same reaction was evident here, too, among my fourth-grade students: the same gratification and the same very vivid sense of recognition. It seemed a revelation to them that a man could have black skin and be a famous author.

Of all the poems of Langston Hughes that we read, the one the children liked the best was a poem entitled "Ballad of the Landlord." The reason, I think, that this piece of writing had so much meaning for them was not only that it seemed moving in an obvious and immediate human way, but also that it *found* its emotion in something ordinary. It is a poem which allows both heroism and pathos to poor people, sees strength in awkwardness, and attributes to a poor person standing on the stoop of his slum house every bit as much significance as William Wordsworth saw in daffodils, waterfalls, and clouds. At the request of the children, I mimeographed some copies of that poem, and although nobody in the classroom was asked to do this, several of the children took it home and memorized it on their own. I did not assign it for memory, because I do not think that memorizing a poem has any special value. Some of the children just came in and asked if they could recite it. Before long, almost every child in the room had asked to have a turn.

One day a week later, shortly before lunchtime, I was standing in front of my class playing a record of French children's songs I had brought in. A message-signal on the wall began to buzz. I left the room and hurried to the principal's office. A white man whom I had never seen before was sitting by her desk. This man, bristling and clearly hostile to me, as was the principal, instantly attacked me for having read to my class and distributed at their wish the poem entitled "Ballad of the Landlord." It turned out that he was the father of one of the few white boys in the class. He was also a police officer.

The mimeograph of the poem, in my handwriting, was waved before my eyes. The principal demanded to know what right I had to allow such a poem — not in the official course of study — to be read and memorized by children. I said I had not asked anyone to memorize it, but that I would defend the poem and its use on the basis

that it was a good poem. The principal became incensed with my answer and blurted out that she did not consider it a work of art.

The parent was angry as well, it turned out, about a book having to do with the United Nations. I had brought a book to class, one of sixty or more volumes, that told about the UN and its Human Rights Commission. The man, I believe, had mistaken "human rights" for "civil rights" and was consequently in a patriotic rage. The principal, in fairness, made the point that she did not think there was anything wrong with the United Nations, although in the report later filed on the matter, she denied this, and said, instead, "I then spoke and said that I felt there was no need for this material in the classroom." The principal's report went on to say that she assured the parent, after I had left the room, that "there was not another teacher in the district who would have used this poem or any material like it. I assured him that his children would be very safe from such incidents."

I returned to my class, as requested, and a little before two o'clock the principal called me back to tell me I was fired. She forbade me to say good-bye to the children in the class or to indicate in any way that I was leaving. She said that I was to close up my records, leave the school, and report to School Department headquarters the next morning.

The next day an official who had charge of my case at the School Department took a much harder line on curriculum innovation than I had ever heard before. No literature, she said, which is not in the course of study could *ever* be read by a Boston teacher without permission of someone higher up. She said further that no poem by any Negro author could be considered permissible if it involved suffering. I asked her whether there would be many good poems left to read by such a standard. Wouldn't it rule out almost all great Negro literature? Her answer evaded the issue. No poetry that described suffering was felt to be suitable. The only Negro poetry that could be read in the Boston schools, she indicated, must fit a certain kind of standard. The kind of poem she meant, she said by way of example, might be a poem that "accentuates the positive" or "describes nature" or "tells of something hopeful."

The same official went on a few minutes later to tell me that any complaint from a parent meant automatic dismissal. "You're out," she said. "You

cannot teach in the Boston schools again. If you want to teach, why don't you try a private school someday?"

Other Boston officials backed up these assertions in statements released during the following hectic days. The deputy superintendent, who wielded considerable authority over these matters, pointed out that although Langston Hughes "has written much beautiful poetry, we cannot give directives to the teacher to use literature written in native dialects." She explained: "We are trying to break the speech patterns of these children, trying to get them to speak properly. This poem does not present correct grammatical expression and would just entrench the speech patterns we want to break."

A couple of weeks later, winding up an investigation into the matter, School Committee member Thomas Eisenstadt concluded that school officials had handled things correctly. Explaining in his statement that teachers are dismissed frequently when found lacking in either "training, personality or character," he went on to say that "Mr. Kozol, or anyone else who lacks the personal discipline to abide by rules and regulations, as we all must in our civilized society, is obviously unsuited for the highly responsible profession of teaching."

In thinking back upon my year within the Boston system, I am often reminded of a kind of sad-keyed epilogue that the Reading Teacher used to bring forward sometimes at the end of a discussion: "Things are changing," she used to say with feeling; "I am changing too — but everything cannot happen just like that."

Perhaps by the time another generation comes around a certain modest number of these things will have begun to be corrected. But if I were the parent of a Negro child, I know that I would not willingly accept a calendar of improvements scaled so slowly. The anger of the mother whose child's years in elementary school have been squandered may seem inexplicable to a person like the Reading Teacher. To that mother, it is the complacency and hypocrisy of a society that could sustain and foster so many thousands of people like the Reading Teacher that seem extraordinary. The comfortable people who don't know and don't see the ghettos deliberate in their committee rooms. Meanwhile, the children whose lives their decisions are either going to save or ruin are expected to sit quietly, fold their hands patiently, recite their lessons, draw their margins, bite their tongues, swallow their dignities, and smile and wait.

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

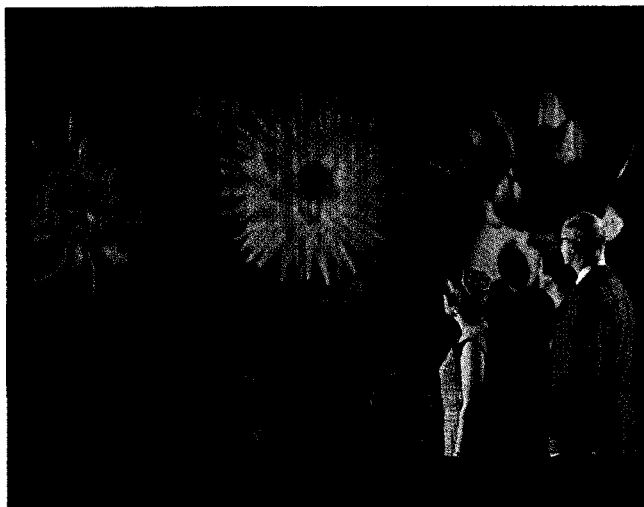
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3. Music, theater, and movie critic for a pure-highbrow FM radio station.
4. Owner and operator of a one-man cottage industry that manufactures neckties which sell well to the visual arts crowd.
5. Secretary for 15 years of Dartmouth's Class of 1949.
6. Scaler of 45 of the 46 highest peaks of the Adirondacks.
7. Non-Ph.D. husband to a Ph.D. wife (who has more time to teach history at two colleges, now that their eldest daughter is at the University of Chicago and only the two younger boys are home).

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What I need don't come in suitcases

A Story by RALPH MALONEY

"Everybody who lives on an island is a little bit crazy. That's why Manhattan was so much fun before everybody commuted to the mainland." This is only one of the ample reflections of the man in the story who steps into an aluminum phone booth on another, smaller island and winds up talking to nowhere. Ralph Maloney's entertaining novel about the rum-running days, THE GREAT BONACKER WHISKEY WAR (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is now at the bookstores.

AT THE bottom of the heart's awful pile there is a place cold and durable as a clam that stares out of the oddly circular eyes of the stacked inmates of Auschwitz and of men being swapped at Panmunjom; stares out of old, grainy AP photos of — what are they? — bone-skinny little-boy manikins with stringy malnutrition beards. This cold place in the heart, the clam under discussion, is tough to get to and lousy when you get there, but it is imperative to come close to it at some time in one's life.

Closer, anyway, than the women behind the rimless glasses in the right front seat of recent Plymouths who have been staring flat at me these past few weeks. Squinty, hateface, staring at me boldly, understanding no peril, until actually it is I who looks away. Little old hubby-daddy at the wheel is afraid of me and pretends to scan the bay; but she stares. They paid nine sixty the couple to ride the ferry to this island I'm on, and there is nothing here to do or see, so they drive around very slowly all day, and they look at me two or three times, and my privy.

("What's that little house right next to that shack, Elliott?" she asks, who never saw indoor plumbing until the Rural Electrification Act.

"Prolly some kyna storehouse," says Elliott, bathroom uneasy.)

Come closer, too, than Elliott, who didn't see anybody dead until he was twenty-six, when it is too late — and then the body was under a tarpaulin next to an automobile salad, which was no help at all, connected death to nothing. He was born amid great noise, earned a high school diploma at home, never did a goddamned thing in his life, and now he is retired. That's it, you see. It is all right to do nothing always and die. But he is not dead. He is retired.

(There is a theory that prolonged isolation alters the very chemical structure of the brain. I am learning why solitary confinement is a punishment. Bear with me.)

The funny thing is, I like Elliott. He shares with me all kinds of awkwardnesses and uncertainties. We fear different things — he is afraid of Italians and debt, and as will become apparent I am afraid of insanity and dying — but we are equally afraid. We like pretty much the same things, man talk no matter what it's about, the golf on television. I like things harder, more, than Elliott; but that's no virtue on my part nor is it a failing on his.

But old sanitary hateface at his side — I mean to say I don't like her. She is a mother-in-law now, and celebrated in cartoon and story as weak, vindictive, unforgiving, and loud. Quite true, you say on brief acquaintance, but what's funny

about that? The answer is Nothing is funny about that. She is a waste of fresh air and orange juice, a waste of clean cotton underwear, any landscape she ever looked at, and a waste of frog's legs if she ever ate a frog's leg. She stares me down unrelenting, the light making bright flashing squares of her glasses. If a man looked at me with such an absence of esteem, I would break his face or die trying. But she can peer at me in any way she wishes because she is not simply unconquerable, she is unassailable in a world I have somehow inherited. I can't touch her, which, of course, is why I hate her. I am afraid. Why else hate?

Everybody who lives on an island is a little bit crazy. That's why Manhattan was so much fun before everybody commuted to the mainland. It is unnecessary at this juncture in our narrative to report that the resident loony of Ocracoke Island (speaking) has a stability problem, but believe me, it is not my fault at all. Because what it comes down to is this aforementioned cold clam place in the heart, and mine has been reached too often and too well lately, and I see those Panmunjom-Auschwitz eyes in the mirror and I say Yes, this is insanity, but there seems to be no choice, no alternative. After you know that there is not a hell of a lot left to learn.

For many years I sent a wire every spring to Tom Yawkey, the owner of the Boston Red Sox, offering him a power-hitting third baseman with a magician's glove. Then Frank Malzone came up to play third base for the Red Sox, having been delayed two years by a real good hit in that clam place I'm talking about when his kid died, and I decided I was not a third baseman anymore but a right-handed middle-innings reliever with a world of savvy, knows the hitters, and I wired Yawkey about that every spring for many more years. I never got an answer. I asked a Red Sox front-office man why I never got an answer (not an invitation to try out, for heaven's sake, just an answer). We were at the bar of a first-rate restaurant on East Forty-eighth Street in New York, having drinks before lunch, and when the front-office man opened his mouth to explain things to me, he threw up all over himself.

I tell that dreadful story to divert myself and to spare you how lousy things are. But if I am resolute for a moment, perhaps I can creep up on how things are. Listen: I once interviewed on camera three winos sitting in a doorway on the Bowery. It was for British television. The winos all had jobs and wore clean chinos, and their idea of a good time was to drink thirty-seven-cent sneaky pete in a doorway and talk. Crazy, right?

At any rate, I told them the junk they were drinking would kill them quicker than anything they could drink without lye in it, and the lush on the

left stood up and said, "You think I'm afraid to die? I ain't afraid to die. Why do you think they got fences around graveyards? Keep the people out!" I thought that was great and bought them some wine, but when we got back to the studios it turned out some four-hundred-dollar cameraman had been "two stops out," whatever that is, during the filming, and it all had to be reshot or thrown away. At great expense to the management but no extra cost to you, I took a camera crew back to the same doorway the next day, and the same guys were there. I tried to get the lush on the left to tell me again about fences and graveyards and people, and he shook his head No. They were none of them at all camera-shy, and it bothered me that this man wouldn't perform one more time. "Yesterday you told me you weren't afraid to die," I said. "You said the reason they have fences around graveyards is to keep the people out."

He nodded. "That was yesterday," he said.

But I'm still walking around it as though it were a beached ray, prodding it with a stick to see if it's still alive, watching the wicked tail. Or perhaps it's this way: In "Big Two-Hearted River," Hemingway fishes upstream until he reaches the headwater marsh and the cattails standing tall in the ooze, and he can't force himself to go any farther. And that is where I stand now, but I'm going farther.

I was once desperately loved by a plain and intolerably rich girl named Lee. Nobody who has not been in that situation can know what a bore it is. She kept a split case of Gordon's and Dewar's under the bathroom sink because being adored can make one insanely nervous, and I needed all the help I could get. But even that didn't really do it, and after a while I had to get out. One afternoon when Lee was downtown telling Cartier where to get off, I packed my two grubby Samsonite suitcases and was standing like a refugee at the front door when she walked in. She was a very nice girl, and her face was so bad when she saw what I was doing that I stayed. I couldn't cause any more pain that day. She got into the scotch pretty bad later on, and she said, "I can't stand the thought of you with anybody else. You're so beautiful."

Absolutely without cruelty, without rudeness even, I laughed in her face, her nice, plain face. I know what there is of me, and if there is one thing it ain't, it's beautiful. Finally I got Lee to lie down and then to sleep. I left without the suitcases—traveling light, and what I need don't come in suitcases. On the sidewalk I heard Lee call, and I looked up and saw her standing on a four-inch ledge three stories above me. I talked her back through the window because I could not then abide the prospect of her head hitting the

pavement. I went back upstairs and put her to bed.

Later, when my nerves were truly gone and I had left Lee, I saw her at a formal dinner party of all of our friends. I was with a pretty girl who held me in light regard. Lee walked in the door in a gown that surely cost a year's salary for a UAW mechanic (\$4.50 an hour, last time I looked), and her face collapsed in pain when she saw me. I could not have hurt her more if I had hit her with a tire iron.

That's what pain is. Just before my youngest brother died an auctioneer on the West Side took his last fourteen dollars for a watch that had no insides, and bullied him out. To stay with the family for the moment, let me demonstrate that the more traditional hurts really don't matter. When Moms died I carried her to bed and took off my necktie to tie her jaw shut, and I decided to take two new bridges out of her mouth for the gold. The nurse stopped me, saying, "Her face'll look all sunk," and I said, nineteen then, "Easy come, easy go," and stuck the bridges back in. Didn't hurt at all.

But here it is. I am homing on it now. A friend of mine was wintering in Bavaria in 1945 and heard male voices speaking in German behind a cement bunker. Some whiskey-in-a-jelly-glass rebel covered him, and he crept to the bunker and took a grenade from his belt. He meant to tuck the grenade in there and when the fragments settled, go in and shoot up what was left. In the movies they pull grenade pins with their teeth, but a grenade pin is a cotter pin and you might try tomorrow to bite one off your kid's bike. While my friend, Pete, was trying to flatten the cotter pin he heard women's voices, and then children's voices, and he held the grenade and bellied down the slope and saw two fat krauts playing some noisy game for the last cigarette and two young women herding perhaps eight children. "Americanishe!" the kids cried on cue. "Chocolat!"

But me, I can always get the pin out of the grenade. Ocracoke Island is spooky and full of legends and working pirates and wild horses. A hot wind blows always and things go bang in the night and there are footsteps. If you wake up in the middle of the night, don't wake me. Even the sunsets — a hundred miles wide and twenty high

— spook me. So I walked, scared at twilight, to one of those aluminum cubes somebody sold the telephone company for isolated outdoor booths, and called home collect. One kid got on each phone, and we told lies to each other about how marvelous things were. When we had talked for quite a while my wife came on the phone and said, "What are we supposed to do for money?"

"Little attention-getting device, right?" The cotter pin was flat, moving out nicely.

"The telephone company called. And you know that smell when you're at the bottom of the propane tanks?"

"Borrow from your mother." The cotter pin was out. Soon I had only to lift my thumb and the grenade would be armed.

"My mother doesn't have any money."

I could see her standing with her silken shoulder blades almost touching in outrage. Exquisite. Take my word. "You mean little old rimless hate-face nana-mommy is broke?" I said. "Pawn her Timex, her motel towels. Sell her back issues of *Arizona Sunsets* and *Presbyterian Life*." I was frothing like a horse named Red I once won considerable money on at Suffolk Downs. Solitude alters one. "Stand around the corner your mouth in a pout. Swing your purse under a streetlamp, you want some money." The grenade was exploding all around all of us.

"Are you crazy?" Excellent question.

"Will you accept a collect call from a Mr. Baloney in Ocracoke, North Carolina?" a voice said.

"Operator! The call has already been placed!"

"No," my wife said, and hung up.

"They don't answer," the operator said, to spare me rejection.

"The world is in a state of chassis," I said, and I hung up.

I stepped out of the curious aluminum cube somebody sold the phone company into the spooky Ocracoke twilight with the unending and strangely uncooling wind. I had thirteen cents in my pocket and could not pay for a call home. I walked around the parking lot where the phone booth was with my hands on my hips like a halfback kid after practice, knowing what I had done wrong all day, all year, but hurting now, and too tired to change a thing.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING MAJOR The Poetry

by Peter Davison As time takes its toll of those who brought American poetry into flower after World War I, who are the likely successors to Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, and Theodore Roethke? Mr. Davison, whose latest book of poems, *THE CITY AND THE ISLAND*, was published by Atheneum last year, nominates Robert Lowell and James Dickey for the honor.

THE common lament on our campuses is the dearth of "major poets," and the critics are scuttling to find one. If they cannot find him, surely they can invent him: study someone until he turns out to be major by simply dominating the course catalogues. The distinction between major and minor in poetry has not often been useful except when discriminating between a Homer, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Goethe — and the others. Yet today critics pick over the contemporary and near-contemporary crops of poetry with all the concentration of cannery workers sorting and grading fruit.

W. H. Auden, in the introduction to his recent fascinating anthology *19th Century British Minor Poets* (Delacorte, \$6.00), sets down some suggestive rules in the matter:

One cannot say that a major poet writes better poems than a minor; on the contrary the chances are that, in the course of his lifetime, the major poet will write more bad poems than the minor. . . . To qualify as major, a poet, it seems to me, must satisfy about three and a half of the following five conditions.

1. He must write a lot.
2. His poems must show a wide range in subject matter and treatment.
3. He must exhibit an unmistakable originality of vision and style.
4. He must be a master of verse technique.
5. In the case of all poets we distinguish between their juvenilia and their mature work, but [the major poet's] process of maturing continues until he dies. . . .

Before going a step further, note that Mr. Auden, not a native American, omits one criterion that most American poets would probably put at the head of their list: The major poet tries harder, is more ambitious, more "serious." We think we must huff and puff in order to blow the house down.

Of all American poets of fifty or under, there are

only two who could yet be thought in the running to pass Mr. Auden's tests: Robert Lowell and James Dickey. In most respects they are as different as American poets can be. Lowell is a son of New England; Dickey, of the South. Lowell comes from and makes much of one of America's great aristocratic families; Dickey writes as a Populist without politics. Lowell looks constantly to the civilized past — to Rome (both pagan Rome and Christian Rome), to the puritan ethic and the puritan neurosis, to the city (both in Europe and in America), to the dramatic aspects of poetry, to the sound of voices, to the tradition of Coleridge and Matthew Arnold and T. S. Eliot. Dickey, no less learned than Lowell, carries the literary past more lightly, but his poems explore our overgrown forest of archetypal scenes and situations; they deal with animals and hunting, with war and wounds, with drowning and flying; with domestic life rather than family history; with pantheism rather than Catholicism; with death and transfiguration rather than funerals; with transformations of shapes and states of being rather than with the damage wrought by time and society. In form, Lowell leans toward the elegy, the dramatic monologue, the verse play; Dickey toward the dithyramb, the narrative, the sermon. Lowell looks to the Atlantic Ocean and across it, Dickey to the great American wilderness and within the continent.

Robert Lowell has been publishing work of the first quality for over twenty years, and he has received ample recognition almost from the start. A privately printed volume, *Land of Unlikeness* (1944), was soon followed by *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946), which, incorporating the earlier volume, was immediately rewarded with a Pulitzer Prize. Lowell was barely thirty. *Lord Weary's Castle* was notable not only for the force and intensity of the poems it contained but for the complexity and

of Robert Lowell and James Dickey



"The flies,
the flies,
the flies
of Babylon
Buzz in my
ear-drums."



"The dead
have their
chance in
my body."

variety with which it echoed the literary and cultural assumptions of the day. These years just after World War II were the heyday of American Studies in the universities, of a self-conscious literary nationalism. *Lord Weary's Castle*, despite its Scottish title, was full of allusions to the principal figures and settings of the American literary tradition: Jonathan Edwards, Hawthorne, Melville (the Melville of *Moby Dick* and *Billy Budd*), Salem, New Bedford, Nantucket, Boston, and graveyards, graveyards, graveyards. The New England of this book and of the next, *The Mills of the Kavanaughs*, was a bleak helpless landscape filling up with the dead and memories of the dead. The puritan ethic and its failures were violently contrasted with the presence everywhere in the poems of Roman Catholic ritual, for in those days Lowell had been received into the Catholic faith and had not yet left it.

Heaven and earth showed themselves in the repeatedly opposed symbols of the rainbow and the whale, those lightest and heaviest of things: "Atlantic, you are fouled with the blue sailors,/ Sea-monsters, upward angel, downward fish." The violence and terror that have always lain at the heart of Lowell's poetry were there in plenty:

The bones cry for the blood of the white whale,
The fat flukes arch and whack about its ears,
The death-lance churns into the sanctuary, tears
The gun-blue swingle, heaving like a flail,
And hacks the coiling life out. . . .

In *Lord Weary's Castle* and *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* (1951), the theme was *memento mori*, and it was as much a social and prophetic indictment hurled at decaying New England as it was an echo of the late-medieval, plague-haunted absorption with the facts of death and decay. Corruption lay at the heart of the New England achievement in the capture of slaves, the slaughter of whales, the

Photograph of Robert Lowell by Elsa Dorfman.

imposition of theocracy, and the death of ancestors. The early poems of Lowell circled obsessively around the presence of original sin but held out no hope for the bestowal of grace.

The Mills of the Kavanaughs is the most richly melodic, the most hieratic, the most New-England-haunted of all Lowell's work. The stylistic influence of John Crowe Ransom is more evident in this book than in any before or since. It is today the least accessible and the least notorious of Lowell's books, and it contained (as had *Lord Weary*) a few "imitations," poems in which Lowell used a model from a foreign language to write a poem of his own which resembled, and in certain respects translated, the original. He has made dramatic versions of Racine's *Phèdre*, of stories by Hawthorne and Melville, of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*; and he has published a whole volume of imitations of lyrics and satirical poems from numerous languages which he cannot himself read.

For some years after the appearance of *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* Lowell appeared to be floundering in search of a new poetic style, having abandoned the rich textures that he had embroidered in his first two books:

. . . you trip and lance
Your finger at a crab. It strikes. You rub
It inch-meal to a bilge of shell. You dance
Child-crazy over tub and gunnel, grasping
Your pitchfork like a trident, poised to stab
The greasy eel-grass clasping and unclasping
The jellied iridescence of the crab.

This is preternatural writing, of the kind that the sea and its contents often seem to arouse in Lowell: teeming, aggressive, chaotic, frenzied, gulping at violence for the taste of it.

Lowell's next phase was heavily, absorbedly, reminiscent. During the fifties he wrote poems about history, elegies to his friends, evocations of his

family. In the last section of *Life Studies* (1959) he suddenly abandoned all rhetoric, all dogma, all evasion, all displacement of violence, and spoke as himself, naked, in "Man and Wife":

Tamed by *Miltown*, we lie on Mother's bed;
the rising sun in war paint dyes us red;
in broad daylight her gilded bed-posts shine. . . .
All night I've held your hand,
as if you had
a fourth time faced the kingdom of the mad —
its hackneyed speech, its homicidal eye —

Or in "Skunk Hour":

One dark night,
My Tudor Ford climbed the hill's skull;
I watched for love-cars. Lights turned down,
they lay together, hull to hull,
where the graveyard shelves on the town. . . .
My mind's not right. . . .

I myself am hell;
nobody's here —

These poems were shocking in their confessional directness, and they struck their first readers with terrific impact. As one of the book's reviewers, I must confess that my admiration was at first outweighed by my discomfort. Viewed in the perspective of Lowell's total work, *Life Studies* now seems to me his highest achievement.

The synthesis of *Life Studies* was consolidated in *For the Union Dead* (1964), which contains some masterful pieces but also much that is trivial — fleeting and unresolved recollections of the past, friendships, love. The patrician begins to reassert himself. There is renewed talk of law, of the decadence of the present day. The magnificent title poem contains all these elements. The Boston monument to Robert Gould Shaw and his Civil War Negro troops has a Latin motto that says "They gave up everything to serve the state." But the poet calls on childhood memories of the South Boston Aquarium, when a teacher gave his class "an unhealthy, eager, little lecture on the sewage-consumption of the conger eel." The contrast is drawn once again between New England's tradition ("On a thousand small town New England greens, / the old white churches hold their air / of sparse, sincere rebellion"), its illusions (" . . . Hiroshima boiling / over a Mosler Safe, the 'Rock of Ages' / that survived the blast"), and its actuality:

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere,
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

This book, it seemed, was Lowell's farewell to Boston. Once more it looked as though his autobiographical effort had left him beached. He was, once more, turning to a more generalized past and

prophesying on the American Experience; but there is more of the whale than the rainbow in his new work. In *Near the Ocean* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967, \$6.00) he is gasping for air. Even in appearance it differs from his earlier books: it is bulkier, more expensive, decorated with uninspired drawings by the Australian artist Sidney Nolan, padded out to look grand. And it has returned to some of the themes of *Lord Weary's Castle* (" . . . one more line / unravelling from the dark design / spun by God and Cotton Mather"). The book contains only seven new original poems, none very long; the balance, 71 out of its 128 pages, are imitations, mainly from the Roman. Lowell has written better.

The new poems reveal more clearly than his past work the tug-of-war between the impulse to personal poetry on the one hand, and the Imperial Style on the other. Alas, the Emperor has won out, the Napoleon who has so often served as a character in Lowell's poems.

The opening poem in *Near the Ocean*, "Waking Early Sunday Morning," was first printed in the *New York Review of Books* in August, 1965. In its original version it was stupendous. For almost the first time in his career, Lowell had in one poem brought the squalor and disappointment of personal life into collision with the horrendous impersonal forces in the world. For some reason, however, he thought better of this poem before including it in *Near the Ocean*, and in its 1967 version numerous lines have been deleted and weak substitutions have been made. The deleted lines are in italics:

Oh to break loose like the chinook
salmon jumping and falling back,
nosing up to the impossible
stone and bone-crushing waterfall. . . .

*Time to grub up and junk the year's
output, a dead wood of dry verse:
dim confession, coy revelation,
liftings, listless self-imitation,
whole days when I could hardly speak,
came pluming home unshaven, weak
and willing to read anyone
things done before and better done. . . .*

More significantly, perhaps, compare these two versions of the ninth stanza. Is the later version in any real respect an improvement on the earlier?

1965

Empty, irresolute, ashamed,
when the sacred texts are named,
I lie here on my bed apart,
and when I look into my heart,
I discover none of the great
subjects: death, friendship, love and hate —
only old china doorknobs, sad,
slight useless things to calm the mad.

1967

When will we see Him face to face?
 Each day, He shines through darker glass.
 In this small town where everything
 is known, I see His vanishing
 emblems, His white spire and flag-
 pole sticking out above the fog,
 like old white china doorknobs, sad,
 slight, useless things to calm the mad:

Is not the second version the more elevated but the less poetic? Has not the author withdrawn himself and sent an understudy? Is not the new voice that of the custodian of culture rather than the poet? The 1965 version oscillates with increasing intensity between the public and the private dilemma, back and forth with perfect emotional rhythm, until the poem's great humming conclusion:

peace to our children when they fall
 in small war on the heels of small
 war — until the end of time
 to police the earth, a ghost
 orbiting forever lost
 in our monotonous sublime.

The 1965 version stretches the imagination taut between the private and the public agony until we can hardly bear it; the 1967 version, its stanzas' order chopped and changed, becomes a sermon on the inefficacy of religion to calm the savagery of our time.

Would that one knew why this poem, and the others in *Near the Ocean*, should have been made so grim, cold, dutiful. As in his earlier work, Lowell locates the destructive element in the sea, in marine images of horror and fascination. Now, however, the terrible attraction of the swallowing sea becomes aligned with his Old Roman comparison between the Golden Age and the present corruption — as though, standing near the ocean, he were horribly compelled to plunge into New England waters and strike out hopelessly for the shores of the Old World. The personal style has faded away, and the poetry of *imperium* has dominated and replaced it. The Dynamo has won its victory over the Virgin, and there is little left but resignation:

Sleep, sleep. The ocean, grinding stones,
 can only speak the present tense;
 nothing will age, nothing will last,
 or take corruption from the past.

JAMES DICKEY began publishing poetry in 1957; and in an explosive ten years his work has developed in remarkable ways technically and imaginatively, yet all his poetry has dealt with the same central concern. The world is not for him a classical structure of society based on a City governed by law,

with a terrible ocean nibbling at its edges. For Dickey the world has depth and dimensions that can be explored only by a sensibility that penetrates deeper and deeper beneath the guises of reality in the hope of finding a unity at the center. His poetry is, in the words of his poem "Buckdancer's Choice," "the thousand variations of one song." Unlike Lowell, whose work had matured in technique before he was thirty, Dickey, starting from scratch at thirty-four, brought a fully inhabited imagination to his work, but he had to find his own technique, a rhetoric that would enable his ideas and sensations to move freely in verse. It took him almost ten years to reach his full powers.

How was he to express his mystical intentions in concrete images? At the outset his poems sought elemental strength similar to the simple, gentle, poignant language of Edwin Muir. Lines like these, opening "The Heaven of Animals,"

Here they are. The soft eyes open.
 If they have lived in a wood
 It is a wood.
 If they have lived on plains
 It is grass rolling
 Under their feet forever . . .

bear a blood relation to the mysterious magnificence of Muir's "The Animals":

They do not live in the world,
 Are not in time and space.
 From birth to death hurled
 No word do they have, not one
 To plant a foot upon,
 Were never in any place.

The similarity is more than stylistic. The older Scottish poet concerned himself with the same range of urgencies as Dickey: the "archaic companionship" of man and nature; the appearances of God in the world; the spirits of animals, trees, and water; the symbols of dream; the mysteries of flying and drowning in elements other than earth. Stylistically, Dickey's rhythms imitated Muir's in being unpretentious, conventional, deliberately unruffled; but there were more turbulent currents to trouble Dickey's underground river than Muir's still waters.

Dickey's work is a search, in a sense, for heaven on earth. He seeks order and resonance in the inchoate; ransacks through obsession, through trial and error, changes of costume and skin, through transformation of personality and the accidents of experience, to discover some sort of relation between the human and animal worlds, a bridge between the flesh and the spirit, and, more than these, a link between the living and the dead. One source of this concern, frequently reiterated in *Into the Stone* (1960) and *Drowning With Others* (1962), emerges in reference to his dead brother:

I look in myself for the being
 I was in a life before life. . . .

I cannot remember my brother;
Before I was born he went from me
Ablaze with the meaning of typhoid.

This brother is radiant with life in the poet's dreams and in his fantasies of companionship and resurrection. He is an alter ego which borrows the poet's body and connects the poet with the world outside.

But he is hardly the only medium. Dickey's atavistic vision is like an echo, taking on shapes that shift into one another imperceptibly, unpredictably, mystically, as in "Inside the River":

Break this. Step down.
Follow your right
Foot nakedly in
To another body.
Put on the river
Like a floating coat,
A garment of motion,
Tremendous, immortal. . . .

Live like the dead
In their flying feeling.

Drowning and hunting are frequent images in the early poems. To drown is to become one with water, one with the dead. To drown in nature is to die on behalf of it, to enrich nature by losing yourself. Those who live are already the dying; only the dead therefore are spared the threat of extinction.

In his first two books Dickey had already established his poetic identity as a man restless within the confines of himself who must always be putting on other shapes (armor, helmets, hides, feathers, water) so as never to be only a single self, so as to become others, to rescue others ("The Lifeguard" is a particularly interesting poem on this theme). He remarks with amazement: "Someone lay with his body shaken / Free of the self. . . ." The ultimate way of becoming more than the self is to die. Dying unites us with others, with the animals, with the animal in ourselves; and the only way to understand the secret of death is to penetrate, to thrust, to cleave beyond the surfaces of nature to the ultimate kinship.

However, his technique was still at some distance behind his aspirations. He was handicapped as a poet by having come to his craft late, already knowing what he wanted to say, but not how to say it. Most of the poems in the first two books, as also in *Helmets* (1964), leave the reader with the feeling that the poem has begun at the wrong place, or ended too late, after the reader's attention has already been used up.

Yet there are vibrant exceptions, like "Fence Wire," "Cherrylog Road," "The Scarred Girl," and "Drinking from a Helmet." In the last, several of Dickey's obsessive themes join forces: during

World War II the poet is in a line of soldiers waiting for water. He sees his face reflected in the water in a dead man's helmet: "I kept trembling forward through something / Just born of me." To see himself in another's helmet brings back once again Dickey's sense of substituting for his dead brother: "I knew / That I inherited one of the dead." The poem leads the poet backward in time, "into the wood / Until we were lost." Dickey had yet to discover a technique that would liberate him from his natural limitations — or else one that would take advantage of them. This poem, the last in *Helmets*, may have been a turning point. It brought him face to face with the memory of war, with the painfulness of the past remembered, and it embodied his theme in a narrative setting. He could no longer confine himself to sequences of images clustered around a central statement which was often weaker and less pungent than the images themselves, and sometimes even banal. He had to find a method which would enable him to move backward and forward in time as well as in space, and he had to escape from the tyranny of the dactylic drone.

With *Buckdancer's Choice* (1965) Dickey began to break free, and this volume brought him the National Book Award. He now opened up and exploited the possibilities of narrative — poetic narrative, not mere prose narrative in verse. Moreover, his liberation seemed to be accompanied by a liberation of violence, as though personal memories and poetic themes alike had long been suppressed. Now he began recovering for poetry his war experiences. Was it the memory of war, opened up almost twenty years afterward, that suggested new rhythms to him? Or was it the fighter pilot's memory of flying? Both themes, hereafter in his work, made their presence more keenly felt than before. More urgent, too, is the reality of the past side by side with the present. A new metric, a new emphasis on narrative, the exploration of new themes and the extension of old ones, a freer use of the dimension of time — these four elements distinguish Dickey's maturity from his early work. In his themes of communion with the dead and the kinship of nature, he had established the possibility of a new voice in American poetry as clear as that of Theodore Roethke; but to attain it, he would have to win through to the clarity of Roethke's vision and to the resonance of Roethke's music.

The three major poems in *Buckdancer's Choice* are "The Firebombing," "The Fiend," and "Slave Quarters." All three have taken on narrative progression, and all three skip in great leaps backward and forward in time and space. A fourth narrative, "The Shark's Parlor," is a carnival of violence which falls short of success because the poet declines into his old habit of summing up at the end, in a moral which might have suited a poem of images

but which is out of place in a poem of narration. "The Firebombing" explores the relation between the corpulent householder of 1965 and the napalm-scattering pilot on a run over Japan of twenty years earlier: "when those on earth / Die, there is not even sound. . . ."

It is this detachment,
The honored aesthetic evil,
The greatest sense of power in one's life,
That must be shed in bars, or by whatever
Means, by starvation
Visions in well-stocked pantries . . .

I swing
Over directly over the heart
The heart of the fire. . . .

"The Fiend" is a dazzling performance in its characterization of a middle-aged Peeping Tom and his transcendent relationship with the women he peers at from trees and bushes at night. This poem is the first of more to follow that explore the realms of sexual aberrance:

It will take years

But at last he will shed his leaves burn his roots give up
Invisibility will step out will make himself known to the one
He cannot see loosen her blouse take off luxuriously with lips
Compressed against her mouth-stain her dress her stockings
Her magic underwear.

In these poems the mature technique makes itself manifest: long lines with stresses far apart, emphatic pauses punctuated by typographical spaces, frequent repetition of words and rhythms, looping syntax. Sometimes the old dactylic cadence appears, especially in short poems, but it is much altered in the direction of subtlety.

The full power of Dickey's poetry becomes apparent in the new part of his new book, *Poems 1957-1967* (Wesleyan University Press, \$6.95). The breakthrough goes far beyond what might have been expected in the previous books.

I have had my time dressed up as something else,
Have thrown time off my track by my disguise.

The rhythms are now remarkable indeed, and flexible as acrobats:

She was a living-in-the-city
Country girl who on her glazed porch broke off
An icicle, and bit through its blank bone: brought me
Into another life in the shining-skinned clapboard house
Surrounded by a world where creatures could not stand,
Where people broke hip after hip.

Dickey's oldest theme, that of man's reincarnation as angel, returns in strange and novel form:

I always had
These wings buried deep in my back:
There is a wing-growing motion
Half-alive in every creature.

It emerges again in "Falling," a very long but not really successful poem about a stewardess who falls from an airliner and strips as she falls. In "The Sheep-Child" he investigates a theme as old as the Minotaur, sexual relations between man and beast, in terrifying eloquence:

I saw for a blazing moment
The great grassy world from both sides,
Man and beast in the round of their need. . . .

In "Sun," "Power and Light," "Adultery" (" . . . me with my grim techniques. Or you who have sealed your womb / With a ring of convulsive rubber"), he deals with domestic relations and the love-hate between man and woman. In "Encounter in the Cage Country" he returns once again to the animals, but with a wolfish intensity that is new:

the crowd

Quailed from me I was inside and out
Of myself and something was given a life-
Mission to say to me hungrily over

And over and over your moves are exactly right
For a few things in this world: we know you
When you come, Green Eyes, Green Eyes.

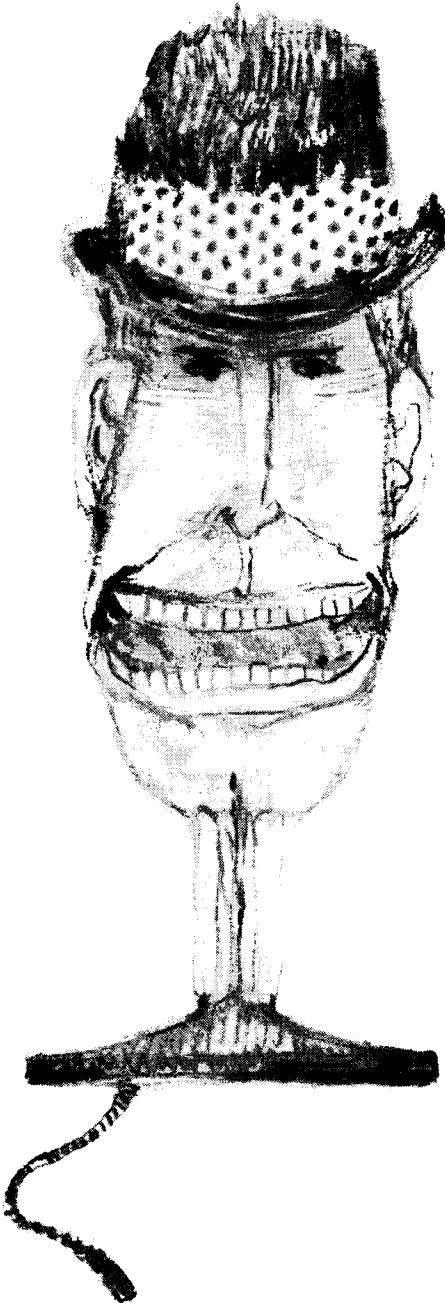
All of Dickey's development, and all of his thematic complexity, are wrapped up in one long poem which opens *Poems 1957-1967*. "May Day Sermon to the Women of Gilmer County, Georgia, by a Woman Preacher Leaving the Baptist Church" contains everything that Dickey, at this stage, can put into a poem. The new metric and syntax are there; the obsessive theme of death and renewal and repetition and eternity; the transformations of the earthbound, the archetypes of country life. It strains toward universality. Only time will tell whether it retains it; but this poem contains in one place everything James Dickey has been developing toward.

If American poetry needs a champion for the new generation, Dickey's power and ambition may supply the need. His archetypal concerns are universal to all languages and will no doubt carry over into translation; his sense of urgency is overwhelming; his volume, his range, his style, his technique, his process of maturing — all might supply W. H. Auden's five categories (and so might the number of bad poems he has written!). There is no need for pessimism, yet there may continue to be a danger of overblowing. Such writing as Dickey's requires a vast fire to keep the caldron boiling. If he were to encounter a slight recession of energy, such as that which seems lately to have overtaken Robert Lowell, Dickey's value as a poet might easily enter into a decline just at the moment when his reputation, like Lowell's today, has reached its apogee.

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Where Praise Is Due

by Charles W. Morton



"Now I wanna interduce the man who has made all this possible. Folks, meet George Kluck. Welcome to our Incredible World of Sports, George."

"It's an honor, I'm sure."

"We're glad to have you with us."

"I'm glad to *be* here."

"You've done a magnificent job, George, and we wanna thank you for appearing on our Incredible World of Sports show."

"Thank *you* for asking me."

"Folks, that was George Kluck, who has done such a magnificent job . . ."

What was the magnificent job for which George Kluck is acclaimed in this TV sports interview? Well, very nearly anything connected with the event being shown. It depends on the availability of other luminaries at the moment.

George Kluck may be the trainer of some college or professional team — baseball, football, basketball, it doesn't matter: "We all wanna thank you, George, for the magnificent job you did on Joe Bubba's sore arm (ankle, neck, knee, etc.), so that the fans can see him play here today." If the pickings are really that thin, the interviewer inserts a bit of tape, showing George kneading Joe Bubba's ailing areas and putting the final touch on a very neat bandage. The interview winds up with a clincher: "An' that's what I mean when I speak of the magnificent job George Kluck has been doing all season for the Bobcats of Berserk U."

A golf tournament will disclose all sorts of magnificent jobs: the greenskeeper, the professional, the caddy master, possibly the bartender. Their devotion to their appointed task — doing, that is, what they were supposed to do and paid to do — strikes the sports interviewer as almost beyond human experience. ("An' I wancha to know that we all appreciate the magnificent job you've been doing here at the beautiful Nirvana Heights Country Club.")

The groundskeeper of a major league ball club has usually wrought magnificently. It's not the most complicated sort of work, although it does involve spreading a tarpaulin over the field against rain and rolling it up again. If the groundskeeper is too busy with his tarps, the interviewer can make do with the bat boy's

is a fairly simple job, and you'd be right, "but he's a mighty smart youngster just the same, and he does a magnificent job . . ."

Much of the sports commentator's chatter sounds as if it might be coming from those plaid-shirted, hunting-capped men in the commercials on his programs. If his grammar is a bit sprung, so is theirs and usually in the same places; if he is staggered too readily by the magnificent job the hot-dog concessionaire has been doing, they are equally hang-jawed when one of their number tells them of the valuable premiums to be gained from cigarette kew-pons, absolutely free and with all that rich menthol smoke thrown in. (How long before the beer company brings out a menthol-flavored beer?)

When a TV sports announcer comes into possession of a strong word like magnificent, he is naturally going to give it plenty of work to do. As a former athlete or small-time studio handyman, he was never really oversupplied with vocabulary. His language is simple; it has to be, since his performance on the air consists of rattling off an account of what we are seeing or have just seen for ourselves. ("Palmer is about to play his second . . ." "That's another sparc . . ." "That's Conigliaro, who singled, on first . . ." "There's the pass, but he couldn't quite get it . . .") He needs very few words — or ideas — to keep afloat, so long as the sports action itself is on camera. In so richly sponsored a contest as a present-day game of anything, the announcer is not supposed to put forward opinions of his own — especially anything the least bit negative — about the game or the players. He goes along comfortably enough reciting the action as it takes place.

The interview, designed to fill in otherwise dead time, is the word-eating interval that could become embarrassing. In all the exchanges, the stylized opening and closing — the glad-to-have-you and the honored-to-be-here stuff — take care of the mechanics of getting the thing started and stopped, but the mid-section calls for more words. It's shocking to find how quickly words get used up, when a man hasn't enough of them in the first place. *Good* is all right, but it's really not quite enough of a word. "That's a mighty good job you've been

doing" is scarcely any praise at all. *Grand* is better, and so is *great*, and *wunnerful* is better still ("We all wanna thank you for the wunnerful job you've been doing . . .").

But now that the announcer has found out about it, more and more people in the sports interview will be hearing their work described as magnificent; in fact very little of a nonmagnificent character will be talked about at all as the TV season continues.

Don't Fish While I'm Talking

by Robert Manning

The ATLANTIC's editor says that he indulges here in even less than the accepted minimum of exaggeration.

Trout fishing does not come easily to an Eastern city boy, even a small-city boy. By the time I was six, barely old enough to snap off the fly on every other cast, the bulldozers and civil engineers were tearing up, and forever ruining, the one good trout stream within thirty miles of my home in upstate New York. Twenty-five years passed before I was to find the luxury of time, the circumstance of geography, and the loan of a rod, line, and wet black gnat #12 that enabled me to hook my first trout.

The creature was a Brown of no more than eight inches, so unfortunate as to be hooked in spite of all that I was doing. A paltry specimen perhaps. But at that age my threshold was so low and my system so unresistant (remember: within the comparable span of years wherein Alexander had achieved his greatness and died, I had caught my first trout) that I succumbed immediately to that fever of excess that seems to afflict late-in-the-game discoverers, as in the case of Henry VIII when he discovered divorce, or Casey Stengel when he discovered words.

By then I was a not very provident big-city dweller, and I found myself limited to one or two trouting expeditions a year, usually of no more than three days each on the Esopus and its tributaries in the Catskills. With so little real fishing to enjoy, the natural way to prolong the savor, to re-enjoy it, was to talk about it. For this kind of angling there is open season. It is a myth

that fishermen like to drink for the drink itself. They frequent bars in order to find other nonfishing fishermen and engage in talk-fishing, or fish-talking.

I have performed some of my wisest, most delicate angling in saloons, and have been privileged to hear-see feats of fishing that would have caused Izaak Walton, were he present, to abandon the sport in despair and take up spelling (as well he could have). On a late and mellow January afternoon, for example, I watched with fascination as one of the more eloquent brethren, an old-fashioned silk-line and true-gut fellow from the Battenkill in Vermont, played a three-pound Brownie for fifteen breathtaking minutes with a three-ounce Orvis rod and two-pound test leader. The monster rose to a #10 ginger quill about fifteen feet from the bar, where the fast water swirls past the pay telephone.



It leaped a good two feet into the air (you could see-hear the splash as far away as the checkroom), balanced for a gorgeous instant on its tail, and then raced seven tables downstream before the startled angler could disentangle from the bar rail and get both rubber boots firmly planted on the rocky bottom. Half a dozen drinkers and a scattering of early diners looked on in silence until the Irish bartender, an accomplished talk-poacher from the Connemara country, could stand it no longer and burst into supplication:

"Keep the p'int up. The p'int!

The p'int!" The angler shot him an uncomprehending glance. "The p'int of the rod, you walleyed ass," cried Pat.

Too late. The big Brown had finned upstream, not far from the angler and close by table two, where with quick circles it entwined the line around the nylons of a charming blond, who was supping on linguini with white clam sauce. One last flick of its spine and the trout was off the hook, the rod forlornly loose in the fisherman's hand.

"I'm glad it got away," said the blond.

She returned to her linguini and the drinkers to their glasses, in quiet homage to another one that got away. Pat mopped watery rings from the mahogany. "It's poor luck you had indeed," he said. "Now, did I iver tell you about the big trout that Meehawl Sullivan caught in the postman's hat?"

In such fashion, if nostalgia is strong and tolerance high, can a trout fisherman fill the long, fancy-weaving gaps that stretch between seasons and between each season's real fishing expeditions. Bar-room fish-talking, or talk-fishing (there is a dispute among devotees as to the proper verb, and Fowler's *English Usage* offers no arbitration), is rewarding not only for the pleasure it gives. While of questionable help to the human liver, it beats fly-tying both for human companionship and for its considerably lesser strain on the eyesight and the posture.

So if Pat here will kindly serve us another round, I'll tell you about the time . . .

A Knee by Any Other Name

by Sylvia Auerbach

A graduate of Columbia University's graduate school of journalism, Sylvia Auerbach lives in New York City and is an editor for a publishing house.

It lies between the distal end of the femur and the proximal end of the tibia. It's the diarthrotic or hinge type of joint, and its movements are described as "flexion and extension, with a slight rotation of the tibia." It's the largest sesamoid bone of the body, and it's known as the patella. A lot of fellas have been looking at a lot of patellae this year, since a patella is better known as a kneecap.

The kneecap is located in the tendon of the quadriceps femoris muscle to protect the underlying knee joint. When this joint is extended, as when a girl gets up from a seat at a cocktail party to get a look at a man who has just come, the patellar outline may be distinguished through the skin, showing, if she is lucky, curves and knee dimples. When she sinks back in her chair again (after noticing that the young man wears a wedding band) the knee sinks back into its intercondylar notch of the femur.

In the days when there were domestic servants, they spent so much time on their knees that they developed inflammation of the prepatellar bursa, a condition known among physicians as "housemaid's knee" — not to be confused with inflammation of the olecranon bursa, or "student's elbow."

A strategic whack on the knee of someone whose legs are crossed will result in what is known in medical texts as the patellar reflex or knee jerk, which shows that the victim's spinal reflex arcs are working well. This is sometimes followed by other reflex actions which prove that the person's fist-aiming reflexes and threshold of anger are also in good working condition.

Veterinarians have been treating animals for a condition known as



"knee-sprung," which happens when a beast stays too long in a kneeling condition. It has become a common complaint in dairies where the milking sheds have recently been automated. The cows feel alienated by the cold metal machines, and express

their distaste through kneel-down strikes.

In automobiles the knee is "that type of wheel suspension permitting independent vertical movement of each front wheel." It is a design found mostly in the cars of women drivers who want to make left-hand turns from right-hand lanes.

Falling on one's knees has always been symbolic of pleading some cause, from asking the gods to have eagles carry off one's enemies to asking a young lady to get married. Shakespeare said that "supple knees feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees." Mickey Spillane is credited with being the first author to identify an age-old game when he said in *Big Kill* (1951) that "we got back to the table and played kneesies," which is defined in the *Dictionary of American Slang* as "under-the-table amorous play in which one touches, rubs, or bumps with one's knees the knees of the person of the opposite sex."

Bare knees, in fashion, have been dubbed by *Women's Wear Daily* as the "knack-knee" look — a look which is baring many problems. When a knack-kneed lady sits down she exposes not only knee, but also thigh, stocking top, and garter, or what is known in the corset business as the suspension system. Hosiery manufacturers, rising to the occasion, have designed stockings that have either no visible top or a top that is decorative. The theory is that no one minds if the top shows, as long as it's attractive.

Working girls who ride the subways had to resort to subterfuge until the new stockings were on the market. Extra-large handbags, briefcases, and shopping bags made good lap guards. Morning newspapers were no longer read, but were carefully placed across the stocking gap. In a pinch, or to avoid one, even interoffice mail envelopes were pressed into service.

The late Christian Dior once called knees the "ugliest part of the body." Elegant beauty salons say that knees should be denuded of excess hair, covered with a liquid makeup to contour them, and given a natural blush with a touch of color. Jacques Tiffeau, of the haute couture design world, said that if women don't cover up their ugly faces, why should they worry about covering up their knees?

But in the office, desk manufac-

turers have for years been covering the knee space between a desk's two pedestals with a piece of wood known as the "modesty board" — and never has the term been so apt. Companies whose desks are not equipped with modesty boards are seriously considering installing them, as soon as they can persuade carpenters that such work is not disloyal to their fellow workers.

In the meantime, knowledgeable men, queried on this exposure, state that the knee itself is only a symbol. What really counts is what's below or above it.

Montessori Suey

by R. G. G. Price

R. G. G. Price lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH as well as the ATLANTIC.

The other afternoon I wandered back to the South London suburb where I was born and tried to find my first school, a genteel establishment dedicated to following the educational gospel of the Italian pioneer Dr. Maria Montessori. It had been turned into a Chinese restaurant.

I stood staring pensively at the closed door while pedestrians edged around me, probably thinking that I was a compulsive eater, paralyzed by a desire for chicken with almonds, lobster meat balls, and sweet and sour pork. In fact, I was trying to feel emotions of a complexity adequate to the changeover from colored counting rods to chopsticks. Not for the first time, the faculty of instant generalization had deserted me in a crisis. I just didn't seem to be able to link practical lessons in judging weight, tying bows, and going rigid when the whistle went with the great gastronomic dispersion which has carried the food of Canton into the homelands of snails, pumpkin pie, and beef and Yorkshire pudding.

I felt, as I watched the traffic move along more slowly than in my youth, that this inability to cope intellectually with historical change must be due to my earliest teachers. It would have been contrary to all psychological dogma to blame myself. My few weaknesses that are not due to my parents must be due to the men and women who taught me, and the earlier they came in my development, the heavier their burden of guilt. So deficient were those

earnest disciples in any grasp of my adult needs that I doubt whether the Chinese were even mentioned during the course. We old Montessorians were simply not prepared for the yellow Peril in its mid-twentieth-century form, with Mao's Thoughts and noodles blanketing the globe.

I am not quite sure that these ladies, who became so inspired by the Dottoressa's doctrines that they immediately tried them out on the children of their friends, were very far into the mysteries. The system depended on the unimpeded unfolding of the child's beautiful nature, of his curiosity and thirst for experience. Placed near apparatus, however complicated, the pupil steadily and systematically explored it. "Apparatus" didn't mean anything like teaching machines. On my first day I was given a set of wooden blocks of different sizes and was watched eagerly by the teacher in hope that I should, on my own initiative, arrange them in order of size. The curriculum was limited, and discovering a spatial relationship between half a dozen bricks was expected to occupy a good slice of our time and to be a voyage of discovery so delightful that we would undertake it over and over again. Different systems of educational thought might have been less helpless when we used the apparatus to make little buildings and pushed over one another's constructions and then discovered for ourselves, with no adult prompting, that Authority had issued us with missiles. One boy, creative to the point of delinquency, discovered that a few bricks tied in a scarf and wielded firmly gave him the leadership of the class. I can't remember whether leadership was one of the qualities we were supposed to be acquiring, but I think that this part of his education was extracurricular.

It is odd that in parts of the world where eating habits have been notoriously unadventurous, change hasn't come from the cautious adoption of a neighboring cuisine but from wholesale surrender to the exotic, the mysterious, the oriental. Take industrial Britain. It has never been an area sought by lovers of the noble. No exclusive club of French chefs makes an annual pilgrimage from Paris and Burgundy and Touraine to sample its stewed tea with nameless fried fish and grayish potatoes, all swamped in bottled sauce.

Stop the Dirty-Word Drain

by L. B. Salomon

At Free Speech, and Filthy Speech, I neither gag nor groan,
For every little Movement has a meaning all its own.
There's not a word I've ever heard that makes me ill or queasy,
But look, you guys, four-letter-wise it pays to take it easy.
When billingsgate you escalate, you know not what you do:
It takes a heap of abstinence to make a term taboo,
And every dirty word that gets infected with propriety
Is one more natural resource lost to the Great Society.
Are we so rich in phrases which it takes some guts to utter?
At Parent-Teacher teas can we afford both buns and gutter?

Chorus

With tea-table talk gone all hairy and tough,
What can you use when the going gets rough?
What'll you shout when a two-ton truck
Splatters your coat with water and muck —
Oh, mercy me?
What can you scrawl
On the men's-room wall —
Fiddle-de-dee?
Gee?
When doing slow burns
Over tax returns,
Will you cry *What a dilly?*
When your car won't budge,
Will you holler *Oh, fudge?*
Don't be silly!

Envoi

Our dirtiest words
Don't come in herds.
Please keep 'em dirty.
We haven't got more
Than three or four.
We sure could use thirty!

With its serious attitude toward coal and textiles and its contempt for fancy ways, this is a grim contrast to the smiling Britain of the travel ads. For many years attempts to introduce, not the frivolous, immoral delicacies of Paris, but food of the kind eaten in London railroad termini by travelers too rushed to search out anything better have led to the bankruptcy of the demented restaurateur and cruel smiles at folk who get above themselves. Yet in this wasteland of the palate, crossed by gourmets only to reach the breakfasts of Scotland, and then never without picnic baskets, there has been an eruption of Chinese restaurants as rapid and overwhelming as the rise of the Beatles. And, in the wake of the menus of Canton and San Francisco, those of Athens, Istanbul, and Cyprus have followed.

I wonder whether, in her capa-

cious oeuvre, the Dottoressa considered the educational value of giving the little ones a plate of intertwined bamboo shoots, noodles, blobs of gelatinous fish, and gobbets of pork, putting chopsticks into chubby fists and letting them make their own discoveries. Manual dexterity, observation, determination, the analytical mind — all kinds of essential skills and qualities could be developed by cooperation between the Chinese food industry and the schools.

Now, there, it strikes me, is an idea capable of profitable exploitation. Perhaps I learned more from the Dottoressa's disciples than I have ever given them credit for. And I wonder what conclusions can be drawn from the fact that the building in which I saw my first movie is now a permanent exhibition of camping equipment.

places

Traveling With Children

by Cynthia Propper Seton

Last spring when I was going to take four of my children to Europe by myself for reasons that the rational mind rejects outright, nobody said, "I wish I were going with you," or even, "How nice!" Some twitched. Now, however, I am treated like a professional survivor, and in this college town that we live in, where many fathers get a year's fellowship to someplace else, mothers are coming to me for helpful hints, even to get to Newark, New Jersey.

To make a success of a trip to Newark with children is beyond my competence. But to Europe, where longing and its satisfactions meet, where they will conjoin finally after the endless time one has saved and planned—for that success with children, one must start early. The parent should begin when the child is born, look at that baby and think, "This outrageous little creature is going to put a crimp in our plans for wandering through foreign climes. How best to turn him into a pleasant sort of traveling companion?" It takes a pretty cool head.

It would not be good to travel with children who whine in adversity, who make a fuss about food, or whose manners are bad. One will immediately see the advantages to this system of child training even when not traveling. Our first two babies were born under the bloom of permissivism, however, and at that time it looked as though we were repressing them. Now, when everybody is anxious to toughen up the American parent, encourage him to assert himself, it is easier to stand up for quiet, order, and other civilized amenities. The fact is, though, that we did repress our children, and we are still doing it.

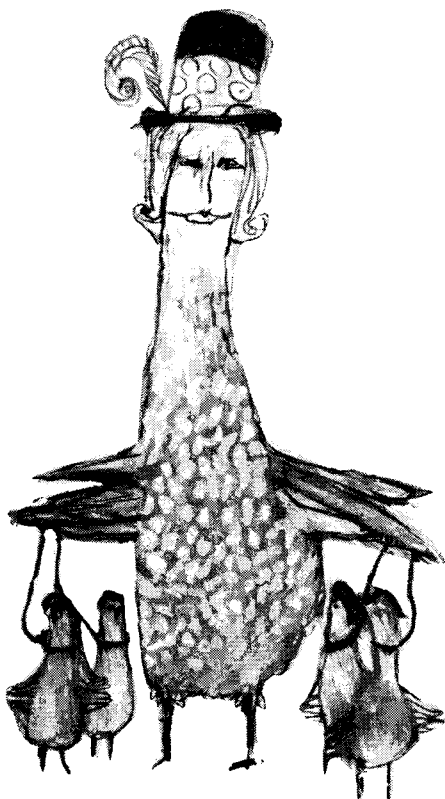
But they do travel well. They never even make a fuss about the Jersey Turnpike, which can't be said of their parents, and each of the little ones in turn has moved from zwieback to fried clams with hardly a change of color. Every summer we take the trip from western Massachusetts to the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and the children unaccountably seem quite wild about the ride, but I think that last time I must have got a touch of hysteria from thoroughways that reactivated my Europe dreams. What I needed was a smaller land mass, something compact and without thoroughways, and I reflected that since the children were so pleasant about driving past

nothing at all, they would be quite excited about a continent jammed full of things to look at.

Their father, however, if he believes anything at all, believes the children belong in America. It is the most patriotic thing about him. Besides which, he himself yearned for fabled Samarkand, where I certainly wouldn't want to take a small child, because of the uncertainty about food, heat, and so on. But that summer, as I lay under the same inverted cup the French call *le ciel*, on the white and empty sands of Kitty Hawk, I thought the only thing between me and Europe was that ocean, that heaving, buoyant, vast but not endless ocean. And my mind cut through the obstacles like the prow of a great ship through that sea: the papa could go to Samarkand, and I would take the children to Europe, and by thus saying, I infused myself with a euphoria that lasted nine months until the day we sailed, and as someone remarked to me, "It's instead of having another baby, isn't it?"

It is actually more expensive, even if I figure on four years of graduate school, and this in spite of the extreme modesty of our accommodations. In fact, at one hotel in Provence, the proprietor herself said to me, "Madame, frankly I am surprised you would bring children here." I was uneasy about our fellow guests and the night noises, but the girls loved it, laughed about the lumps in their beds, and, of course, were not forever squinting to discover whether quite large insects could crawl up bed legs. We changed our plans only when I saw they could.

Nine months of making plans on this side of the Atlantic were all undone on the other. Nobody has come to me about plans, lucky for them, only about how I managed the children. "Madam, what age child do you have in mind? I go up to twelve." Julie was just twelve, and allowed to cost the full fare. That is the coming of age for crossing the Atlantic as for going to the movies, but unlike the movies, where when it is your own allowance you wriggle and say you are eleven and a half, they don't ask, they look at the passport. But Julie was worth it, and Maggie at eleven was half price and a real bargain. Jenny was seven and a half and Nora four. They were, all of them, stolid, breezy, marvelously uncritical. It never



once occurred to them that this was a mad trip, that their mother was out of her mind. They moved through the itinerary like a small proud fleet, and all I did was to buoy up that littlest ship with what you might call bribery.

In fact I had every reason to believe that the price of taking the children with me, if you don't count money, was going to be Nora's milk teeth, but then, I thought, she was the only one of us who was going to get a whole new set. I certainly understood how bad gum, candy, and soda pop were for children, but it wasn't the stuff they drank so much as the gum Nora chewed that made me fear, after a while, that to look into her mouth was to find only a tongue. And here I don't mean one piece of gum. She regularly went through five or six packages a day, and as she gained a certain confidence in this infinite and miraculous supply, she made an ever more eager tourist. Whenever she began to flag, somebody tossed her a fresh package, and for an hour or more she was occupied with peeling off the wrappers and chomping on the next stiff stick. I got all the trash, for Nora was ready as any to Keep Britain Tidy, and my pockets bulged with the refuse. Her Majesty's Department of Sanitation could have turned me upside down twice a day.

Toward evening, from exhaustion in the jaws and legs, she would need to be carried, and I made a sincere effort to be back where we were staying by that time. We weren't always. Once we were in Warwick Castle, out of gum and halfway through a few hundred rooms, a guide in front of us, a guide in back, and all escape routes blocked. With Nora around my neck, my mind moved from history to sitting or even lying, but although there were several bedrooms, and we were even invited to feel how hard the beds were, we were not allowed to get in them. It is a lovely castle, and the guide told us that the Warwick family still lives in a part of it, "they being on the winning side of the war, as against those that lived in Kenilworth." Kenilworth Ruins, it's called, with the sky for a roof and grass carpeting the ballroom, while at Warwick, the guide told us proudly, "there are thirty peacocks on the lawns."

"Thirty peacocks!" exclaimed an



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incredulous voice in the pause that followed, and it came from my arms, from the archtourist Nora.

She may never forget Warwick, the Day the Gum Ran Out; or again, she may never forget the whole trip, because once we were home the supply dried up for good.

With Jenny the problem was not how to enlist her interests but how to refine her responses. Flush from the triumphant accomplishments of second grade, she was ready to throw her energy, her whole solid self, into whatever happened to surround her. A crypt was to hide in, a cathedral column was to put one's arms around, there is only one place to go in a double-decker bus and that is up. The ruins of Kenilworth were what one could climb over and crawl through and get to the top of, but not what one could fall off and break one's neck from, she thought. I thought one could. So I looked, instead, at the view from the ramparts I clung to.

Seven- and eight-year-olds are doers, participators. We had no more than got off the boat at Southampton when Jenny tripped on a pebble, picked it up, and began her rock collection. I did not think, a mother's heart fluttering, that child has a geological bent. I thought, the only thing our suitcases don't have in them is rocks. This urge in the child is merely an expression of man's primitive desire to make part of himself that which he has witnessed, and when the child gets older and has to carry his own luggage, he sublimates the need to incorporate the very ground he has trod and buys postcards instead.

Jenny did take to postcards but never quite gave up the rocks, and in England, where I always wore my travel coat tightly buttoned over two sweaters, I got a little saddlesore on my hipbones from the rocks in my pockets. Her great moment came in Stratford-on-Avon when the taxi drove us into the gravel driveway of our hotel. Jenny gasped a this-is-my-Troy, this-is-my-Pompeii gasp and spent two lovely twilight hours sifting through the

gravel until Horrible Hogg, the proprietor, made her put her five choice specimens back and banished her to the gardens. This gravel incident was a straw in the wind, so to speak, for Hogg had a terribly grudging soul and counted not only the pebbles on his driveway but the crackers under one's cheese. That people came back to his place year after year is because the English like to endure things, and its hostile emanations bind the guests together in mutual sympathy. Very warming, this sympathy, and when we left after a week, we all hugged good-bye and were sad to leave. Jenny scooped up a fistful of gravel, slammed the door, and we were off.

Girls of eleven and twelve are not a problem of maneuver and compromise, but a lovely pleasure. They are at an unselfconscious age, able to move easily through strange towns, look and listen attentively, and try out their foreign phrases, with only their smiles a little shy. And they are quite tireless. Julie and Maggie had an absolutely inexhaustible interest in every square foot of foreign soil and are to this day dazed and bewildered by my capacity to skip three of the six preserved houses thought to have been lived in or visited by William Shakespeare or his relatives. They didn't skip any. And they made the least jaded of audiences and were the very furthest from suspecting that tourism is an industry inspired by the profit motive. The historical chitchat with which the guides amuse their busloads entirely engrossed them. Henry VIII was a serial story of the most handsome horror that played itself out between some of the very walls we walked. Becket was not murdered *there*, where the movie had it, but *here*, where the bloodstains were. Some people could still see the bloodstains. All my children could.

They were my moral support, the older girls. One day, when all our plans collapsed abruptly, I passed hours of silent panic between the bank and the French tourist office and was a witch with the

Redaction by Richard O'Connell

The owl that guards the grammarian's tomb
Correctly hoots

to-wit, to-whom.

children. Toward evening we went to a supermarket to buy forks and spoons and vinegar and oil, and I was feeling quite calm once more, having decided how to keep them fed — by picnic. Julie was counting out five plastic bowls and five plastic cups, and she looked up at me with her sweet, encouraging smile and said, "See, all you need is to have your confidence and then everything is fine."

What confidence I had was borrowed. There are a lot of women goose enough to waste half a trip worrying about whether their feathers look fluffy, which I know is true because I am one. But as *mother* goose, my own unconfident self hidden by my young, I peered unabashed past those bobbing heads, talked French unblushing with my best accent, and was treated with great kindness and courtesy especially in France, even without smile tickets. They may not have Mother's Day over there, but they have a sentimental old-world tenderness about *mamans* that quite shook me up.

I only mean to indicate by all of this that properly intimidated children between the ages of four and thirteen, driven by a single-minded mother using threats and bribery, may make a grand tour indeed. To take them when they are younger is of course no good, and you never know, when they move into the teens, when they will turn self-conscious and drop you. Our Tony, who was fifteen and spent a few days with us in France en route to where he was going, found us humiliating. Actually, the hardest age to be in a group like that may be thirty-eight. What I missed was my husband, somebody my own size.

It would have been a very different trip had I gone with him. I would have seen more paintings, climbed over fewer ruins, if any, gone to bed later, laughed a lot more about ourselves, other people, other nonsense. The very delight of the girls, on the other hand, was sobering. Whatever purpose I intended for myself from this trip got lost early, but the impressions made upon the older girls particularly were so fine, and went so deep, that the shift I had to make away from my own interests was rewarded by the idea that I had inadvertently done something remarkable for them. Irrepressible is the mother in me.

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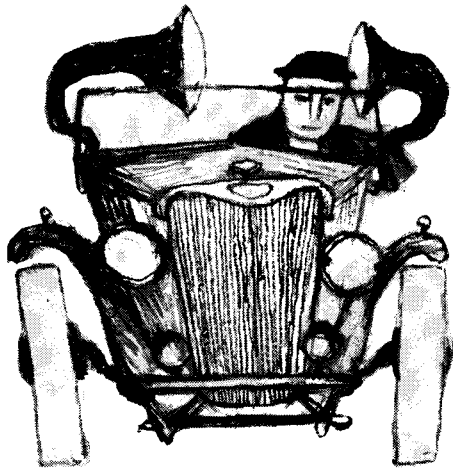
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music

Tapes Hit the Road

by Herbert Kupferberg



For the last few weeks I've been driving around in my car learning Italian. I already know the difference between steak *ai ferri* and *alla pizzaiola*; I can ask for a pair of socks in brown, black, or gray; and I am ready to confront any native and demand of him authoritatively: "*Dov'è la posta?*" or as we say in English, "Where is the post office?"

This broadening of my linguistic horizons I owe to the installation under the dashboard of my automobile of a stereo tape-cartridge player, a machine which makes it possible for the first time to hear musical and spoken recordings in one's car and which, even more important, has at long last put tape into the position of genuinely challenging discs as a popular medium for listening to music.

The tape versus disc battle has been going on for years, but although many serious music listeners have admired the fine sound of prerecorded tape releases, few have abandoned LP records in their favor. In the first place, tapes traditionally are more expensive than records; in the second, they require more skill in handling.

In recent years determined efforts have been made to overcome these obstacles. Most important is the development of the tape cartridge, a self-contained unit sealed in plastic so that the tape itself is never touched by the user. It's as easy to snap a tape cartridge into place on a player as to drop a record on the turntable, but although several cartridges have been introduced, none until now has really established itself in the market.

The big change has been brought about, simply, by moving tape out of the home and putting it into the automobile. Of course, the car in many ways is an extension of the American home. Radios, telephones, air conditioners, playpens, work desks, even bars have all been installed in cars; it was only a matter of time until recorded music was introduced.

As long ago as the 1950s, Chrysler experimented with a record player for cars, but the needle kept being knocked out of the grooves despite all efforts to cushion highway bumps and jolts. The challenge was taken up by the tape industry, and in 1965 Ford and subsequently Chrysler and GM began offering stereo tape players as optional equipment on new

models. Today stereo tape players can be installed on any car new or old; a first-class machine costs about \$100, plus \$25 installation charge, and less, as well as more, expensive models are on the market.

The type of system available on new cars from the Big Three auto manufacturers is known as Stereo 8. In these cartridges, eight sound tracks (four pairs of stereo channels) are contained on an endless loop of tape that runs at three and three quarters inches per second. The tape begins playing when the cartridge is inserted into a slot in the dashboard player. Each tape contains up to eighty minutes of continuous music, and if the cartridge is not withdrawn at the end it begins playing all over again. The sound emanates, in stereo, from two small speakers embedded in the front car doors. The doors themselves seem to serve as resonators; in any case, the total effect is to turn the enclosed area of the automobile into a kind of sound chamber. It's a little like sitting inside a speaker, and one that is moving along the highway at fifty miles an hour in the bargain.

Ideally, the story ought to end there, with every American driving into the sunset with Stereo 8 filling his car with Mozart or the Monkees, depending on his musical tastes or those of the children in the rear seat.

But in the music business nothing is that simple or that amicable. Far from having the auto field to itself, Stereo 8 actually is facing several determined competitors. One of these is Stereo 4, an earlier system which uses four sound tracks rather than eight. Its playing time is less, but so is its cost, and it seems especially in vogue among West Coast teen-agers who cherish rock 'n' roll tapes.

Even a stronger challenge to Stereo 8 is expected to come from the cassette system of tape cartridges pioneered in Europe by the Philips Company of Holland and introduced here by its American affiliate, Norelco. A cassette is a miniature cartridge smaller than a deck of cards and less than half the size of a Stereo 8 cartridge. Originally designed strictly for tape recording, it has now been converted into a playback unit, and is heading straight for the automobile. By next spring, Norelco promises to have a

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cassette car player on the market, with a catalogue of prerecorded tapes from Mercury, Philips, Ampex, and others. The cassette system offers several apparent advantages: it is small and simple, and it can be used as a tape recorder as well as a playback unit in the car, enabling a motorist to record surreptitiously, if he so desires, the comments of the backseat drivers traveling with him. The big question with cassettes is their sound; their tapes travel at one and seven eighths inches per second, which is half the speed of Stereo 8 and Stereo 4 tapes and a quarter the seven-and-a-half inches-per-second speed that is standard on open-reel tapes. Stereo 8's advocates contend that the slower speed is injurious to the sound quality; the cassette's proponents reply, in effect: wait and see.

At the moment, though, Stereo 8 is the most solidly established of the tape cartridge systems. It is the only one available prebuilt into new cars, and the only one for which virtually all the major record companies are producing tapes, both popular and classical. Lines of accessories, such as carrying cases and tape-cleaning devices, are also being marketed. RCA Victor is backing Stereo 8 so enthusiastically that it has thus far refused to make its recordings available for any other car tape system. Capitol and Columbia, on the other hand, are hedging their bets a bit by also releasing some of their recordings on Stereo 4. Presumably all of the major companies are keeping their eyes on the cassette system. It's not inconceivable that a battle somewhat similar to the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm-45 rpm war of the speeds in records may yet develop before standardization of auto tapes is achieved.

Would such a struggle be worthwhile? Or, putting the question another way, is stereo in the car worth the trouble and expense? It all depends. There's no doubt that a Stereo 8 player such as I've been using sounds better than the average car radio. Moreover, it offers the obvious advantage of giving the motorist the choice of what he wants to hear, without the interruption of commercials, and without the fading and interference to which a car radio is subject. As to how much serious listening can be done in a car, that's another question. In a way, that endless loop of stereo tape is

somewhat like a stack of records piled high on a changer and providing background music to some other occupation. It's no accident that most of the initial sales of auto tape cartridges have been of popular music, although RCA Victor says that classical sales have recently risen to 25 percent of the total.

I must acknowledge that I have found that listening to Von Karajan conduct Haydn's *London* Symphony and Beethoven's Seventh on a single Stereo 8 tape has added to the scenic pleasures of a trip along the Adirondack Northway, and that Arthur Fiedler's frothy performance of a set of Strauss waltzes has lightened the way between exits on the New Jersey Turnpike. And on one occasion, none other than the Beatles averted a family crisis during a late-summer traffic jam on the Long Island Expressway, a fifty-mile stretch of road that has been called, with some justification, the world's longest parking lot.

The most serious side of auto tapes to date has been displayed by the introduction of language instruction courses on Stereo 8 by RCA Victor in conjunction with the Institute for Language Study. They come in Italian, French, Spanish and German, with cartridges for beginning, intermediate, and advanced students.

Language instruction via records is nothing new, but these tapes have been cleverly designed, with instructors tossing words and meanings back and forth in stereo from speaker to speaker. After a time, the listener is requested to shut off one of the stereo channels and provide the meanings himself.

Between pop music, classical music, and language instruction, tape cartridges seem to have found themselves a home in the car. The question now is, will they be content to remain there? Or rather, will the consumer who now hears Beethoven or the Beatles on tapes in his car be willing to spend money for a duplicate copy of Beethoven or the Beatles on the discs that he plays in his living room? RCA and others are now busily marketing tape cartridge players for the home, so that auto cartridges may be carried indoors and played either through an existing high fidelity system, or through a moderately priced, self-contained player.

Still, most industry authorities

doubt that tape cartridges, at least in their present stage of development, are going to displace records as the best way to listen to music at home. The sound of a tape cartridge may be perfectly adequate for the small enclosed area of an automobile, but as of now it falls well short of the sound produced by up-to-date stereo records playing through quality components. If tape cartridges come into the home at all, it is likely to be as an adjunct to a fully developed high fidelity system. Even so, they may have their uses — such as making it unnecessary to take out the car for every Italian lesson.

Record Reviews

Mozart: Symphonies No. 39 in E-flat and No. 41 in C, "Jupiter"

Peter Maag conducting Japan Philharmonic; Crossroads 22-16-0126 (stereo) and 22-16-0125

Peter Maag is a young Swiss conductor who made an excellent impression a few years ago in recordings with the London Symphony and other orchestras. Now he turns up conducting a Japanese orchestra in Mozart, again with impressive results. This sounds like big-orchestra Mozart, with emphatic rhythms, decisive accents, and surging lyricism. It's not the only way to play this music, but it's an approach that works. By now Japanese musicians have demonstrated their capabilities in Western music; furthermore, the first-class instrumentalism of the Japan Philharmonic is something to admire.

The Panassié Sessions

Sidney Bechet, Cozy Cole, James P. Johnson, Tommy Ladnier, Mezz Mezzrow, and others; RCA Victor LPV-542 (monaural only)

New Orleans jazz was out of fashion in 1938, when the French critic Hugues Panassié tried to resuscitate it briefly in these recording sessions, and it's even further removed from "the scene" today. Nevertheless, there's more than nostalgia to be heard in these nearly-thirty-year-old recordings; there's also the brilliant playing and balanced counterpoint of such musicians as Ladnier, Mezzrow, and Bechet. I find the contents of the record somewhat uneven, but at least the first two entries — "Weary Blues" and

"Really the Blues," both recorded November 11, 1938 — are a vivid affirmation of what jazz once was, and what it seems unlikely ever to be again.

Jacques Brel Encores

Jacques Brel, singer, accompanied by orchestra conducted by François Rauber; Reprise (S)R-6246 (stereo) and R-6246 Jacques Brel is one of those French (to be accurate, Belgian) singers with an original mind as well as a musical flair. He creates his own songs, in the manner of the true *chansonnier*, and his comments are both pointed and poetic. A good example is "Les Toros," an ironic song about bullfighting, a spectacle which makes "grocers take themselves for Nero, when English ladies think themselves Wellington." The bull's ultimate revenge, sings Brel, is to think of Carthage, Waterloo, and Verdun. Now that Georges Brassens, a similar artist, has been given one of France's major literary prizes, who knows whether Brel may be next in line? Incidentally, the jacket contains excellent English translations, enabling even those with fractured French to piece together the words as Brel sings them.

Old-Timers' Night at the "Pops"

Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston Pops Orchestra and its audience; RCA Victor LSC-2944 (stereo) and LM-2944

Any Boston Pops record is likely to be an informal affair, but this is especially so. Included are such instrumental standbys as Bizet's *Carmen* Suite and Bach's Air on the G String, following which the audience of 2300 is called upon to join in the singing of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Jingle Bells," and more than a dozen others. The orchestra is in fine fettle, but those 2300 Bostonians sound surprisingly circumspect, not to say stodgy, as they raise their voices with no great gusto. Maybe somebody should have told them they were on the air.

Jack London: The Call of the Wild (abridged)

Read by Ed Begley; Caedmon TC-1219 (monaural)

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story is a spellbinding experience, with every word clear and a steadily rising curve of excitement as the dog overcomes his foes, succors his friends, and finally finds his way to his own kind in the strangely moving ending. The novel has been telescoped into sixty-eight minutes of reading time, but its values are unimpaired.

Gade: Echoes of Ossian Overture, Opus 1

Nielsen: Helios Overture, Opus 17; Saga-Dream for Orchestra

Riisager: Qarrtsiluni, Opus 36; Suite from the Ballet "Etude"

Johan Hye-Knudsen, Jerzy Semkow, and Igor Markevitch conducting Royal Danish Orchestra; Turnabout TV-34085S (stereo) and TV-4085

This brief survey of Danish music from 1840 (*Echoes of Ossian*) to 1948 (*Etude*) turns out to be lively, melodious, and entirely agreeable. Niels Gade's *Ossian*, which made its composer temporarily famous, is a dreamily romantic piece which echoes both James Macpherson's poetry and Felix Mendelssohn's music. The two Nielsen works are characteristic of a composer who is having a considerable vogue nowadays, and Riisager's *Etude* is admirable ballet music. All in all, this is music for jaded tastes and weary ears, with the excellence of the performances contributing an additional element of freshness.

Piano Music of Latin America

Charles Milgrim, pianist; Crossroads 22-16-0114 (stereo) and 22-16-0113

Lecuona, Villa-Lobos, and Milhaud are the best-known names on this record, which also includes attractive works by Herrarte, Pinto, Tosar, and others. Darius Milhaud's *Saudades do Brasil* — of which seven are heard here — are intoxicating in their colors and rhythms. Ernesto Lecuona's "*Malagueña*" remains a masterful piece, which bridges, as few others do, the gap between popular and classical music, and his "*La Comparsa*," also on the record, is equally vivid. Mr. Milgrim's playing is brilliant if occasionally percussive; all in all, this is a record of exciting, exotic pianism.

Thomson: Praises and Prayers; Sonata da Chiesa (Church Sonáta); Sonata for Violin and Piano

Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Virgil Thomson and Artur Balsam, pianists;

Joseph Fuchs, violinist; Lillian Fuchs, violinist; and others; Composers Recordings, Inc., CRI-207 (monaural)

A strongly religious strain has always been part of Virgil Thomson's musical makeup, and shows itself most markedly in *Praises and Prayers*, a song cycle which had its premiere in 1963. The texts are for the most part direct and pietistic ("Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, / Bless the bed that I lie on"), and the music is simple and beautiful. A similar impulse underlies the *Sonata da Chiesa* for Viola, Clarinet, Trumpet, French Horn, and Trombone, nor is it very far from the *Violin Sonata*. All these pieces were recorded at actual performances.

Nelson Eddy's Greatest Hits

Nelson Eddy, baritone, with Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano, and orchestras conducted by Robert Armbruster, Leon Arnaud, and Nathaniel Finston; Columbia CS-9481 (stereo) and CL-2681

A whole generation listened enraptured while the late Nelson Eddy sang "Short'nin' Bread" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." *Autres temps, autres chansons*; there's more nostalgia than excitement in listening to some of these oldies. But Eddy was possessed of an authentic baritone voice (he once sang in *Wozzeck* for Leopold Stokowski), and he can still rouse a lethargic listener with "Stout-Hearted Men." Best of all is "My Hero" from *The Chocolate Soldier*, recorded in 1941 with Risë Stevens, which demonstrates that two fine singers and a sentimental duet remain a timeless combination.

Film on Film

Enoch Light conducting the Light Brigade; Project 3 PR-5005 SD (stereo)

Movie theme records are a drug (or at least a soporific) on the market, but Enoch Light utilizes clever instrumental arrangements and crystal-clear sound to produce a record with musical pith and robustness. The stereo is vivid and well separated, and the printed material provides a kind of road map to the sounds: if one doesn't recognize the tuba solo in "Born Free," the program notes point it out. One of the best songs is the theme from *The Alphabet Murders*, a frolicsome tune with a continental flair. Other movies represented include *The Sand Pebbles*, *Hawaii*, *Alfie*, and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



Autobiography is for some writers a method of squaring accounts, but the best books, beginning with the fragment left by Benjamin Franklin, are less concerned with self-justification than with self-discovery. Hearing a man explain how right he was in situation after situation is not only irritating, it is unbelievable; we would far rather hear him admit that he was occasionally lucky and that he learned from his mistakes, as we all do. An autobiographer who does not honestly acknowledge his failures is not to be trusted. There can be too much disparagement, as I think there is in *The Education of Henry Adams* — Henry in society was nothing like as abject as he appears to be in print — but I would rather see a writer veer in that direction, leaving the reader to supply the credit, than indulge in complacency. To deal fairly with oneself is a faculty given to few; to deal fairly with one's critics and opponents calls for an unsparing memory and humility in the face of circumstances.

There is always the temptation to be indiscreet. Casanova and Frank Harris both gloried in indiscretion, and in his more eloquent prose so too does Bertrand Russell. Henry Adams was rigidly discreet about the immediate members of his family, less so about the mediocrities he deplored in Washington. The doctor's oath imposed a reticence upon Hans Zinsser, and he would never permit his fine book *As I Remember Him* to be termed an autobiography, but the method he devised of writing about "R.S.," a scientist who might have passed as his alter ego, permitted him to be delightfully indiscreet in matters of medical practice, literary criticism, middle-age love, indeed whatever appealed to Zinsser's roving, disciplined mind. He was that rarest of blends, a scientist, classicist, and poet.

Finally there is the temptation to be censorious, to curse fate, or, since Freud, one's parents, for what befell. Simone de Beauvoir in her heavy-handed way first put the blame on her father in her early autobiography, but as soon as her mother was dead, she too was upbraided; Virgilia Peterson in her life story blames her mother for all that went wrong. Is it because women are so subjective that no first-class autobiography has yet been written by one of them? Perhaps the fact that only in our time have they come to positions of

authority, or as partners of authority, in the professions may make a difference, in which case Laura Fermi's *Atoms in the Family: My Life With Enrico Fermi*, may be a prototype of what is to come.

Walpole in Farmington

WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS, known as "Lefty" to the world of books, was born in California in 1895, the youngest child of elderly parents, who had the money and the will-power to intimidate the children who had preceded him. But Lefty was, as he tells us, "by instinct against authority and for underdogs," and while it took him some time to realize that he was himself in that category, when he came to self-realization, which he did at the Thacher School, he broke the natal cord and flew east on wings which grew progressively stronger. Who helped to spring him and who set him on the path to his lifelong adoration of Horace Walpole and the eighteenth century is told in his autobiography, *ONE MAN'S EDUCATION* (Knopf, \$10.00), a book distinguished by its candor and felicity, and by a delightful pride-deflating sense of irony.

Mr. Lewis chooses to write about himself in the third person, as did Henry Adams. During his boyhood in Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco, he refers to himself, as did his classmates, as "Lewie," but when in his freshman year at Yale, Rosenthal, the New York gambler, was murdered by a killer named "Lefty Louie," Wilmarth had a nickname which was to signalize him thereafter.

Sherman Day Thacher, his headmaster, taught with a contagious enthusiasm for Yale and its senior societies; he gave Lefty a solid grounding for both, and on the day the boy graduated, this advice: the greatest danger lay in his mother. "You are much too fond of her. Don't let her keep you at home. You should go to Yale. Go back to her in vacations, but don't let her lead your life for you." The truth was so piercing that Lefty burst into tears, but it set him free.

At New Haven with his wit and pleasantry he became an editor of the *Lit.*, a moving spirit in the Elizabethan Club, and at the hallowed moment, was tapped by Keys. But better than these honors was his

friendship with Chauncy Brewster Tinker, who, like Mr. Thacher, showed him the way, and when Lefty departed from New Haven for the Army, he was committed to literature.

In the Army he was hospitalized by the arthritis that was to plague him through life, and on his discharge he began searching for a congenial place in print. He worked for the Yale University Press just long enough to earn the friendship of Carl Rollins, the famous typographer, and for Alfred Knopf just long enough for Lefty to know the Algonquin Set and to have the Knopfs accept his first novel. When in the early twenties his parents died and he came into his fortune, Lefty moved up to Farmington, where, in that charming Cranford atmosphere, he was befriended by the famous Mrs. Cowles, TR's oldest sister, and where he continued to write his semi-Trollope novels and stories modeled on Katherine Mansfield.

He also dabbled at book collecting, buying first editions of John Masefield, the fourth edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, and a set of Fielding lacking three volumes, and he was humbugged for fair when Bookseller "X" of London palmed off on him a pair of Sheraton chairs supposedly sat in by Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb's tea caddy, and a sofa pillow "worked by Mrs. Blake for Blake" — the lot to be had for £200. (This is one of the funniest scenes in the book.) But in his blundering around, Lefty crossed the trail of Lady Louisa Stuart; she led him to that inimitable letter writer, Horace Walpole, and at this point a small question began to enlarge. "Isn't Horace Walpole one of the major figures of the eighteenth century?" he asked Tinker. "Yes," said Tink. "And he is greatly undervalued?" "Yes."

Chapter XIV, "Horace Walpole Arrives," traces the beginning of Lefty's enchantment. The son of a Prime Minister, with a great fortune at his command, Walpole set out to record as accurately as he could the history and manners of his time. The people in his letters included politicians, bluestockings, clerical antiquaries, great ladies, murderers, royalties; and the people at Walpole's table at Strawberry Hill were there because of their wit and their intellect — or because they were the natural daughters of his father. The

infatuation comes to us in words like these: "As Lefty read volume after volume the panorama of the eighteenth century unrolled before him, the sweep of great events, the rise and fall of reputations; the lilacs and nightingales at Strawberry Hill and the mob loose in the streets of London; balls, entertainments, the theater." And as a measure of Walpole's ability to write, Lefty quotes his eulogy to his father, the Prime Minister: "He could forever wage war with knaves and malice and preserve his temper; could know men, and yet feel for them; could smile when opposed, and be gentle after triumph. He was steady without being eager, and successful without being vain. He forgot the faults of others and his own merits; and was as incapable of fear as of doing wrong."

It is arguable that the more Lefty read of Walpole's work the more felicitous his own writing became, and it is certainly demonstrable that he and his wife, Annie Burr Auchincloss, found their greatest happiness in bringing to Farmington as much as could possibly be collected of Walpole and Strawberry Hill. Walpole's library — the proliferating correspondence, the portraits, caricatures, and satires of the eighteenth century, the Hogarths and the prints of his lesser contemporaries — the whole collection became the most complete in the world.

As his authority grew Lefty became a power, first in libraries, where his criticism of slovenliness and pedantry were needed; then on the Yale Corporation. He can be critical without hurting, and he cuts through red tape as if it were soft soap.

I could wish that he had made his large book even larger by quoting more liberally from his god, Walpole, and I suspect that the unacquainted reader may find the boyhood at Alameda and the housekeeping at the close a little too meticulous. But Annie Burr's death is told with beautiful restraint. And the laughter with which he accepts the fruits of his great industry is that of genuine modesty.

From Boston to Berkeley Square

MOLLY BERKELEY was born a Lowell of Boston, but she fled the coop at an early age, first in her marriage to a Philadelphian, which

didn't work, and thence to the greener pastures of England and the Continent, where with her good looks and her high spirits she landed on her feet. Her marriage to the eighth and last Earl of Berkeley, brought happiness to them both, and the chapter about him in her short memoir, *WINKING AT THE BRIM* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), holds the flavor and the fun and friendships of those unfettered days. His Lordship had survived a sad boyhood: he had been put into the British Navy at the age of twelve, and when in 1916, through a series of deaths, he found himself the heir to Berkeley Square and its surrounding streets, the huge pile of Berkeley Castle and its many acres, he badly needed a gal like Molly to warm his life. It was characteristic that he ended his proposal to her with these words: "I don't like living without you. Ask your friends to stay with us. I haven't got any."

Molly's self-portrait comes to us in fits and starts: we see that she paints better than an amateur, and we enjoy but too briefly the gregariousness of her friendships with people like Axel Munthe, Alice Longworth, Edward Sheldon, Amy Lowell, Fenella Bowes-Lyon, the Jock Murrays, and Bernard Berenson. It seems to me a pity that her reminiscence is so random, always in such a hurry, and in its haste content to show the surface but not what lies beneath, for with a memory as clear as hers she should have been commanded to slow down and tell us more. Her book, appearing at a time when Abigail Adams Homans' *Education by Uncles* is still in fresh memory, suffers by comparison; it lacks the gift for characterization, the Yankee wit, and that unerring sense for the right word which made Abigail's memoir the cameo it is.

A revolutionary in books

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT served a colorful apprenticeship before he became one of the leaders in the Book Revolution. He spent his boyhood on the ancestral acres in Carroll County, Maryland, where he acquired two robust tastes that were to last him for life: his appetite for good food and for farming. After a year in the Wharton School of Finance, he wanted a wider pasture, and he found it in Chicago at Hull House, where he helped with the

printing and promotion for Miss Jane Addams when he was not studying for his courses at the University of Chicago. "Hull House," he writes in his autobiography, **THE MAKING OF A PUBLISHER** (Reynal, \$6.75), "was a catalyst. I reveled in all of the banter and serious discussion, the humor and the hard work, in this sophisticated sort of coeducational lay monastery," and well he might, for in addition to the benign influence of Miss Addams, then in her early sixties, he was in constant touch with Dr. Alice Hamilton, and with Robert Morss Lovett and Howard Mumford Jones, both of whom, like himself, were then residents of Hull House. One could hardly have imagined a more exciting matriculation, especially with guests who spoke their minds, like Frances Perkins, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Charles Beard, John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, and William Allen White. At Hull House he published his first articles and poems, and significantly he became acquainted with Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the Little Blue Books, the five-cent precursor of the paperback books of today.

Weybright's experience at Hull House primed him as a social scientist, and in the course of a typical week, in addition to his classes at the university, he might find himself searching for source material in the stockyards, chatting with gangsters at the garage where he kept his Ford, attending a poetry reading at Harriet Monroe's, visiting the Black and Tan dance halls with Miguel Covarrubias, or playing a role in the Hull House Theater. He never seemed to lack self-confidence.

As the managing editor of the *Survey* under Paul Kellogg he had the opportunity to exploit some of the triumphs and exposures of the mid-thirties: the development of TVA, the "Stamp Out Syphilis" campaign, the research of Gunnar Myrdal and Ralph Bunche which was to result in that profound volume *An American Dilemma*, and the labor relations of Henry Ford, which brought him into direct contact with Henry himself and his lieutenant Harry Bennett. Just before Dunkirk he took over from his father the ownership of the old farm in Maryland and completely re-equipped it with tractors and milking machines so that it could withstand the manpower shortage as war approached.

In the war years Victor served as an overseas representative of OWI directly under the wing of Ambassador Winant in London. He got on well with Winant, as he did with Brendan Bracken; he liked and understood the British, and despite his busy involvement he found time to further his future plans for publishing, thanks to his friendship with Allen Lane, who was then experimenting with Penguin Books. It became clear to Victor that after the war Penguin Books, Inc., would have the highest potential of any publishing house in America, and he was determined to be its agent. And so it came to pass. He and Lane did not always agree upon what American authors would do well in the American paperbacks. Thus Lane did not approve of Erskine Caldwell, but when in 1946 *God's Little Acre* became a runaway, he withdrew his opposition; Lane did not approve of James T. Farrell's vulgar realism any more than he liked William Faulkner's *Sanctuary* and *The Wild Palms*, but Weybright prevailed, and those titles were a success. So were the three plays of George Bernard Shaw, *Saint Joan*, *Pygmalion*, and *Major Barbara*, which were issued at twenty-five cents each on the occasion of Shaw's ninetieth birthday.

Weybright's service in bomb-scarred London and the zest with which he flung himself into publishing thereafter make good reading. He was bound to get on his own, and when he did, with capital of less than \$5000, he brought to his now famous line, the New American Library, the same uncanny mixture of serious literature and "whizzers" like Mickey Spillane and Ian Fleming (both of them Victor's discoveries), whose skyrocketing sales helped to balance the more serious titles.

The struggle for recognition is always more exciting than the success which follows, and I am bound to say that when the New American Library is sold to the Los Angeles *Times Mirror* (with Victor's share amounting to something over \$9 million), and when Weybright himself becomes involved in feuding with his partner, the tone of the book is lowered, and it holds interest only for those who were at the ringside. *The Making of a Publisher*, even though much has been cut from it, is still too corpulent a book, and the closing chapters leave a bitter taste. I value it for the early



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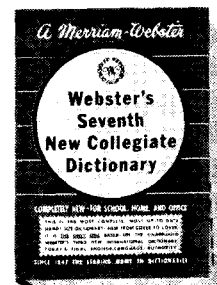
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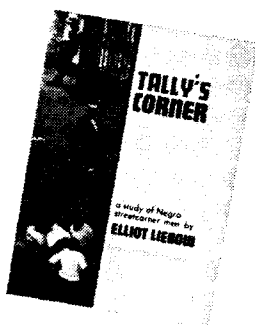
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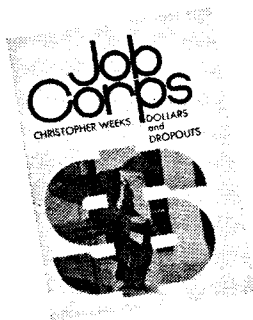
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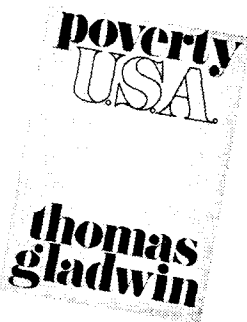
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years with their fresh and friendly enterprise, and I value it for Weybright's insistence that class as well as vulgarity and violence could be made to pay in the paperback revolution.

Caliban on a Honda

I am inclined to think that WALLACE STEGNER's new novel with its unhandy title, **ALL THE LITTLE LIVE THINGS** (Viking, \$5.75), is one of the very best books he has written. The title is unhandy because it sounds trivial and cannot be appreciated until one is well into the text.

Mr. Stegner was born in Iowa and did his growing in western Canada. At Stanford University, he finds the stimulus to teach and to write, and California with its student rebellions, its beaches of hypnotized "surfers," and its ranch-type communities, full of retired Easterners, are all the elements he needs for the conflict in this story. Joe Alston in his sixties and his wife, Ruth, have retired to California to lick their wounds after the loss of their only and defiant son, Curt. "He was willful child, sullen boy, prep-school delinquent, army reject, postwar lush. Whose fault?" This is the open sore which they try to keep hidden from their new neighbors.

Joe, a former literary agent, is a tough, vinegar-minded skeptic, capable with his hands, and absorbed in the profuse nature of California, so different from the East. He thinks that all he wants is privacy in which to garden and brood. What he gets are two disturbers of his peace: Marian Catlin, the young blue-eyed wife of a scientist, who is pregnant and fighting off cancer, who defies his skepticism and appeals to him emotionally, and young Jim Peck, whom Joe rechristens "Caliban on a Honda," who appropriates a portion of the Alston estate, builds himself a tree house, and turns the place into a littered gypsy camp of the hipsters. Joe Alston, the rationalist, would like to fight them, the irrationalists, at every turn, but Jim Peck reminds him too closely of his own son who is dead, and for months while the tension grows they live in armed truce. The two antagonists are well drawn and well matched, and Marian, though given to fey spells, adds the note of compassion which the story needs.

Reader's Choice by Oscar Handlin



The comic who begins to speculate about the nature of humor is likely to become self-conscious and thereby prone to lose the spark that evoked laughter in the first place. But the greatest humorists are more than jokesters, and they suffer from the lack of an informed critical response. Chaplin, for instance, worked in detachment through much of his career. From *City Lights* to *The Countess From Hong Kong* his movies encountered blank incomprehension, so that their merits became apparent only much later. The critics had no difficulty in appreciating the early comedies. But they did not know what to make of films that seemed to be more than a source of belly laughs. Perhaps also the growing heavy-handedness of such authors as Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh was the outcome of a search for seriousness by artists whose audiences did not recognize the import of their early funny books.

PETER DE VRIES is a successful humorist; and **THE VALE OF LAUGHTER** (Little, Brown, \$5.95) is his best book — but one that is neither pure nor simple. Its comic qualities will earn it readers enough who will laugh their way through its pages. But many will finish it disturbed rather than entertained, for De Vries here has intentions that run beyond amusement. Ever since *The Blood of the Lamb* (1962), he has been trying to get something serious across, to use his clowning as a means of commentary. He has been successful enough in this effort to make *The Vale of Laughter* a deeply moving as well as a very funny book.

All the familiar virtues of De Vries's style are here, and the clowning remains fresh and original. Much of the humor derives from an impressive command of the language which sparkles with plays upon words and sputters in puns. Vaudeville-type situations stud the narrative, and there is a slight spicing of bawdiness. The minor characters are hideous caricatures — Mrs. Munkey, for instance, archetype of the loathsome domineering servant, or Ethel Weems, the sex scientist who looked like a Lesbian with doubts about her masculinity.

The story, however, is serious although its central theme is humor. There are two narrators. Joe Sandwich is a clown because he is a human being. Alive to the world about him, he is sensitive to the feelings of other people. His instinctive goodness therefore earns him endless trouble, which he can escape in no other way than by making a joke of every predicament. The hearty guffaw is the only tolerable response to a frigid wife or a business failure.

Alas, his life intersects that of Wally Hines, once his college teacher, whose interest in humor is quite different from Joe's. Hines is a remorseless academic, a psychologist for whom humor is a subject — lifeless and sterile as he himself is. His painful attempt to carry through a joke, with which the book fittingly ends, shows his total lack of understanding. He is responsible, perhaps unintentionally, for the death of Joe, whose vitality he had always resented and whose wife he later appropriates in an empty marriage. The triumph of sterility over laughter leaves everyone content — except Joe, who is now dead.

Desperation, Joe believed, was the basic element of comedy as of tragedy. American suburbia shaped the particular form of his despair. There people existed as if in a zoo in the jungle, their days neatly ordered and their experience detached from the fierce struggle and the freedom beyond the bars. The men and women in Joe's circle had no particular beliefs and no particular ethnic ties. They were far from poor. In fact, often their only worry was the worry about worrying, which led them into vicious cycles like sneezing into a handkerchief to which one is allergic.

On the surface, the characters in *The Vale of Laughter* are thus far removed from the little people of ear-

lier American comedy whose predicaments were the products of poverty or of their ethnic heritage. Yet there is a connection between De Vries's stockbrokers and professors and the tramps, blackface minstrels, and Irish comics of the past. They all seek an accommodation of compromises and concessions amidst the human chaos within which they exist. They bend in order not to break, seeing life through by recognizing that they form only a modest part of an incomprehensible whole, yet clutching at the dignity of their own individuality. They continue to dream of islands though the mainland has been lost, and they are swept remorselessly out to sea while they spread their arms to the beautiful shore. Observing their situation, the compassionate artist laughs to avert despair.

The goals of life

Americans above all wish to forget what an angry poet long ago told them — that most men lead lives of desperation, quiet or not. The proposition is unpalatable in a society committed to the pursuit of happiness. Yet more than a century after Thoreau fled to Walden, the suburbs and the slums alike choke with despair. The difference between our times and his lies in the cause: the agony springs now not from fear of hunger but from an aimlessness confined to no single economic or social group.

Yet Americans, driven by a belief in the ubiquity of happiness, insist that despair is exceptional and aberrant. Since everyone deserves a prize, it is only the incomplete and the underprivileged who do not succeed; and in the 1960s, that means the Negroes. The affluent citizens who have never seen a tenement shudder at the horrors of life in the slums and readily accept a direct connection between a disorderly environment and failure. They forget that the slums do not doom every child and that drug addicts and sexual delinquents are at home in the suburbs also.

In the past few years, much of the literature on the race problem, infused with oversimplified environmentalist assumptions, has simply treated the Negro as a victim, as if his own will, intelligence, and emotions counted for nothing. The unintentional result has been to iden-



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tify the whole race with rioters, dope pushers, and perverts. And ironically, many Negroes have accepted that view of their role as a tactic in the civil rights struggle.

JULIUS HORWITZ'S THE W.A.S.P. (Atheneum, \$4.95), for instance, treats its Negro characters as if they were simply creations of poor housing and prejudice. Seven years ago, in *The Inhabitants*, the same author painted an honest picture of the slum dwellers on welfare. *The W.A.S.P.* deals with much the same material. But the more recent novel, about the relationship of a white sympathizer with a Negro intellectual, lacks the power of its predecessor. People and action alike dissolve in maudlin sentimentality. Clichés remain. Here are the cute little boy murderers, the brutal police, the love-hungry Southern gal. Liberal lacings of sex fail to bring these cardboard characters alive. Their motives just do not make sense. Emerson, the central Negro figure, has it made, but then for reasons not given cannot find God in the Yale Divinity School and comes to Harlem. The account does not square with reality — Exeter, Harvard, and Yale and their Negro students are not accurately portrayed. More important, the book fails as fiction, for it does not endow its men and women with genuine personality.

The actuality of the 1960s is quite different from the situation portrayed in the Negro-as-victim books. Most Negro Americans have steadily been improving themselves; and what is more, the overwhelming majority of them are fully aware of the gains they have made. The figures in **BLACK AND WHITE** by **WILLIAM BRINK** and **LOUIS HARRIS** (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) offer convincing evidence of the trend. The book incorporates the results of an extensive public opinion poll conducted by Harris Associates for *Newsweek* in 1966. Among its other interesting data is the finding that fully 70 percent of all Negroes know that their situation has grown better in the past decade. The general profile of Negro attitudes is far removed from the lurid descriptions of the slum victim.

One significant fact in the survey has relevance to recent disturbances. The percentage of Negro leaders who expressed a commitment to non-violence as the primary instrument of the struggle for equality was smaller than that of the group as a whole.

The discrepancy is an indication of the gap between the leadership and its following. The thrust toward violence was not popular, widespread, or spontaneous. In a tactic that misfired, many Negro leaders hoped to press for legitimate action by identifying the violent rhetoric of extremists and the criminal activities of riffraff with the aspirations of all colored people.

The factual material in the Brink and Harris volume is a helpful corrective to loose assumptions about what black and white Americans think of each other. Yet so deep is the current belief in the inability of the Negro as a victim of society to make headway that the authors' comments occasionally slip into the same conventional grooves.

ROI OTTLEY and **WILLIAM J. WEATHERBY'S THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK** (Oceana Publications, \$6.00) reminds us how different were the attitudes of the 1930s. The book is a vestigial product of the W.P.A. Writers' Project, left unfinished when the venture ended. The incomplete manuscript was long known to scholars, but is now published for the first time.

It is a singularly interesting document, and not only because such writers as Ralph Ellison and Claude McKay took a hand in composing it thirty years ago. The text and the editorial notes show that the views of the period in which the book was written were far more hopeful than those of the present. James Baldwin's obtuse and lachrymose introduction, for instance, insists, as is the fashion of 1967, that New York's racial attitudes were always indistinguishable from those of the South; every chapter in the volume contradicts him. And the book sweeps to a conclusion animated by the optimism of the New Deal. The record of progress toward full equality was far less encouraging then than later, yet *The Negro in New York* ends with a ringing affirmation. "Throughout his long American history, the Negro's faith has been in the ultimate triumph of democracy. At no time has this goal been as visible as it is today."

These sentences are even more relevant thirty years later. The Negroes are neither helpless within the system nor a unique element in it. Their adjustment to the difficulties of urbanization is similar to that of other peoples, and their rate of prog-

ress is no slower. The desperation of Negroes, like that of other Americans whose lives are also disoriented, arises out of an inability to define the goals of life meaningfully. The sense of purposelessness, which in the suburbs generates neuroses, in the slums breeds apathy and irrational outbursts of violence.

Purpose

THE HUNTER AND THE WHALE (William Morrow, \$5.95), by **LAURENS VAN DER POST**, is an exciting adventure story. A boy of fourteen comes down from the South African veld to visit a school friend in Port Natal. A lucky encounter leads to an invitation to make a voyage on a Norwegian whaling ship. For the next four years, the boy becomes part of the community of hunters.

The captain's passion for the chase is productive as long as it is channeled within the normal routine of the ship. But a meeting with an old elephant hunter dissolves all restraint. The two men strike a bargain. They join forces, and each will help the other track down an extraordinary prize. Success is almost within their grasp in the first effort, when pride leads to disaster.

The hunters know the importance of luck at sea and in the jungle. In these uncircumscribed areas of existence, man's ingenuity and planning have only limited effectiveness. Van der Post reverts frequently to the "power of something that is beyond reason and conduct and utterly nonrational in nature and intent," something "that imposes on us patterns of behavior which have to be obeyed." It is therefore tempting to read the novel as an allegory, particularly since some of the whaling passages bring *Moby Dick* to mind. Thus regarded, the story may be understood as an exploration of the relation of the hunter to his prey. When the chase is distorted so that it becomes an end in itself rather than a means of subsistence the hunter is doomed to frustration. He will never be satisfied. Nothing makes man feel so important and full of purpose as when he is given a chance to kill; and when killing becomes an end in itself, it excludes all other purposes from life.

However tempting it may be to seek its symbolic meaning, the story remains exciting even without it. Van der Post's descriptive power

consistently sustains the narrative. The climactic chases are packed with action. But other passages depend on the author's ability to convey a precise, sensual impression of nature, its smells, sights, and sounds. His command of words and a style rich in allusions and comparisons bring alive the sea and the jungle teeming with life. The spout of the sperm whale, the sleep of an elephant, a ship making a turn to cross the bar, the movement of a school of sardines — these events acquire importance because they are viewed as parts of a whole nature. All matter at heart is sacred and allegorical, the ship's cook believes; and described with that understanding, every object finds a place in a vivid panorama. Even a boy's walk through the city down to the harbor comes alive through the exact perception of the people and things about him.

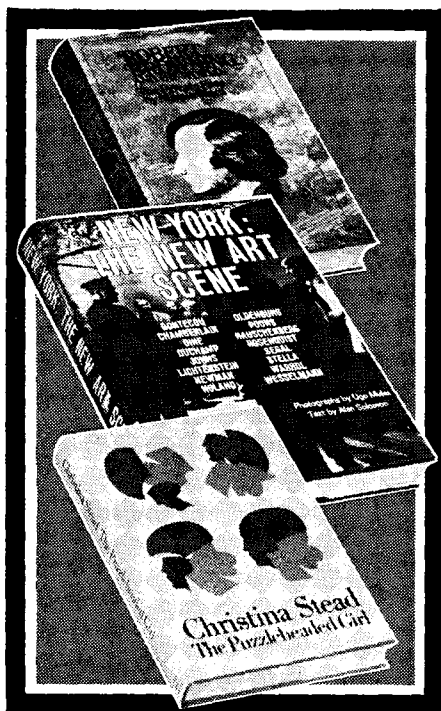
The fully drawn characters play their parts against this pulsating background. Captain Thor Larsen, the black stoker 'Mlangeni, Jack the Zulu butler, Leif Fügelsang the ship's cook, and even a casually encountered ricksha man are whole personalities whose appearances on the scene acquire significance from the setting. Van der Post is particularly acute in revealing the impact upon the character of his people of the diverse cultures of South Africa. Although he is never sentimental, he sympathizes with all — the Zulus, the Boers, the Norwegians, and the Indians. The only exceptions perhaps are the English, who came to exploit the country rather than to work in it and who are really out of contact with everything about them, as a dramatic and deliberately underwritten account of a race riot shows. That incident too may have symbolic significance. Whether it does or not, it forms part of a gripping story.

War objectives

The imperatives of war often obscure the objectives of peace. The purpose of the fighting seems clear — to win. Then victory raises the unexpected question: what for?

FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00), edited by John M. Blum, throws valuable light on the issues of war and peace between 1941 and 1945. This is the third and concluding volume of a

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series in which Professor Blum has skillfully fashioned a readable narrative from the notes set down day by day by FDR's Secretary of the Treasury. As in the earlier volumes, the editor has not injected his own judgments but has allowed Morgenthau to speak for himself.

Domestic issues receded to the background after 1941. The Treasury, unable to guide Congress on crucial matters, fruitlessly opposed the Ruml plan, and after a beating in 1944, gave up the effort to control tax policy. But Morgenthau was amply involved in major questions of war and peace. As Secretary of the Treasury, he participated in the war's financial decisions, and those inevitably affected diplomacy. The Treasury had a role in planning aid to the Allies and in deciding on the treatment of liberated and enemy territories. Moreover, Morgenthau was personally close to Roosevelt, who consulted him on a wide variety of subjects.

The diaries contain interesting reflections on relations with the Allies. General de Gaulle's talent for treachery long antedated his senility. "With our men on the beaches of France," Morgenthau wrote, "this fellow comes along and holds . . . a gun to our backs." General Marshall was unwilling to reveal "what de Gaulle had been doing to hamper the invasion" lest the information play into the hands of isolationists.

Morgenthau also had doubts about the Chinese. A few covert Communists in the Treasury Department undoubtedly stimulated his suspicions of Chiang Kai-shek, but a more important source of mistrust was the general tendency of liberals to expect too much of the Kuomintang. Believing that the Chinese were "just a bunch of crooks," Morgenthau was ready to "tell them to go jump in the Yangtse River" and "delayed substantial aid while offering token support." In 1945, Morgenthau discovered that some of his subordinates had misled him and shifted his attitude. But it was then late.

The Secretary was also occasionally uneasy about British intentions. But his faith in the Russians never wavered. At the end of the war he was ready to cement friendship with the Soviets with a \$10 billion American loan. Here, too, conventional liberal assumptions betrayed him; only working people, he thought,

were sincere in opposition to fascism. These ideas were basic to his plan to divide Germany and pastoralize its economy. Roosevelt, whose powers were failing in the last months of life, temporized on that issue. Truman fortunately vetoed the proposal.

MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY'S THE KOREAN WAR (Doubleday, \$6.95) touches on the resurgence of some of the same problems less than a decade later. The book is at its best in the opening chapters, which deal with the period down to the full-scale Chinese invasion. Ridgway was then attached to the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and able to see the whole conflict in perspective. After the death of General Walker, Ridgway assumed direction of the Eighth Army and later succeeded MacArthur as commander in chief in which capacity he bore responsibility for fighting and ending the war. His discussion of the difficulties of negotiating with the Communist ought to be required reading for any one who assumes that a will to peace could simply end the fighting in Vietnam.

Douglas MacArthur is a central character in much of the book. Ridgway has a soldier's respect for "a truly great military man, a great statesman, and a gallant leader, and deplores the 'cavalier manner' of the General's dismissal. On the other hand, the candid account leaves no doubt about MacArthur's egomania and about the colossal blunders he committed after the success at Inchon. Belief in his own infallibility persuaded MacArthur to disperse his forces and led him to discount intelligence reports of Chinese intervention. Furthermore, well before the incident that led to his removal, he felt free to disobey orders from Washington. Ridgway also reveals, but underplays, the dereliction of the Joint Chiefs and of the Secretaries of State and Defense, who knew that MacArthur was headed for disaster but were afraid to face up to the prima donna in Tokyo. Ridgway properly concludes that any challenge to civil authority in the United States military system is intolerable.

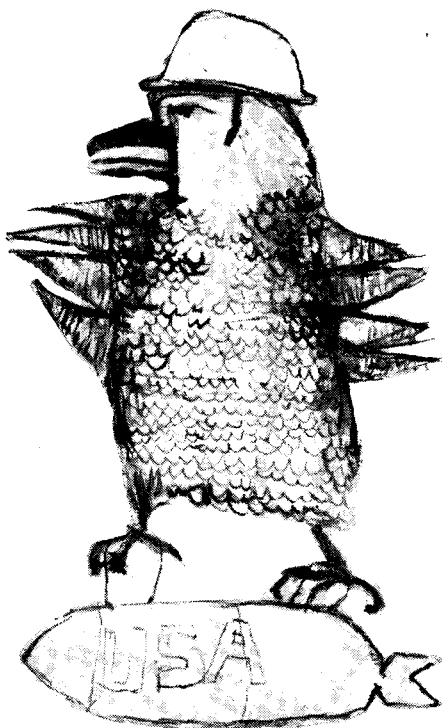
The narrative also makes clear a new type of war Korea initiated. Thereafter "it could no longer be a question of whether to fight a limited war, but of how to avoid fighting a different kind." And in limited war,

the terrifying and expensive arsenal of nuclear weapons remains in suspense because ground action alone can destroy the enemy. That is the merican plight in Vietnam.

What remains unclear is the capacity of people in a democracy to endure years of indecisive conflict. They cannot accept killing as an end in itself, and without a firm sense of purpose, may be tempted to seek facile and dangerous solutions.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



NORMAN MAILER's novel *WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM?* (Putnam, \$4.95) is fierce, funny, and tightly organized. Perhaps as a result of turning *The Deer Park* into a play, Mr. Mailer has learned to build his sermon into the plot instead of goofing off periodically into the pulpit. The book also contains, I believe, a percentage of dirty words unequaled except on certain washroom walls. Mr. Mailer has reason for these words. His first-person narrator, a youth who calls himself DJ (for Disc Jockey to the Universe) is "a humdinger of a latent homosexual highly over-heterosexual with onanistic narcissistic and mystic overtones, a choir task of libidinal cross-hybridized vectors." This is DJ's malicious and imaginary version of diagnosis by his mother's psychiatrist. His real trouble is rather more simple. With

a discreetly lecherous mother from Norleens and a status-grabbing father from Tex-ass, DJ sees the world organized by his elders as a mixture of (let us stick to civil euphemism) sex and sewage. His vocabulary is limited by this view, but within its limits, precise and consistent. It is also repetitious, and what Mr. Mailer accomplishes by the repetition is unusual. First comes the inevitable disappearance of any meaning at all from these overworked words. Then they acquire a new meaning, or at least a new authority, as Mr. Mailer's persistent hammering at them compels the reader to accept DJ's vocabulary as the articulation of normal, accepted reality. The book's style in other respects is a wickedly clever parody of Salinger, Burroughs, and Barth, full of puns, ironic scholarship, bits of old jokes, learned paraphrase, burlesque scientific jargon, juvenile slang, and slapstick Texas dialect. The whole compilation is a mockery of the current tendency among critics to count intricacy of style as intrinsically meritorious. (Actually intricacy is meritorious, from the critic's point of view; it proves that the author has really been working hard, which gives the critic one solid point to take a bearing on.)

The literary spoof is merely titivation, however. Mr. Mailer's real target is American society, which DJ sees as a constant struggle for what his father would call success, meaning face, meaning the right to kick an inferior and get away with it: a right to be won by any means available and subsequently described by the winner as the result of disinterested and heroic action. Specifically, DJ and father go hunting in Alaska, accompanied by DJ's friend Tex and two of father's flunkies, one of whom lugs along a cannon fit to stop a charging rhino at ten feet. He can hardly hit a mountain with the thing, but technically he has outgunned the boss, a social error that casts general murrain. Father, soured by the fire-power question, nags the guide unreasonably about grizzly. The guide, a distinguished old D. Boone type, judges correctly that what this crowd wants is not sport but loot. He contemptuously helicopters them all around the Brooks Range, rings them with bodyguards, and silently packs up and flies out the slaughtered

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beasts. The dead animals are real, but the rest of the affair is a fraud — cheap thrill, safe danger, make-believe courage, results guaranteed or your money back. By the end of it, the two boys have resigned from the system. Vietnam is not mentioned until the last page of the book, and Mr. Mailer could have made his point without ever mentioning it at all.

Rather belatedly come two good books about last November's flood in Florence. A *DIARY OF FLORENCE IN FLOOD* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50) by KATHERINE KRESSMAN TAYLOR and *FLORENCE: THE DAYS OF THE FLOOD* (Stein and Day, \$4.95) by FRANCO NENCINI. Miss Taylor's book is a personal account, emotional, vivid, full of individuals, sharp details, and small specific incidents. Mr. Nencini's is a general report by a professional journalist, tracing causes, following official action and inaction, and debating possible remedies. It is heavily illustrated and includes antique accounts of previous floods. The two volumes complement each other neatly.

Our present judicial serenity about openly published obscenity has raised an effect one would hardly expect from a trivial outburst of lenity: the appearance, to wit, of collected limericks, one lot selected by N. DOUGLAS, whose jape was a fake-earnest ape of scholarship. Long well-protected beneath counters, his midget anthology *SOME LIMERICKS* (Grove, no apology, \$4.00) provides comic footnotes, besides exudations of witless scatology. WILLIAM S. BARING-GOULD has compiled *THE LURE OF THE LIMERICK*, styled (Clarkson Potter, \$5.00) distinctly for scholars whose tastes are austere defiled. Now a limerick of an ambition is created for vocal rendition. What these books have begun will, in time, cut the fun out of oral erotic tradition.

Between 1840 and 1847, FATHER NICHOLAS POINT labored at converting Rocky Mountain Indians to Christianity. Father Point was piously zealous, but also sympathetic, inquisitive, observant, and addicted to pen and brush. His journals and amateurish but effective paintings have survived, and appear as *WILDERNESS KINGDOM* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$17.95), a delightful and informative record of Indian life before the wave of miners and settlers threw it into chaos.

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